

Select the style you prefer but be sure it is a Victrola

That Victrola Instruments and Victor Records are the world's finest products of their kind is universally admitted. Such things don't just happen—they are achieved. In our case contributing factors are more than twenty-five years of effort concentrated on a single purpose, enthusiastic cooperation of the greatest artists and unequalled facilities for complete manufacture in the largest plant ever devoted to the production of one musical product. Victrola Instruments are better—Victor Records are better—used together they are beyond comparison.



MCCORMACK
Victor Artist

John McCormack and his Victor Records interpret in music the heart of the American people, and this famous artist's popularity is equalled only by the popularity of his Victor Records. The reason is that the Victor Records are John McCormack's other self. His voice is easy to record because his tones are so perfectly produced. Out of not less than one hundred and sixty-six records we can only mention:

	Double-faced
Dear Love, Remember Me I Hear You Calling Me	754 \$1.50
Dear Old Pal of Mine Little Mother of Mine	755 1.50
Ah! Moon of My Delight Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes	6197 2.00



Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
\$30
Mahogany or oak



GLUCK
Victor Artist

Alma Gluck's ninety-eight Victor Records proclaim her opinion of Victor recording and afford triumphantly beautiful examples of lyric song, sung in a voice of classic perfection, clear and cool as a mountain stream. She has made some splendid duets, with Caruso, Homer and Reimers, and the following, whether the solo, the solo with chorus, or with obligato, are of extraordinary charm:

	Double-faced
My Old Kentucky Home Aloha Oe	6143 \$2.00
Home, Sweet Home Listen to the Mocking Bird	6142 2.00
Darling Nelly Gray Nelly Was a Lady	653 1.50



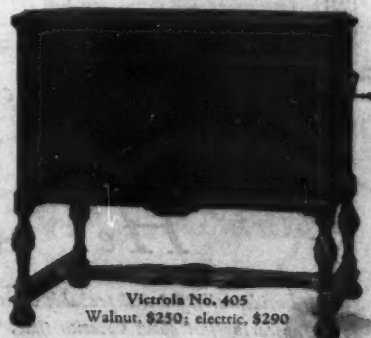
Victrola No. 240
\$125
Mahogany, oak or walnut



RACHMANINOFF
Victor Artist

Rachmaninoff knows music; knows how to compose it, how to play it, and how it should be reproduced. It is significant that in the light of previous experience, he chose the Victor to reproduce his art. Of the twenty-one records listed, none perhaps give greater insight into the personality of the artist nor of his profound genius:

	Double-faced
Prelude in G Major (Rachmaninoff)	6261 \$2.00
Prelude in G Minor (Rachmaninoff)	
Prelude in C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff)	814 1.50
Spinning Song	
Polka de W. R.	6260 2.00
Troika en traineaux	



Victrola No. 405
Walnut, \$250; electric, \$290

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks



Victrola
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Contents for June, 1924

COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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Next Month

A Romance as Rare and Beautiful as a Day in June

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Her Majesty, The Queen

Incidentally, you will probably want to insure yourself against the chance of missing Mrs. Rinehart's story, which will be appearing just about vacation time. With this in mind, we have prepared a simple coupon on page 186 which will bring you the magazine regularly for three months this summer, wherever you may be—and without your having to think of it again.

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Study at Home Made These Men Independent

WOULD you be happy to idle thru life, deprived of the joy of accomplishing difficult tasks?

Probably not!

Then in YOUR dictionary independence does NOT mean emancipation from the privilege of WORKING. Men who have really FOUND themselves don't care for that sort of life—and we, for our part, don't care to encourage men in that direction.

But there's ANOTHER kind of independence that means much—everything, in fact—to men of spirit and purpose; and that is, freedom to do the thing one LIKES to do—with all one's might. When one begins to ACCOMPLISH things, then only does one begin to LIVE!

It is with this thought vividly in mind that we have been prompted to set down in barest outline some five or six typical adventures of LaSalle-trained men in winning the kind of independence most worth while.

To the man dwelling in a mansion on the Avenue, these experiences will seem trivial, inconsequential.

But to the men whose experiences we are going to narrate—and to thousands and thousands of other men who have won their business spurs thru LaSalle home-study training—these adventures are counted as the great events of their lives. Let the man who scoffs at them take heed lest he fall!

1. Clerk in Country Store Becomes Manager of Bigger Store

"As long as memory lasts I shall always have a good feeling toward LaSalle. Prior to my enrollment I was a country store clerk, and the future looked indeed dark, as chances for advancement were very poor.

"Exactly two months later I was chosen manager of one of a chain of stores. I was given the best of stores. I was chosen out of a possible five, most of them men more mature than I in age and experience.

"When first employed as manager, my salary was increased 100 per cent over that of my former position, and it has been slightly increased since. I consider my success due alone to my greater business knowledge acquired thru LaSalle."

GEORGE A. LAMBERT, Louisiana.

2. From the "Workshop" to the Judge's Chambers

"Since forming your acquaintance—as an enrolled

member for home-study training in law—thru your efficient instruction and my diligent work I have moved from the workshop at one end of the street to the courthouse at the other end, as judge of one of our most important courts. My income has meantime advanced from 42c an hour to \$4,000 a year."

H. O. GOSSETT, Texas.

3. Salesman Earns \$625 Bonus in Two Months

"At our first interview I told you that I felt very cordial toward LaSalle because of the splendid service I had received thru its course in MODERN SALESMANSHIP. I am now very glad to write you briefly regarding the dollars-and-cents value

books I received with this course are of great value to me, and almost daily I refer to them."

C. R. HEANEY, Iowa.

5. His Work Caught the President's Eye—Triples Salary

"I have lots to tell you as to what your course in Higher Accountancy has done for me. One year ago March 1st I came to this city and took a position for \$100 a month. March 5th of this year I accepted a position as auditor for a coal company here at about \$300 a month. I will tell you how it came about. I was helping out another auditor who was auditing the books of this company and the president came to me and said, 'I want you to come with us; you are just the man we want, for you are trained.'"

"This is my second advancement. If you want any more facts I can give them to you, and I can refer you to others who will tell you the same thing." F. L. WILMOTH, West Virginia.

6. "I am Going to Push Ahead to a \$10,000 Position"

"When beginning your course in Modern Business Correspondence I was a stenographer. Today I am dictating to a stenographer—handling personal sales letters upon which hinge 30 to 40 per cent of the business. Besides increasing my salary and opening up many new fields of spare-time work, your instruction has placed in my hands the learning by which I am going to push ahead to a \$10,000 position. Such a revolution has been brought about in one year."

W. S. ROBBINS, Washington, D. C.

Free Yourself from the Routine Job

If "independence" to you means an opportunity to loaf—you won't be interested in what we are going to tell you. And surely WE won't be interested in attempting to help you.

But if independence to you means what it means to other men of spirit and purpose, you will leave no stone unturned until you have mastered the kind of work you LIKE—the sort of thing you can throw yourself into, heart and soul, for real achievement.

Just below this text there's a coupon. It lists a wide variety of paths which lead to positions that pay substantial salaries—positions that proclaim to the world that the man who HOLDS one of them has found his way to success.

For thousands and thousands of men that coupon has meant a new start—and a REAL start. Our advice is—PUT IT IN THE MAIL TODAY!



of this training. I explained to you that in February I sufficiently exceeded the sales quota given me by my company to permit me to receive \$125 in extra money for that month. Now I have still better news for you. In March I exceeded my quota by more than 500 points, entitling me to money more than \$500 extra for the month.

"I assure you that I am wise enough to know that the many practical, result-getting ideas I have got from LaSalle are responsible in no small measure for this success.

"Thus my investment in LaSalle training has already paid me, during two months alone, an actual cash profit of 300 per cent."

J. B. LEWELLS, Mexico, D. F.

4. From \$1,000 to \$3,000 a Year

"Seven years ago, when I started your Business Management course, I was earning less than \$1,000 a year. For the past three years I have earned from \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year, and I am sincere when I say that I believe my present earning capacity is due almost entirely to the education I received from your Business Management course.

"At the time I started I had been out of school for a number of years, and ordinarily it would have been hard to get back to the routine of study. But the LaSalle course is so constructed in story-form that at no time during my course did I feel as though I was really studying. The reference

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

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Dept. 635-R

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

☐ Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.

☐ Modern Salesmanship: Training for Sales and Advertising Executives, Solicitors, Sales Promotion Managers, Salesmen, Manufacturers' Agents and all those engaged in retail, wholesale or specialty selling.

☐ Higher Accountancy: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ Law: Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.

☐ Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.

☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for positions as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.

☐ Railway Station Management: Training for Station Accountants, Cashiers and Agents, Division Agents, Traveling Auditors, Transportation Inspectors, Traveling Freight Agents, etc.

☐ Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.

☐ Industrial Management Efficiency: For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employees and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.

☐ Personnel and Employment Management: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.

☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.

☐ Expert Bookkeeping: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.

☐ Business English: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.

☐ Commercial Spanish: Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.

☐ Effective Speaking: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.

☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

The All Round Education

IN his old age John Quincy Adams once replied to an inquiry about his health, "I am all right. But the house in which I live is wearing out. I must soon be leaving it."

Why not build a house slower to wear out than the body in which man now lives? Why not—as the Physical Education Bill before Congress provides—make physical education in our schools a national necessity? Japan, France, England, Denmark, Holland regard physical training as fundamental even to national existence. Modern conditions drive us all. John Quincy Adams would today have to play in many a "four-some" to live through a Presidential term. The physical upbuilding, now needful to prepare the young to save the future for the world was never in men's dreaming the past.

Improvement is practicable. In one school I have seen a boy, living the physical and mental life set for him, gain forty pounds and five inches in a single year. The intellectual average of Philadelphia's public school children was advanced nine per cent in a single year after physical training was introduced.

Our best military schools have this year touched their highest point. Their popularity in large part results from their well balanced routine which produces a higher

type of physical and mental fitness. The number steadily increases of those who have ceased to doubt that good military schools make men. The Military Schools Association has kept faith with the public. It has held high the torch of public understanding. Though it has furnished perhaps the most significant illustration in recent educational history of the immediate returns and lasting value of concerted effort, its work has just begun.

Schools where the mental and the physical are matched reaffirm the words of Washington: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair." Once isolated schools were at the mercy of environment or eccentricity. Now almost all feel the pull of a common purpose to train boys to serve no matter what emergency may come. The Association is wisely, widely helping.

Dr. Frank Crane has seen a light so bright that he would give sensible military training to girls as well as boys. After all, education ought to add unquestioning obedience to physical upbuilding and mental training, to put in place of indecision quick determination, to promote the spirit of "work together" by giving every growing mind the Cromwellian disposition to admit that no one knows it all. Everybody does know more than anybody.

Sydney P. Towell

Director, Cosmopolitan Educational Department
119 West Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.

EVERYONE at some time or other has seen a champion in action. There isn't much difference between a champion and a dub, till you get the two of them in a tournament together.

Bobby Jones looks like any other good appearing kid from Atlanta—till he limbers up and takes a practice swing.

Jack Dempsey is just an ordinary looking person till he steps into the ring.

And the Marmon is just an automobile till you get it out on the road and step on it.

An Eagle in a Cage A Marmon car standing still is as out of place as an eagle in a cage or a Derby winner hitched to an apple cart.

All cars are pretty much alike till they try to function.

At twenty miles an hour on city paving any automobile is a good automobile and, under the eye of the traffic cops, there isn't much difference between a thousand dollar car and a three thousand dollar car.

But when you get beyond the city limits and the conditions get harder, you begin to weed out the sheep from the goats.

* * *

Marmon Difference Number One The first big difference between a Marmon and other truly fine cars is its mechanical disposition—its mechanical manner—its attitude toward its job.

It reminds you of a perfectly trained and perfectly conditioned athlete who is so fit that work which pulls the other fellow's cork is mere child's play for him.

You can't get it fussed up or red in the face. It has a great big, unused mechanical reserve and can afford to be good natured.

* * *

And the Marmon is probably the only fine car in the world with the same kind of uncanny, mysterious road adhesiveness—with automatic self-balance.

You soon learn that you can give it its head, like an intelligent trained horse.

Quick to Take a Hint Many other fine cars have to be driven and forcibly guided by main strength, and the faster you go the more needful this becomes.

The steering wheel of a Marmon is the quickest thing there is to take a hint, and, at the same time, the most steadfast.

* * *

We can tell you that two hundred yards of soft, eight-inch gravel means no more to a Marmon than frost on a steel rail means to a locomotive—and you don't understand.

But you go out in a Marmon and hit two hundred yards of soft gravel without a wobble, then let any salesman try to erase that demonstration from your mind.

* * *

You cannot possibly know what the Marmon does, till you, yourself, have the experience—personally.

* * *

If there is such a thing as a hairy fisted man falling in love with a machine, that thing can happen with respect to the Marmon.

Strong men have fallen in love with good ships, good horses, good battalions and good cannon. Why should they feel any less strongly toward a good automobile?

GET THE MARMON ON ITS HOME GROUNDS—out on the road.



MARMON

You've got to judge everything in its natural element—airplanes in the air—soldiers in battle—the Marmon car in actual road action. *The only way you can possibly appreciate the difference between Marmon and any other fine car is to get the Marmon on its home grounds—out on the road. Don't let it be said that you've never driven a Marmon.*

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Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

SUMMER CAMPS AND SCHOOLS

Our Camps and Schools we recommend as well as suggest. But it will be a real pleasure personally to help you solve your special problem.

ADDRESS

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New York City

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Girls taught all land sports—horseback riding, tennis, basket-ball. Plays, vaudevilles. Arts and crafts. Best equipped camp in America, with expert at head of each activity. Junior, Senior Camps. Send for booklet.

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Junior and Senior. For girls aged 9 to 22. 3,000 feet frontage on Powers Lake, Wis. Trained counselors. Notable. Book of 68 views, free. References required. Address Mrs. Kendall, Chicago Normal School of Physical Education, Dept. C, 5026 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Teela-Wooket Camps

Senior and Junior Camps for Girls under 20. Famous for fine saddle horses, free riding, and thorough instruction in horsemanship. A 300-acre "Wonderland" in the heart of the Green Mountains. Write for booklet. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Boys, Mass., Cambridge, 10 Bowdoin St.

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Tenth season Experienced supervisors

On salt water Resident nurse

Horseback riding free Junior and Senior Camps

All sports Ages 8 to 20

Limited to fifty. Early enrollment necessary

Tuition \$320 Laundry Only Extra

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36-D Washington Square Gloucester, Mass.

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Headquarters of the Inkowa Club of America Greenwood Lake, Orange County, N. Y. New Mile Lake—600 feet elevation 45 miles from New York City.

CAMP INKOWA: SENIOR CAMP for young women over sixteen years of age; JUNIOR CAMP for girls from twelve to sixteen years of age; Rates \$15 per week; \$75

per month. Opens for tenth season May 23, 1924. INKOWA HOUSE for men and women guests; Rates single rooms \$25 per week and up; Double rooms \$45 per week and up; Opens May 24, 1924, for the year round.

SPECIAL RATES AT CAMP AND HOUSE TO MEMBERS OF THE INKOWA CLUB OF AMERICA.

All outdoor sports: Swimming, Canoeing, Boating, Horseback Riding, Tennis, Athletics, Shooting, Long and short distance hiking trips. Nature study. Craft work. Best leadership. Best equipment. References required. Send for Booklet.

Camp Inkowa—Inkows House, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

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Vacation in the scenic Mountains of Montana. Comfortable tent riding, fishing. Pack trips to Yellowstone. Write ALFRED HYDE CLARK, Fishkill, Montana.

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CHILDREN, THREE TO TWELVE YEARS

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Results for each child in conduct, Health and Happiness.

Our experience an important factor to the thoughtful parent.

EQUIPMENT complete for games, occupations and Athletics.

Free Riding, Boating, Swimming. Approved Sanitation. Rate \$200

References Required. References Limited.

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under a mother's constant care, on a

farm among rolling hills, woods, and brooks. Outdoor

life and sports. Health and fun of all sorts. Excellent

food. Moderate in cost, without extras. Near Philadelphia.

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A SUMMER CAMP FOR

BACKWARD CHILDREN

On the Maine Coast, Near Rockland, Maine

Life in the open, with swimming, canoeing, motor-

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and training under experienced nurses and teachers,

with a physician in charge.

For particulars address Box D.

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Camp Mishike

A boys' camp "beyond the end of the trail," near Win-

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gram of forestry and trained

foresters. Follow and mark old Indian

trails, learn woods lore. Every day an

adventure. 1700 acres. 2 lakes. 4

mile lake shore. Long canoe trips.

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Cambridge, Mass.

Aquaplaning, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

Camp Pok-O-Moonshine

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND BEST

For boys, in the Adirondacks, 19th Season. 30 counselors. Five distinct sections, ages 8-10, 11-12, 13-14, 15-16, 17-18. Rate includes R. R. fares, laundry, hikes and two hours tutoring daily.


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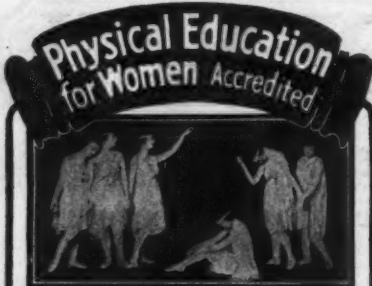
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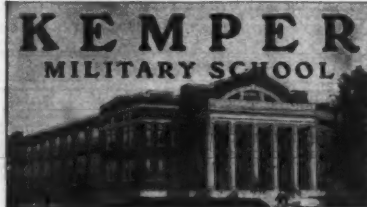
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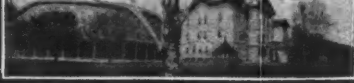
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By
George A D E

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If dialect verse is epidemic in Indiana and hosts of village literati brave the sweet pains of authorship, it is because all these heavily breathing amateurs came under the spell and influence of Riley and are working to a pattern.

Look out of the car window at the most remote stop on the most jerk-water division and you will see the sweet sixteeners dabbing their noses and surveying the human parade with weary and twisted smiles. They never have been to Hollywood or the Ritz, but they are trying to be hand-painted replicas of the screen sirens and the emaciated empresses of the hotel lobby.

If the crown princes of a Long Island country club decided to wear loose shirts in conjunction with dinner coats, then the whole dancing set out at Poplar Center will get a jolt ten days later when Archibald saunters into the Nonpareil Dancing Academy wearing on his floppy front just a few plain sewed-on buttons instead of the traditional row of glittering studs. They know Archibald is showing the latest wrinkle because he gets his tips by radio.

Go into any fraternity house of any college and you will find boys observing all the rites and ceremonies of Yale or almost breaking their belts in the attempt.

We live in the only land which encourages farm-hands, schoolma'ams, brakemen, waitresses, messenger boys to climb to the blue peaks of eminence and sit there in splendor. We produce aristocrats, picture buyers, food connoisseurs and critics of music without waiting for the children's children to come along.

To see them up there, who could suspect that about the time of the Columbian Exposition



many of them drank from the saucer?

The U. S. A. can give you almost anything while you wait. What is the large idea of holding off and permitting only the descendants to enjoy

the fruits of wealth and splash around in culture? Let us keep our eyes open and take the short cuts and declare ourselves in on the big events—even if we did come from nowhere and the family tree has been cut down and made into lumber.

There is nothing in trying to get quick results by absorption. Be a copy cat. Ask no questions, but follow your leader, no matter how many hurdles you have to take.

Most of our head-liners are copy cats. The political arena has been congested for sixty years with rugged partizans who made up for Lincoln and worked in front of the mirror every morning so as to be careless and negligé.

The Yankees are the most adaptable tribe on the globe. Honestly, three-fourths of the members of our most exclusive clubs slept on feathers when they were young. They came up to the cities with their hand-me-downs and telescope valises, knowing that they did not belong.

So they watched from the side-lines and began to copy. After they learned what to eat and drink and wear and how to play bridge and when to applaud at a concert, they had the town accomplishments plus their rural habits of industry, perseverance and observation, and now they are riding in limousines.

Those who do not suspect the fact are the most groveling of copy cats. Each keeps a wistful eye on some perfect specimen of humanity and tries to duplicate every move and gesture.

Elsie Janis and Cecilia Loftus can do Bernhardt with superb mimicry, but when it comes to putting over a faultless imitation, watch the eagle-eyed lady from up the road who is getting inspiration from those city buds and blooms at the next table.

Our copy cats can stay up later and jump farther than any other breed in the world. This is a challenge

B BRITISH J OKES



FIRST LADY: *Ain't it 'orrid when yer finds a maggitt in a napple?*

SECOND LADY: *Yes, but I reckens it worse when yer finds 'arf a maggitt in a napple.*

By **G**EOERGE **B**ELCHER

THE MOST POPULAR HUMORIST IN ENGLAND



*I told 'er off when I saw 'er. Some are ladies and some are women, I sez!
She ain't never forgive me for that.*

A Gorgeous New Novel By



The Enchanted

A ZEPHYR, light as an angel's breath, bore the incense of yerba santa and sage across the level gray stretches of El Valle de los Ojos Negros; yet from this labor it reserved sufficient strength to turn the fans of a light windmill, the mechanism of which, lacking lubrication, creaked, banshee-like, at each lazy revolution. Grasshoppers, mysteriously impelled to hop, decided instead to fly, and droned lugubriously down wind; the telephone and telegraph wires, strung on poles along the railroad right of way, hummed faintly, like distant harpsichords badly out of tune; in the sycamore trees flanking the thin trickle of water that was the Rio Hondo in time of freshet, two crows cawed sociably; a woodpecker rendered his very best imitation of a riveting machine. Save for this diapason of minor sounds there was silence in San Onofre.

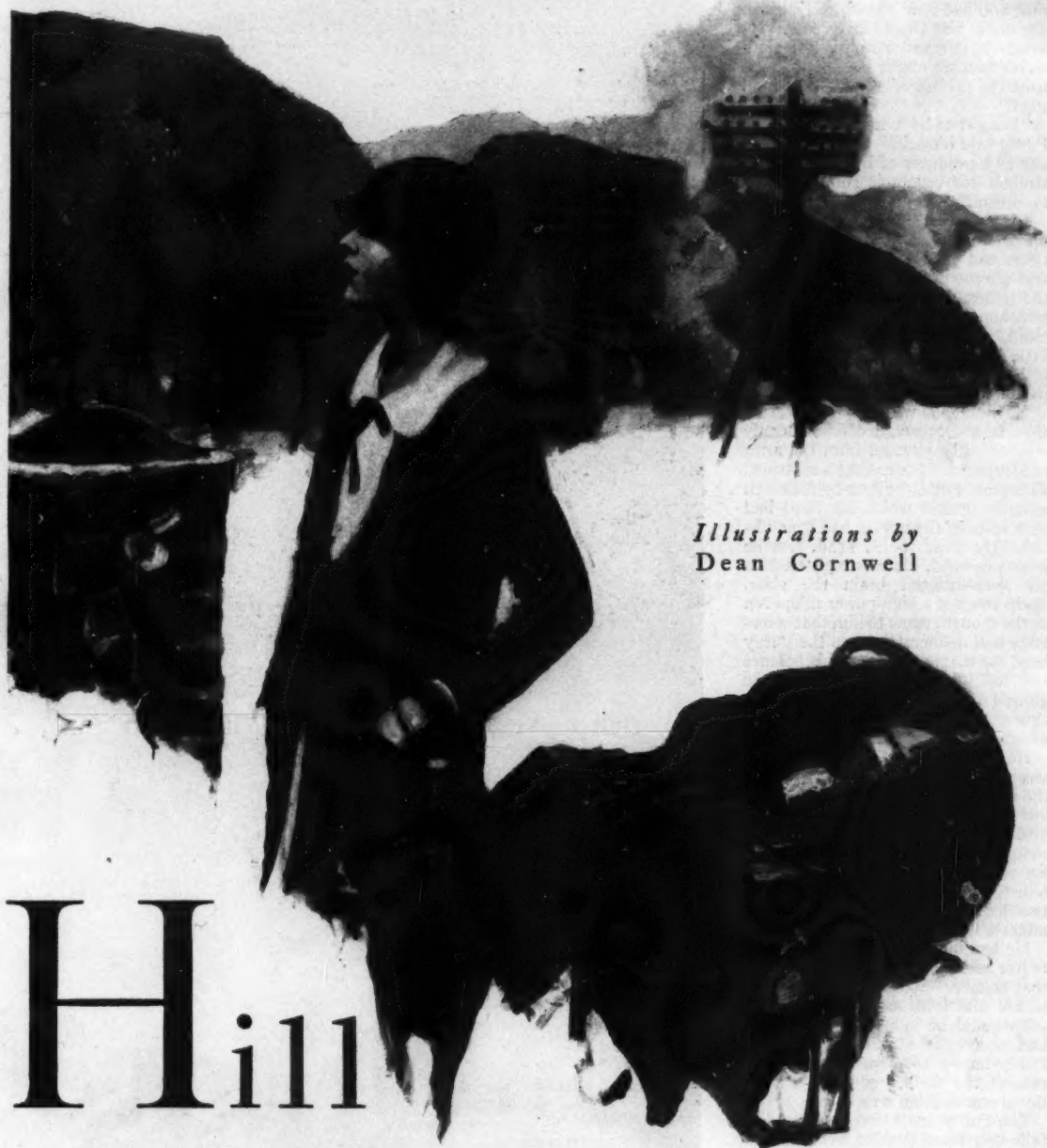
San Onofre was accustomed to silence. It was a flag station in the heart of El Valle de los Ojos Negros, and over it and the cattle corrals and loading chute, the complaining windmill and a five thousand gallon water tank kept guard. It boasted neither

station agent nor station loafers; even the trains did not stop there to take on water, for the windmill and tank had been erected by the railroad company to supply water to the transient herds of cattle held in the corrals for car shipment, and for the horses and men who drove the cattle thither. Hence, except on those occasions when the cowmen who ranged in El Valle de los Ojos Negros and the public grazing lands in the forest reserve to the north and northeast drove their beef cattle in for shipment, no human voice competed in San Onofre with the zephyr, the grasshoppers, the crows and the woodpecker.

Alone in San Onofre, Lee Purdy sat on the lip of the loading chute and smoked a cigaret of his own manufacture. Half an hour previous, a westbound freight had picked up the ten carloads of steers he and his men had loaded that day, and the range boss and six men had accompanied the cattle to care for them en route and check up on the weights when the shipment should reach the Los Angeles stockyards. Stockyards in Los Angeles was the most recent innovation in that boom-throbbing metropolis,

By

PETER B. KYNE



Illustrations by
Dean Cornwell

Hill

and it had occurred to Lee Purdy to test the California market with New Mexico range beef rather than the Kansas City or Chicago markets, which had absorbed his brand in the past.

Joaquin José Ramon Oreña y Sanchez, alleged cook, driving two mules hitched to the chuck wagon, had departed for the ranch headquarters immediately after serving the midday meal. To Joaquin, Lincoln Hallowell, the range boss, had entrusted his two best saddle-horses for return to the ranch. They were tethered at the tail-gate of the chuck wagon. The men who had not accompanied the beef shipment had also departed, heading home straight across country and herding before them the small *remuda* which had accompanied the drive to San Onofre; presently, after resting, smoking and cogitating, Lee Purdy would follow. Meanwhile, he sat on the lip of the loading chute, his soul steeped in a gentle melancholy, his muscles relaxed in pleasing lassitude, his mind vaguely alive to the realization that he had prodded three hundred recalcitrant

three-year steers up that loading chute and into the cattle cars that day.

He sighed. He was weary. A prodder of steers was he, and prodding steers was work designed by Providence for men strong in the arm and thick in the head; nevertheless, he, Lee Purdy, who was strong of arm but not thick of head, had performed this monotonous task without complaint, with a certain joy even, albeit there had not been any urgent necessity for his accompanying the drive to San Onofre, there to deplete his youthful vitality by prodding unwilling and suspicious Herefords up a loading chute. Link Hallowell, his range boss, could have got on very well without him.

The vague melancholy hereinbefore referred to, however, had its genesis not in rebellion at the character of his labors, but in a very definite realization of their futility. The shipment of steers he had just started westward would not reimburse him for the cost of production. With good fortune he might hope to net sixty-five dollars a head; and only a month previous, in

New York, he had partaken of a small steak in a not very well-known restaurant and had paid therefor the sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents. He wondered now how many such steaks a clever butcher might be able to carve from the carcass of a thousand-pound steer.

"I ought to be a middleman," Lee Purdy told himself. "As a consumer and as a producer of beef I'm headed straight for economic ruin and vegetarianism."

He rested his tired body against the upright at the head of the loading chute and drowsed pleasantly in the mid-afternoon sunshine. The hum of the telegraph wires, the drone of the grasshoppers, the anesthesia of the clean, pure, aromatic air, lulled him little by little. He would rest awhile before commencing that forty-mile journey back to his ranch. He slept.

He awakened with a terrific start—the spasmodic reaction of one suddenly and violently plucked from the arms of Morpheus. Something had struck, with great force, the four-by-four inch upright against which his head had been resting; the impact had been disturbingly close to his head. As he jerked upward, his ears registered on his sleep-drugged brain the clear, sharp crack of a high-power rifle; even as the thought came to him that somebody had deliberately used the Purdy head for a target, he lost his balance and fell in a ludicrous heap to the ground under the lip of the loading chute. Thereupon his guardian angel whispered to him to lie perfectly still.

He did. In about thirty seconds a second bullet ripped a hole through the shoulder of his canvas jacket and lost itself somewhere out on the sage. Still Purdy remained motionless, although a sharp, burning sensation on his shoulder informed him that the bullet, in its passage, had barely touched his skin and seared it, as might a branding-iron.

He had but one chance in a million to live and he was taking advantage of that chance. Somebody was striving to kill him from ambush, and if the killer could be induced to believe he had accomplished his purpose, Lee Purdy hoped he might be inclined to ponder the futility of wasting additional ammunition on a corpse.

Lee Purdy knew that no murderer, fully convinced that he has killed his man at, say, four hundred yards, cares to walk that distance to view at close range the still and gory tribute to his skill. Wherefore, Purdy lay as he had fallen from the loading chute—on his left side, with his left arm thrust out under his head and his legs drawn up slightly. And as he lay thus, wondering if the bushwhacker would try a third shot for luck, two crows flew agitatedly over his head, and there was heard no longer their cawing or the *rat-tat-tat-tat* of the woodpecker in the sycamore trees along the Rio Hondo. The Rio Hondo, a wide, boulder-strewn wash perhaps three feet below the level of the surrounding country, paralleled the railroad tracks at a distance of about three hundred yards on



"Got a friend of mine here," Lee Purdy explained. "Shot accidentally. Tell and that Lee Purdy will guarantee the expenses." "Whoa, boy," the



the station agent at Arguello to see that he's sent to the railroad hospital conductor retorted. "You're a cool citizen of a hot country, you are."

the south. Purdy reasoned that the man who had shot at him had doubtless crept down this almost dry wash and hidden among the sycamores, since at the sound of his shooting the crows had abandoned their home-building and flown straight away from there.

There was no more shooting; nevertheless, for five minutes Lee Purdy remained as he had fallen, motionless. Then, quite distinctly, he heard a man say: "Get over there, boy!" Followed the sound of a smart slap.

"He's come to the conclusion he's done his job," Lee Purdy decided. "He's mounting his horse to ride away; he's slapping the horse on the flank to make him swing away from some obstacle to his mounting. Well, here goes for the altars and the fires of the Purdy family!"

He rose and ran to his automobile across the railroad tracks. Following the fashion of so many cattlemen whose business necessitates their motoring frequently over lonely mountain roads, across sage and mesquite-studded plains and through timber where panther, bear, wolf or coyote, the cowman's constant irritant, are frequently met, Lee Purdy carried strapped to his spare tire in front a cavalry rifle scabbard in which an army rifle, cut down to a sporting weapon and always loaded, nestled ready to his hand. After securing this rifle he dropped prone behind the steel railroad track which, perched on the ties, rose some twelve inches above the level of the ground on which Lee Purdy lay; with care the hundred and twenty pound rail would afford him perfect protection.

He listened. Presently, above the thrum of the telegraph wires, he heard a slight sound that would have passed unnoticed by one whose every nerve was not strained to listen. It was the blow of a steel-shod hoof against a boulder in the wash of the Rio Hondo, and the sound came from east of where the man had spoken.

"He didn't see me get up," Lee Purdy exulted. "He was busy picking his way through the wash. But he'll come up out of the sycamores presently and halt for one last backward look to make certain. A fire sight at five hundred yards ought to fix that scoundrel's clock."

He adjusted his sights and decided that luck was with him, in that he would not have to make an allowance for windage, which is inconvenient when doing fast snap shooting. Then he drew the bolt, quietly slid a cartridge into the breech and waited, quite calm in his belief that he could not possibly be deceived in his estimate of human nature. Surely the scoundrel must know that in all that desolate lonely land there was no human being closer than Arguello, sixteen miles east. That knowledge would make him careless—inspire him with confidence.

The head of a roan horse appeared above the low fringe of sage along the northern bank of the Rio Hondo. It rose higher, turning as it rose, and presently horse and rider came into



plain view. And even as Lee Purdy had assumed, the rider pulled up his horse, quartering toward San Onofre, and looked back for the thing he had left lying at the foot of the loading chute. He did not see readily that which he sought, so he raised his hand above his eyes to shade them from the westering sun while he looked again . . .

As he watched the man slide slowly out of the saddle and fall beside his horse, Lee Purdy murmured: "I think I made a bulls-eye, but I'll take a leaf out of your book, my sweet Christian friend. It's a sign of hard luck when one doesn't make certain that an important job has been perfectly done. As some wise-acre once remarked, 'Genius is a capacity for taking infinite pains.' I'll stroll over and read your brand and earmarks."

He did, advancing briskly, his rifle at the ready, his glance never faltering from the man who lay so still beside the roan horse, now playfully nuzzling his late rider's body.

Purdy turned the man over on his back, and the two men gazed into each other's faces silently and thoughtfully. Then:

"I thought you'd come," said the wounded man, speaking with difficulty. "You were smart enough to fool me, so I figured if you were able to walk you'd do what I neglected to do—and that's make certain. Well, give me the mercy shot, as they say south of the Border."

Lee Purdy relieved the fallen man of a pistol in a shoulder holster under the latter's left arm. Next he opened the man's

shirt and searched for the wound. He found it high up on the right side, with the point of exit under the right shoulder-blade. It had just missed the spine.

"I will be surprised if it develops that you broke any bones in your fall," he declared. "The horse stood fast enough and you slid off so slowly I would have fired again if I hadn't entertained so much respect for your horse. Why should anybody shoot a good honest horse?"

"Thanks. He is a good horse—an Irish hunter crossed with a Hermosillo range pony. Well?"

"I've drilled you through the right lung and made an extraordinarily clean job of it. I think you ought to get well. At any rate the chances are about even. Ever study the vagaries of the flight of a rifle bullet?"

"No."

Lee Purdy squatted on his heels and rolled another cigaret. "At short range—say up to two hundred yards—the bullet, after leaving the muzzle, has a twisty motion imparted to it by the lands, or what you call the rifling in the barrel. This causes the bullet to wobble, describing a tiny orbit as it speeds ahead, and if it reaches its target while this wobble is on, the result is a great jagged wound. At longer ranges, however, after the bullet has settled in its flight, it will, unless it strikes a bone, drill a neat small hole from entrance to exit. At extreme ranges, after the force of the bullet has been spent, it will commence to wobble



"If you've sold yourself," said Lee Purdy, "stay sold. Be an honest killer, if that's your trade, but don't be a double-crossing crook."

again; then, if it hits a man, it will tear him up a bit. I dropped you at five hundred yards and if you have any particular desire to live your desire should be granted. You appear to be a tough, stringy sort of person."

The would-be assassin's dark, fierce eyes glowed somberly. "Are you playing with me before finishing your job?"

"Certainly not. I'm not going to do anything to hasten your death."

"Why not? I tried my best to kill you."

"Well, I have never killed a wounded helpless enemy, and if that experience can be avoided I prefer to avoid it. Of course I tried my best to kill you five minutes ago, but that was in self-defense. I had to stop you or risk having you do a better job the next time you tried."

"But," said the stranger with a curiously frank grin, "you say you are not going to stop me. You appear to want me to live. Why? So I'll be grateful and tell you who hired me?"

"No. I do not expect you to snitch. If you've sold yourself, stay sold. Be an honest killer, if that's your trade, but don't be a double-crossing crook."

This frank expression of a code evoked a chuckle from the wounded man. A slight hemorrhage stifled the chuckle almost instantly. When he could get his breath he said:

"I see. You're saving me to get hung, eh? Well, there were no witnesses, so how are you going to prove I tried to murder you? You can't convict a man on uncorroborated testimony. My word is as good as yours."

"You are an unimaginative ass. I haven't the slightest interest in you since I failed to wound you mortally. I'm going to bring my automobile over here, tuck you into the tonneau and run you over to San Onofre. Have you any money?"

"About two hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Purdy."

"Well, then, pay your own hospital bills while it lasts. If it isn't enough I'll make up the deficit, and if you're foolish enough to die I'll give you Christian burial and write home to your folks a first-class lie regarding your demise, if you care to give me your home address."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Purdy. How do you know I won't try to earn my fee after I get out of hospital?"

Lee Purdy smiled a quiet, prescient little smile. "Well, if you're dog enough to do that I suppose that's one of the chances I'll have to take. Well, don't die, old settler, until I can get back here with my auto."

"Take my horse," said the killer affably.

"Thanks," Lee Purdy swung into the saddle and galloped back to San Onofre, where he turned the horse into the cattle corral, and drove back in the automobile for his now thoroughly mystified passenger. With considerable difficulty he managed to get the fellow into the tonneau and stretched him out on the rear seat, with his long legs dangling over the side. Then, in low gear, Purdy drove away, breaking trail through the sage to the main road. It was a rough ride at best, and the wounded man was grateful when Purdy halted his car in the shadow of the tiny station at San Onofre.

"Well, what's the next move?" he demanded of Purdy.

"The California Limited is due in fifteen minutes. I'm going to flag it and send you, in the baggage car, to Arguello."

"A limited train will not stop on flag."

"This one will," said Lee Purdy confidently. "I'll straddle the tracks with my auto and pretend I'm stalled."

"My name's Bud Shannon," his chance acquaintance volunteered. "You're a good feller and I'm beholden to you."



"Did the ravens furnish Elijah with paper napkins?" the girl ventured to inquire demurely.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," Purdy said affably, and gave the wounded killer his hand. They stared at each other humorously. Then: "Any time you feel like giving up your present profession and tackling the hard, lonely life of a cow-hand, I'll give you seventy-five dollars a month, good board and the best lodging in New Mexico. I have a real bunk-house, not a kennel, and any foreman who can't make his men keep it clean can't be foreman."

"Mr. Purdy, I don't understand you a-tall."

"I'm not surprised. There are times, Bud, when I have difficulty understanding myself, and this is one of them. Do you wish me to take your horse home with me and keep him until you're ready to fork him again?"

"No sir, I don't understand you a-tall!" Bud repeated.

A plume of thin smoke showed over a low hill to the west. "Here comes the Limited," Purdy announced, and forthwith set his automobile astraddle of the tracks.

CHAPTER II

THE conductor, hurrying up the track, found the engineer and the fireman abusing Lee Purdy. They were casting thinly veiled aspersions upon his intelligence and impudence; to all of which Purdy paid not the slightest attention until his arrival.

"Got a friend of mine here," he explained. "Shot accidentally. Take him into the baggage car and drop him off at Arguello."



"No indeed," said Purdy. "Elijah was a practical prophet and licked his chops and fingers."

Tell the station agent to see that he's sent to the railroad hospital and that Lee Purdy will guarantee the expenses."

"Whoa, boy," the conductor retorted. "You're a cool citizen of a mighty hot country, you are. I don't know Lee Purdy and the company doesn't trust him. Nobody rides on my train on any stranger's guarantee, so unless your friend has a valid pass somebody will have to buy a ticket; otherwise I'll not attend the obsequies."

"I should have known there is no sentiment in a railroad company," Purdy retorted and handed the conductor a dollar. The latter gravely made change, punched a receipt for a cash fare collected and handed it to Purdy, who tucked it in the killer's vest pocket. "Now, then," he suggested cheerfully, "let's go."

Bud Shannon was deposited on the floor of the baggage car, but not until Lee Purdy had sacrificed a villainous old auto robe to furnish the desperado a pillow. As he prepared to leave the car he slapped the Shannon legs smartly and said: "Well, it might have turned out worse for both of us, Bud. Take care of yourself, old timer. I'll see you at the railroad hospital at the earliest opportunity."

Shannon reached for his would-be victim's hand. "Mr. Purdy," he whispered, "if I knew your enemies in this country I'd tell you who they were. If I ever find out and provided I get over this, I'll kill 'em for you and it won't cost you nothing. Compliments of Bud Shannon."

"Well, so long, Bud. Pleasant green (Continued on page 180)

WHY I HAVE NOT MARRIED

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

*Are those who realize their dreams always the fortunate of this earth?
I wonder. But at least I have told the truth here. Which is more, I
know, than some of my married friends would have the courage to do.*

NOT long ago a certain man who considered himself still quite in the running in every way, sat next to a charming woman at dinner. Suddenly she turned to him—and alas! it was at the fish and light wine course when he had little to buoy him up—and said without preliminary:

"Why didn't you ever marry?"

Not the usual "Why don't you marry?" but "Why didn't you?"

The question came as a crashing blow to any hopes that this young-old philosopher may still have retained.

I know, because he was myself!

It was the most revealing moment of my life. Usually—and mercifully—we cross the Rubicon by such gradual degrees that we never know it. "Middle age"—ah! that is a phrase which falls lightly from our lips. It will never come to us. Somehow we are immune; just as, when we see an accident in the street, we say to ourselves "Poor fellow!" and pass on our way, never dreaming that such a catastrophe could happen to us. Yet it is only by the grace of God that, daily, we escape.

Fortunately we grow bald or gray slowly—oh, so slowly! A barber warns us of that first tiny spot at the back of our heads which we seldom see. We twitch in the chair nervously. Then, "and it's getting a bit thin on top," the scoundrel continues placidly. We have come to that at last! A milestone has been encountered—a momentous milestone. If the news had only been broken to us more quietly, more gently! But here, in a public chair, surrounded by mirrors, we learn the awful truth.

And the worst of it is that this is but the beginning of a series of unpleasant revelations. We visit our tailor next. We choose a material that we have long had our eye on—a gay spring-like pattern—and we think of the bright tie that will go well with it and how we will astonish the Avenue when April steps like a silver girl into the dreary city.

"Just make that up," we lightly command.

Our tailor gives us one swift, appraising glance. "Better let me measure you again," he has the effrontery to offer.

Alas! we know what that means. And as his tape runs across our torso, like nothing so much as the rope that makes a prisoner powerless to escape, we shudder at our vision in the mirror and try to seem surprised when the verdict is cruelly rendered:

"Just as I expected, sir. Your waist-line is two inches more than last year." And then—as if this were not enough—comes the final blow: "Don't you think a quieter shade would be—er—more becoming, sir? Those colors and checks are worn—er—only by the younger set, sir."

The younger set! So we have vanished from its ranks! We are unequivocally of that tribe no more which dresses gaily, dances until dawn, unharmed by all-night diversions. We are stout—if not a "stylish stout." We must be relegated to a back seat and allow that phalanx of whippersnappers to take the lead.

And then we recall that of course it must be so, for have we not had to come to reading-glasses, since the print in the telephone book is not what it used to be? And we can remember tatty-hos and bicycles and five-cent cigars, and those dear dead days when one portion was enough for two, and when an orchestra seat in the theater cost only two dollars—sometimes but a dollar and a half; and we can recall hansoms, and Indians in front of tobacco stores, and before the subway was dreamed of, when a jaunt to Brooklyn seemed a frightful undertaking; and gaslight, and Lillian Russell and Della Fox in their prime, and "Florodora" with its sextette, and open-air beer gardens, and blazers, and bonnets, and Paisley shawls, and when public schools were really select, and Tony Pastor's, and Koster and Bials, and Blaine and Logan, and the World's Fair, and when

Fifth Avenue stages were drawn by horses and one paid the driver, receiving change in a little envelope, and when a trip to Europe was an event and everyone came down to the pier to see us off, and the old Café Martin, and the Hoffman House grill, where sports foregathered from all parts of the universe, and the Spanish-American War with its Rough Riders, and . . . But why go on?

The fact stands out that we grew up in an older order, before Fifth Avenue was widened and when there were no traffic regulations at all in the blundering, glorious city of New York—the city of our youth.

I might have turned to my dinner companion and answered, "Why didn't I marry? That's none of your business, my dear lady." But I did nothing of the sort. I told her—just as I propose to tell anyone who has had the kindness to read this far. For she was a very delightful woman—which proves, perhaps, that I still have an eye for a romantic contact, albeit the years are marching on.

A wise Frenchman once said that every man moves toward matrimony as inevitably as he moves toward the grave. Was he ironic when he made this comparison? I think not. What he meant was that to the normally constituted individual, male or female, the thought of marriage, up till the moment when it is accomplished, is ever present. I think that in my twenties I never looked at a girl to whom I had been introduced—and many to whom I hadn't—without imagining how it would seem to be married to her. And don't tell me that women do not have similar thoughts.

In every well ordered man's mind the thought, not only of marriage, but of a home, is dominant. For all my gregarious nature, my love of the companionship of my fellow beings, there is in me a strong domestic sense. I am what might be called a "slipper man." I like open fires and books and cigars quite as much as I like theaters and the opera and—once every so often—a good old-fashioned ball. I have always said that I shall know when I am old when I no longer experience a thrill just before the curtain goes up at a play, and when I lose my zest for my morning letters. Thank Heaven both contingencies seem exceedingly remote!

But I was destined to see little of home life. At the age of fifteen our family broke up—my father was an educator and I was the youngest of six children. Failing health made it imperative that my parents should live in the country; and funds being none too plentiful, they were forced to a migration several hundreds of miles from New York—the city where I had spent my childhood. I had one halcyon year in the country with my parents, after a short college course. It was then that I acquired my deep and abiding love of nature in all her beautiful manifestations and discovered for the first time that loveliest of all things—boyish romance.

Of course I was too young to marry; but I thought a certain blonde girl would make the most perfect of wives. I remember straw-rides in winter, picnics in summer, songs sung on moonlit roads, a touch of the divine passion when lilacs poured their fragrance through April gardens and there came those awakenings of the poetic impulse, the desire to be a great editor; when, truly, the odor of printers' ink meant quite as much to me as the scent of roses and mignonette. The man who has not experienced this rapture has been denied much—has been denied, I should say, the natural destiny of the multitude.

Now, it would be wonderful to say that Clorinda—we will call her that, though of course it was not her name—lived in my thoughts after I went back to

(Continued on page 138)

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, Poet, Traveler,

Author of "Loafing Down Long Island," "The Quiet Singer"

NEW YORK'S MOST FAMOUS BACHELOR

By EDNA FERBER *A Story of*
Castles in
Spain—
and a
Home in
Newark



IT HAD been raining for three days in Newark, New Jersey. Newark is unlovely enough on a gay May morning. After three days of March rain it is sodden beyond bearing. It was the rain as much as anything that caused the Cowans to decide on an Atlantic City holiday. That and Pa Cowan's bronchial cold and Evelyn's everlasting telephoning and Evelyn's children's noise and the general state of irritability and waspishness to which the whole family was reduced after three days of being cooped up. Six—not counting the girl—in a seven-room flat are likely to cut jagged edges in each other's nerves, even if they are a devoted family.

And the Cowans were a devoted family. They spoke of it often. "We're very devoted." They were always saying, "Let me do that," or "I'll go. You sit still," and "Here's a nice juicy piece just looking at you. Don't you want it?" Naturally they quarreled a good deal. Take, for example, Evelyn's telephoning. It was enough, Carrie said, to drive a stone image crazy. Still, before taking Evelyn's telephoning, it might be well to take the family one by one.

There was Pa Cowan, sixty-nine; Ma, sixty-five; Evelyn, the widowed daughter, thirty-three; Evelyn's two children, Dorothy and Junior, aged four and seven respectively; and Carrie Cowan, the unmarried daughter, aged—Carrie the unmarried daughter. Not that Carrie seemed to mourn her maiden condition; nor was

she reticent about her years. She was always the first to speak of these, and jokingly. She was quite comical about her virgin state and said in a roomful of Evelyn's married friends, "If you're going to talk like that I guess a young gal like me had better leave the room."

Evelyn, after her husband's death, had come back home to live. It was pretty hard, she told her old Newark friends, after you've lived in New York for nine years, and had your own lovely things and everything to do with. Of course she never said this in the presence of the family except sometimes when Carrie was there.

Carrie went about almost exclusively with married people. She made a fourth at bridge or Mah Jong. She filled a last minute vacancy at dinner. She had bought and presented dozens of baby jackets, rattles and teething rings. She heard the intimate talk and the innuendo of the married women in Evelyn's group.

She cried gaily, "Not knocking anybody's husband, but I wouldn't change places with any of you." But within her someone else cried out, "Oh, God!"

You saw a woman in the late thirties with a rather swarthy skin like her mother's—Evelyn was fair—and the figure of the unwed woman approaching middle age, rather flat as to bust and ample below the waist. She

made a trim appearance though and was able to say with her married women friends: "I know I don't look it. Nobody thinks I weigh within fifteen pounds of that. It's because I carry all my weight right here. No, it doesn't show, thank goodness, but it's almost impossible to take it off."

It wasn't as if Carrie hadn't had her chance. There was a good deal of mystery about it. When she was twenty-nine there had been a man, and an engagement with everything announced, and Pa Cowan was going to take him into his own business. Cotton goods. Then Pa Cowan had made some investigations and the man was no longer seen, and Ma Cowan said that Carrie had had a lucky escape. Strangely enough it was hard to make Carrie see her luck. Red-eyed and blotchy from weeping she had said over and over, "I don't care. I don't care. I'd have married him anyway."

"Yes," Ma Cowan had retorted, "and been miserable the rest of your life."

"I'm miserable anyway."

"Not half as miserable as you would have been if you'd married him."

"How do you know? Anyway I'd have had——" She stopped there and her face had twisted comically and tragically and her hands had reached out into the empty air clutching futilely after something that was slipping out of her life forever.

Holiday

Illustrations by

James Montgomery Flagg

Carrie worked in her father's office now four days a week. She was most efficient. At dinner-time she talked a good deal about the things that had happened in the cotton goods business during the day.

"We sent out the city salesman, Goodman, with some swatches and about three o'clock they telephoned and said, 'Look here, I thought you were going to send your city salesman—'"

From Evelyn, "Junior, eat your spinach."

Ma Cowan, "I'd get a black faille crêpe if I had any place to wear it."

"You go out as much as most women your age, mother."

"Where do I go?"

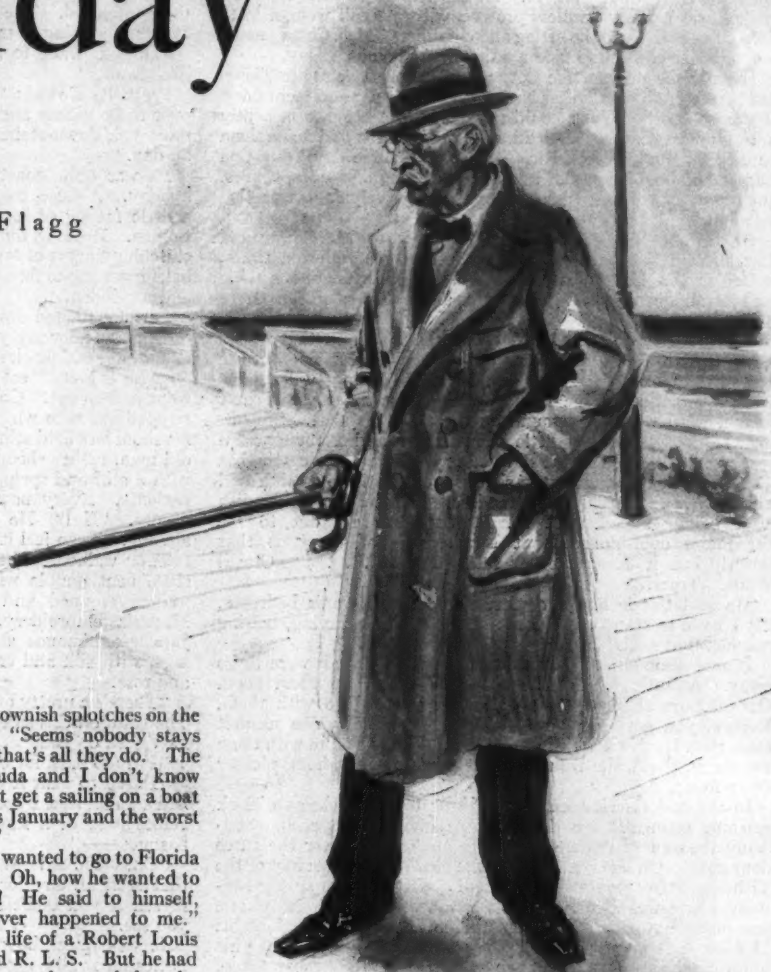
Pa Cowan, spruce, a little tremulous, brownish splotches on the backs of his hands and at the temples: "Seems nobody stays where they belong any more. Run, run, that's all they do. The world's gone crazy. Florida and Bermuda and I don't know where. Koch was saying today you can't get a sailing on a boat for Europe for love or money, and here it's January and the worst sailing on the Atlantic of the whole year."

Pa Cowan, in the cotton goods business, wanted to go to Florida and Bermuda and he didn't know where. Oh, how he wanted to go sailing on the Atlantic in January! He said to himself, "Here I am sixty-nine, and nothing's ever happened to me." Pa Cowan had always meant to live the life of a Robert Louis Stevenson hero, though he had never read R. L. S. But he had gone into the cotton goods business at twenty-four and there he still was at sixty-nine. Another writer with whom he was unfamiliar was Mr. Thoreau, so he did not know that the line about most men living lives of quiet desperation was applicable to himself. He dreamed a good deal about ships and the sea; about forests and tigers and mountains and beautiful maidens blonde and slim.

Ma Cowan had always been dark and heavy. In the last ten years the silvering of her hair had relieved the sallowness of her face. She had carried her weight well, but it always had distressed her, too. That which in a girl of twenty-five had been unsightly and disproportionate was now in the woman of sixty-five merely ample, comfortable and not unfitting. Yet Ma Cowan, all unsuspected—perhaps even by herself—still had visions of herself suddenly transformed into a slim wisp of gold and cream and roses; a lily maid; a wraith all flame and chiffon. This while she knew that her waist even in a stylish stout had never measured less than forty.

The Cowans lived in Tichenor Street, which, to one knowing Newark, definitely placed them. Tichenor Street was old, respectable, middle-class Newark. But like many another old street it was beginning to grow shabby and careless and down at heel. Its respectability was leaning almost imperceptibly toward that unfastidiousness which degenerates into sordidness. Just around the corner you already noted those grisly harbingers of approaching decay—undertakers' parlors, private hospitals, midwives' signs, delicatessens, cheap new flats.

Since her return to the parental roof Evelyn was always urging her family to leave Tichenor Street and take a stucco and tile house in the Forest Park section or on Parker Street, or even out of Newark in one of the Oranges. With that brief taste of New



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I got a notion to go on by myself if you don't stop gawping in front of every window," said Pa Cowan.

York still sweet in her mouth that now was filled with ashes and wormwood, Evelyn was secretly and fiercely ambitious for social prestige. Pretty, slim and not without charm, she thought of herself as presiding at small intimate dinners, rose-shaded, delicate, reticent; of queening it at evening affairs, large yet exclusive, at which people did not begin to arrive until ten. She loathed Tichenor Street. She actually humbled herself in order to scrape acquaintance with people who might be of benefit to herself or to the children, Dorothy and Junior, fifteen years hence.

"We've always been a very devoted family," said the Cowans. "We live for each other . . . I'll go . . . Don't you bother . . . Let me do that for you . . . Can I help you? . . ."

Ma Cowan, Pa Cowan, Evelyn, Carrie—four strangers living together. For all unsuspected:

"Come, Adventure," cried Pa Cowan, "before I die!"

"Come, Beauty," cried Ma Cowan, "before it is too late!"

"Come, Love!" cried Carrie. "I am starving for want of you."

"Come, Power!" cried Evelyn. "I have always dreamed of you."

On coming back to Newark Evelyn had said: "Let me take some of the housekeeping worries off your hands, mama. I'll do the marketing and things. It's little enough for me to do, goodness knows, after all you and pa have—" Red-rimmed eyes and a quick handkerchief.

But that hadn't lasted long. Evelyn thought it foolish to walk a block to save two cents on a head of lettuce. Ma Cowan thought it criminal not to. House-cleaning under Evelyn's régime was a fairly painless process, with a scrub woman in to help and a man to do the lifting and climbing. Mrs. Cowan made of the house-cleaning period a Saint Bartholomew's Day.

Even in the summer the Cowans stayed pretty close to Tichenor Street. They said that Newark was a regular summer resort, it was so cool, and you could get out to the beaches in a jiffy any time you wanted to. Besides, years of thrift had made them cautious. But this Atlantic City jaunt of three days' duration had come about almost of itself. Rain, cough, snuffles, nerves, the noise of children housed too long, Evelyn's everlasting telephoning.

In the last three days she had, it seemed to Ma Cowan and Carrie, said the same thing over and over a hundred times, seated at the little wobbly black imitation oak telephone table and jotting down meaningless figures and curlicues on the pad of paper as she talked.

"Hello! . . . Yes . . . Oh hello, Daisy. Isn't that weird! I was just this minute thinking of you . . . Oh, I'm fine but the rest of the family's laid low. Colds. I'm keeping Junior home from school because he has a little—(Dorothy, mother can't hear a word when you pound on the floor like that. Stop it, dear.) . . . He has a little temperature and I thought I'd just . . . What? What did you say? I couldn't catch that last—(Lover, take that out of sister's mouth this minute! You'll kill her.) . . . Aren't they terrible! They're simply fiendish after being cooped up . . . I wanted to get out to see the moire over-blouses that Bamberger's adver—(Put that down! Put it down, mother said! Put it . . .)" Crash! Wails. Tears.

Ma and Carrie had a conference in Ma Cowan's bedroom. "If I have to stand much more of this I'll be a raving, tearing maniac, that's all."

It was decided suddenly that Ma and Pa Cowan were to go away. Atlantic City. The ocean air would do them good. Out-of-doors all day. One of the girls would go with them. Evelyn, you go. No, you. It'll do you good. You need it more than I. No, I won't leave the children. You're with them too much, that's the trouble. The trouble with whom, please? Oh, nobody.

In the end Carrie went. The three took the eleven o'clock morning train. It was called the Atlantic City Special. Suddenly the sun had come out warm and golden after the three dour days. On Evelyn's face, as she stood in the doorway of the Tichenor Street house waving them good-by in the spring sunshine, there was a look of anticipation and of release. Carrie saw plans maturing secretly in Evelyn's eyes. Carrie thought: "I'll bet she's going to give a party while we're gone. The girls in for luncheon—or maybe even a dinner with the husbands too, and that bachelor brother-in-law of Daisy's. And her own silver and china and linen unpacked for it."

They bumped away in the yellow taxi toward the station and Atlantic City. Evelyn went into the house and shut the door and began to telephone. Junior and Dorothy were drawing with colored crayons. "My angels," said Evelyn. "Mother's angels. It's brightening up. You can both go out just as soon as it gets a little dryer. Hello! . . . Daisy? . . . Listen. The family's gone to Atlantic City . . ."

The Atlantic City Special was filled with holiday seekers. Plump ladies in black crêpe and sly diamond brooches pinned on one shoulder to no purpose. Sleek gentlemen in spats, and yellow gloves which they did not remove, and a great many early afternoon editions of the New York papers. Pa had brought along the "Newark News." Carrie wished he'd stop reading it, all spread out like that. The sleek gentlemen ordered bubbling water in green bottles from the buffet car because ordering charged water from the buffet car was the thing to do on the Atlantic City Special.

Pa Cowan, on a holiday, was no niggard. Seats in the parlor-car. No stopping at one of the picayune ramshackle side street hotels but at a great fantastic rococo pile on the Boardwalk itself. The doorman and elevator attendants wore uniforms of French blue with scarlet lapels and pipings and facings and gold buttons and white gloves. Their splendor would have made a French general on dress parade appear somber. They rather overawed Mr. and Mrs. Cowan, but they stimulated Carrie. Their backs were so flat and their waists so tapering and their buttons and gold braid glittered so delightfully.

Two bedrooms, connecting, with a bath for each and you could see the ocean from both of them. There was cretonne. There

were dressing-table lamps with pert little silken shades and a queer ventilator over the door and electric push-buttons labeled *Maid*, *Waiter*, *Valet*. A little rush of exhilaration shook the three as they unpacked. The women called between rooms.

"I'm not going to take out anything except just what I need." "Do you want to have lunch here or somewhere down the Boardwalk?"

From Pa Cowan: "Well, I think you ought to stop fussing over those valises and get out. That's what we came for. I'll meet you down-stairs right out in front there. And don't be all day."

Pa was quite masterful when he took his womenfolk on a holiday. A false courage buoyed him. He was conscious of a little feeling of lawlessness within himself, as were the two women. Ruled as they were by each other, bound by a thousand clutching fingers of family devotion, each longed to be free for a brief moment; to fare forth; to prance; to seek the unaccustomed and forbidden.

As they started down the Boardwalk in the seaside sunshine of brilliant noonday you saw a family of three: father, mother, daughter—middle-class, respectable, well-to-do.

"This is great!" said Pa Cowan. "This salt air. Makes you want to step out. Come on, you girls. Step out!" He himself stepped out with what he fancied to be a jaunty athletic stride, his shoulders held stiffly back, his head up. You saw merely an old man, rather rheumy-eyed from the salt tang, jerking along with a stiff and spring-half motion that was at once comic and pathetic. Every now and then he said, "Ha!" and breathed deeply. "Ha!" He thumped his chest. "My cold's better already. I can feel it breaking up."

They walked. They rode in wheel chairs pushed by a chair slave bent double with the load of the three of them. The women stopped and twittered before windows spread with Maderia embroidery, with drawn-work handkerchiefs, with Japanese kimonos showing vivid flashes of tomato red linings, with silk and crêpe de Chine lingerie in pink and orchid and rose.

"There's a pretty one. Look, Carrie . . . No, not that one. The third on this side, with the two-toned ribbon. That would look good on you."

"I'm too dark for orchid."

"I used to wear it when I was a girl your age. I remember I had a waist, time I was engaged, trimmed with this passementerie across here in a kind of a yoke—that was when they wore basques—"

"Oh, come on! What do you girls want to stand looking at that stuff all day for? Good gosh, I got a notion to go on by myself if you don't stop gawping in front of every window you see."

It was queer how remote the ocean seemed. You hardly noticed it at all lying out there so flat and blue-gray. Perhaps it was because of the people passing, repassing, marching up and down, up and down, like dream figures up and down, or sitting fatly swathed in wheel-chairs with grotesquely bent black gnomes toiling flat-footedly behind. Cans, post-cards, balloons, salt water taffy, nut fudge, souvenirs, get-your-picture-taken-in-two-minutes.

They had their late luncheon at one of the restaurants on the Boardwalk. "Dinner at the hotel's all right," said Pa Cowan, "but no use throwing good money away for lunch. They charge you twice as much in a hotel dining room as they do here, and the food's no better if as good and no service at all unless you tip like a drunken sailor."

They walked back to their hotel. The old man abandoned his springy stride. He was frankly weary, as was his wife. The Madeira embroidery and the souvenirs and the kimonos and the new spring models were much less interesting when you passed them a second time. Mrs. Cowan and Carrie did not stop more than twice on the return walk.

"We'll take a chair this afternoon," said Ma Cowan. "I've done all the walking I want for one day."

"Call this a walk!" scoffed Pa Cowan. But his eyes looked fagged.

"I certainly do. And I'm going right up to the room and have a nap and so are you. It wouldn't hurt you to lie down either, Carrie."

Carrie shook her head. "I'm going to wrap up and sit out on the porch in the sun. Why don't you lie down in my room, and pa in yours? You'll rest better."

They separated to meet again at half past three. From half past three until five up and down in a wheel-chair, almost to the Inlet and back. Up and down, up and down swam the



"Out for a nightcap?" said the splendid creature. "Oh, yes," said Carrie, "I couldn't get to sleep."

dream figures, marching, riding. Madeira embroidery, balloons, kimonos, post-cards, salt water taffy. And there beyond, the flat blue-gray expanse that was the ocean.

Pa Cowan remarked it. "I don't ever remember seeing the ocean as quiet as it is today. Look at that!" He waved a patronizing arm. "Flat as a mill-pond. You forget it's there, that's a fact."

They talked little. They had little to say to each other. They spoke disconnectedly, fragmentarily.

"This air certainly makes you sleepy. Funny, though. Laid down and never closed an eye."

"I see those plain tailored mannish suits are coming back."

"That was Gloria Dalton we just passed! It was too. I'd know her anywhere. She looks a lot older than she does on the screen, though."

"Getting pretty chilly now, towards evening. Let's have him turn around. I guess I'll get out and walk awhile."

"You've walked enough, pa."

Carrie and her mother dressed for dinner, Mrs. Cowan in her faille crêpe and Carrie in her sleeveless black velvet. The dining room was etched with sleeveless black velvets.



"Taking the bus out," she heard the man say. "How's she fixed for

"Yours looks as good as anybody's," said Mrs. Cowan. "And it's last year's too."

"A good black velvet's always good."

The orchestra lent an air of gaiety, but the diners were solemn and constrained. Americans taking their holiday heavily. Carrie cut loose a bit and ordered hors-d'œuvres of sea food, braised celery, shad roe, chocolate meringue. "Things I don't get at home." But Ma and Pa Cowan were cautious, as they had been at luncheon. They ordered accustomed dishes. The old man had scant chance to do otherwise under his wife's watchful eye. For nineteen years a chronic ailment had made sweets, starches and red meats forbidden delights for him. Mrs. Cowan made quite a ritual of his white meat of chicken, his spinach, his stewed fruit and sawdust-like biscuits. Sometimes he rebelled, but the revolt always came to nothing.

"Now you know you can't touch that stuff," she would caution him. "It's poison for you."

"I just wanted to taste it."

"No. If you're hungry you'll—"

"I'm sick and tired of this stuff."

But she was firm, vigilant, inexorable. "You know who'll suffer for it. You're like a child."

Indeed he did resemble a naughty child as he sat at table, sulking, rebellious, greedy.

After dinner there was little to do except sit in the rococo lounge with the other sleeveless black velvets and listen to the orchestra and comment and speculate on the others sitting so stiffly about on the massive and ridiculous couches.

"I'll bet she's never married to him."

"Look at that. Isn't that terrible! And I suppose she thinks she looks grand."

Pa Cowan shook himself impatiently. "What do you say we go to a movie? I noticed there's one just a few steps down. Can't sit here all evening and it's too early to go to bed."

They saw the picture. They often went to the pictures in Newark and were glib and expert in their criticism. The picture was taken from a classic with a medieval setting full of iron doors and turrets, and winding stairways and spears and doublets and oak-beamed halls. It gave the star an opportunity to wear pearl-encrusted robes, and be rescued from the slimy monarch, and let down her golden hair, and ride on a milk-white palfrey, and sit on a chair with a Gothic back, all robed in cloth of gold and velvet and ermine, and change to the ragged tattered georgette crêpe of a beggar maid. The picture had cost seven hundred thousand dollars. The Cowans viewed it with coldly critical eyes. When they emerged into the lights of the Boardwalk they said that it was a pretty fair picture.



gas?" Terror possessed Carrie; and with terror reason returned to her.

The old man and old woman in their room and the middle-aged spinster in hers slept well after their half day in the salt air. But they awoke at their accustomed early hour and could not sleep again.

"You up, Carrie?"

"Yes."

"It's only seven-thirty."

The day stretched empty ahead of them. Walk. Wheelchair. Windows. Some desultory shopping. Madeira embroidery, post-cards, salt water taffy.

Mrs. Cowan stopped again before the window full of pink and rose and orchid crêpe de Chine. "I think that orchid set is lovely. I wonder how much it is."

"What do you want to know for?"

"Oh, I'd just like to know. For fun. Wait a minute."

She entered the shop—came out again uninformed. "The woman says it's to be auctioned off this afternoon with a lot of other sets, and table linen and lace."

"Well, I don't see—" said Carrie vaguely. The truth is she was bored. So was Ma Cowan bored. So was Pa Cowan bored. Bored with Atlantic City, with the Madeira embroidery and post-cards, with each other; with walking; with riding in wheelchairs; with the flat blue-gray ocean and the seaside sunshine so hard and brilliant and false.

"Great stuff, this sea air," Pa Cowan still said from time to time, but his heart wasn't in it.

By noon they were snapping at each other irritably. Well, what do you want to do, then? Well, why didn't you say so in the first place. Lunch? Pa Cowan didn't think he'd eat any lunch. No, he felt all right. Felt fine. But he had had breakfast at nine instead of at his accustomed hour of seven-thirty. He had eaten two eggs. The man had brought him two. Simply wasn't hungry, that's all. No use stuffing yourself if you're not hungry.

"Do you want to sit with us while we eat? Ma and I'll have a sandwich and a cup of tea in one of these tea-rooms."

No, he didn't think so. Just sitting there at the table. There was an exhibit up the Walk a ways that he wanted to take in. Showed how they made Happy Days cigarets. Not a human hand touched 'em. Everything by machinery—rolling, packing, labeling—everything. He turned to go.

"We-e-ell," said Ma Cowan reluctantly, doubtfully. "You sure you feel all right?"

"Never felt better in my life. See you at the room later." He was off briskly. There was a new lift to his shoulders, almost a spring in his step. His faded old eyes burned momentarily with the light of anticipated adventure. He actually did go to the white painted building in which (Continued on page 146)



By Heywood Broun

Babies

Have the Right To Be Wanted

"OH, THAT'S no assignment for a woman," the city editor used to say, and it always made me mad when he said it. I never could understand why murders and robberies and bank failures were masculine and teas and receptions and charity bazaars were feminine.

And yet there are themes which belong eminently to one sex alone. It is somewhat preposterous for a man to write about birth control. What on earth can any man understand about birth? He doesn't even know that it has happened until somebody tells him. Still, even a person on the side-lines can have an opinion. But there are difficulties. One phase of the subject is medical and everything medical is hemmed in with words which shock. Another phase of the discussion should touch on religious issues and religion is dry gunpowder. But anyhow, here goes. I am only expressing an opinion. It is considered and it is sincere, and after all no opinion should be regarded as an offense.

It isn't easy to argue with anyone who decides against birth control on the ground of revealed religion as he sees it. Here, for instance, is what an Archbishop has said:

"Children troop down from Heaven because God wills it . . . He blesses at will some homes with many, others with but a few or none at all. They come in the one way ordained by His wisdom. Woe to those who degrade, pervert or do violence to the law of nature as fixed by the eternal decree of God Himself! Even though some little angels in the flesh, through the moral, mental or physical deformity of parents, may appear to human eyes hideous, misshaped, a blot on civilized society, we must not lose sight of this Christian thought, that under and within such visible malformation there lives an immortal soul to be saved and glorified for all eternity among the blessed in Heaven."

Admitting that I am not wise in theology, it still seems to me that the question may be raised as to whether the laws of nature and the laws of God are invariably identical. After all, nature, in most forms of life below man, does root out very callously and thoroughly the malformed members of each species. Man is proclaiming the same doctrine, though more mercifully, when he says, "The malformed ought not to be born."

And for that matter the institution of marriage as ordained by the church is not precisely the same sort of relationship which nature has seen fit to organize for the animals. Monogamy, for instance, is man's idea rather than the notion of nature.

I think it can be demonstrated that man, with the full sanction of the church, has committed himself deeply to many practises which are not altogether in accord with the laws of nature. We do not accept plagues as the law of nature and the will of God, but feel instead that the Creator intended us to muster all the resources of intelligence to meet these threats.

But I will grant quite readily that the need for birth control rises largely from the imperfections and frailties of man. Religious objectors say that the man or woman who desires family limitation may achieve this result, without sin, by the practise of chastity. In sober thought we might all agree on this counsel of perfection, but that agreement would hardly alter the actual state of the world.

It is actualities I have in mind. I have just been talking with a young woman who works for an organization which befriends

unmarried mothers. For years her chief concern in every case was to find the father of the illegitimate child and compel him to marry the unfortunate girl. This procedure no longer interests her. It is her experience that for the most part the society was merely trading off an unmarried mother for a deserted wife.

She told me that as a rule the unmarried mother came under the care of the organization a second time. And there were third children and fourth children just as fatherless as the first. I asked her why the society did not include instruction in birth control among the educational influences by which it sought to protect the girl against her next encounter with the world, and the young charity worker replied that her group would consider that immoral. And it seemed to me that the society might well serve the community and its unfortunate clients with a little less morality and a great many less illegitimate children.

This, however, is only a minor phase of the problem. It is the married mothers whose need is greatest. There is a young woman doctor who serves in the lone birth control clinic in New York City. She has been engaged in many phases of public health work throughout the country, but nowhere else has she found herself so constantly joggled by sheer human misery and tragedy.

It is the law of New York State which heightens this suffering by almost diabolical ingenuity. First of all there was a statute which made it a crime for anybody to give birth control information to any person under any circumstances. This has since been modified. A judge has held that a licensed physician may advise a patient if he feels that childbirth would probably be fatal.

"And so," said the doctor, "I have had to tell patient after patient, 'You're not sick enough yet.' The best I can do when I send them away is to say, 'Perhaps you will be sick enough after you have had one more child. Come back to me then.'"

You will notice that the law takes no interest whatsoever in the economic factor. Of course the woman who is too poor to support her family generally develops sufficient ill health in time to earn the mercy of the judicial interpretation, but relief is illegal until she is beaten down.

I am not among those who hold that birth control is the one agency for the relief of human misery. The problem is complicated by conditions of employment and even more particularly in New York by the housing crisis. But many a family can trace most of its woes directly to the coming of unwanted children. The tenement which was bearable for two and even three or four becomes a place of pestilence when the family grows to seven.

Probably you have heard it said that the people who clamor most about birth control are rich and indolent women who are too intent upon pleasure to want children. There are such women, but it is hardly likely that they are clamorous. It is not difficult for a well-to-do person to acquire information about birth control. But the woman who is dependent upon the care of clinics and hospitals has no chance at all. It is not public policy to give information. Even institutions which treat the tubercular, the cardiacs and the mentally defective will not take action to try to prevent the propagation of the unfit by the unfit.

And after all, the mother and the father and the community are not the only factors to be considered. There is also the child. He has rights. One of them ought to be inalienable. He should have the right to be wanted.



Bonita

By Luther Burbank
The Distinguished Scientist

This Dog Can—and Does— Reason

DOGS can reason. They can do everything but talk. We cannot understand them, but they can understand us. My grandfather, while holding his dog in his arms, once said: "You have been a bad dog. I shall have to kill you." Instantly the dog jumped out of his arms, flew down the road like a shot and never was seen again.

I used to have a little black and tan Japanese dog. We also had a cat. It was the kitchen custom to require the dog and the cat to eat from the same plate. The cat did not like this arrangement and frequently cuffed the dog. The dog being small and peaceful thereby lost many a meal.

This dog, which was so small that we called him Jumbo, could not afford to lose meals. Nor could he fight. Headwork became necessary. What was to be done? One day Jumbo ran into the kitchen with a saucer in his mouth. He placed the saucer right side up beside the cat's dish and thereafter ate his meals in peace.

After Jumbo had lived with us eight years, during which time he had become much attached to me, he observed certain preparations on my part that filled him with grief. I was packing for a trip to the East. When I left the house Jumbo howled and shrieked so that I felt like not going.

After my departure the little dog refused to eat or even to move. Mother finally wired me that if I did not return at once the dog would be dead. I wired that I would return.

Mother told me afterward that when she said to Jumbo "Luther is coming home," the little dog pricked up his ears, wagged his tail and for the first time since I went away showed signs of happiness and life. And when I entered the dooryard, he rolled head over heels down four steps, landing at my feet one panting, palpitating mass. A day or two afterward Jumbo was perfectly well and remained so for years.

Jumbo always slept in a box in the kitchen. It was his custom to remain in the box until after breakfast. He arose before breakfast only when he was told the night before that he was going to Sebastopol, one of my experimental farms.

I once told this to a painter who was working at the house. The painter could hardly believe the story. He wanted to try the experiment himself. So at the close of the day he called Jumbo to him and said: "Jumbo, you are going to Sebastopol tomorrow." The dog at once began to wag his tail.

Next morning Jumbo was up before breakfast. But it had not been my purpose to go to Sebastopol that day and I did not go. Jumbo would never pay any attention to the painter after that.

I felt so badly when Jumbo died that I thought I never wanted another dog. But a few years later Bonita came to us and today no money could buy her.

Bonita, who was borne to us on the backwash of a circus, is mostly English whippet, with dashes of English coach dog, Boston bull and fox terrier blood, which make her just dog.

Bonita has many interesting whims, traits and accomplishments. She will permit men who smoke cigars or cigarets to pass the house unmolested, but will bark at anybody that smokes a pipe. She can easily jump a six-foot fence, but never jumps a fence half that high because she knows she must stay in the yard unless given permission to go out. She will follow me to the gate but will not go out unless I tell her she may.

Most dogs like to play with any dog that may come around. Bonita will chase away dogs that come by themselves, while welcoming those that come with their masters.

One evening we had friends at the house to whom ice-cream was served. The cream came from the store in the usual paper cartons. Mrs. Burbank gave one of the little pail-like cartons to the dog. Bonita ate what cream she could find sticking to the paper, then grasped the carton in her teeth and went to each of the guests to get more cream. After everybody had given her a little, she took the carton into the kitchen and ate the cream. She often performed the same trick when she was given the paper plate upon which a cake came from the store. Needless to say, such stunts never were taught to her.

In Santa Rosa there used to live rather a poor family who had a dog that was trained to go down-town, get the largest potato it could find in a basket in front of a vegetable store and bring it home. I think the dog must have supplied the family with potatoes. Dealers did not complain because the dog's cleverness amused them.

A fine big dog, utterly tired out and apparently very hungry, stopped one morning at our home. When he had been fed and rested for several hours I said in my ordinary, moderate tone: "We have no room for you to stay all night and as you are a big dog, able to take care of yourself, and have been fed, perhaps you had better run along." The dog listened while I was speaking, then turned in its tracks, went down the road and we never saw it again. Dogs can understand. There is no doubt of it.

Dogs not only can understand a good deal that we say, but by a peculiar kind of subconscious telepathy they receive a great many of our thoughts. Bonita likes and dislikes the same kinds of persons that we do.

If it be contended that a dog cannot think and reason I should like to know why, when it gets a bone, it so often buries a choice morsel; perhaps to "ripen" it, or at any rate to keep it intact until such time as its owner's appetite shall be better. When men perform similar acts we attribute to them not only the power to reason but the possession of foresight.

The intellectual advance of the dog should remind us that the dog and all other animals are, like human beings and plants, in the grip of evolution. We may well wonder how intelligent some of these animals may be two or three million years hence. Shall any of them be able to talk?

Dogs already convey meanings by the manner in which they bark. I can always tell whether a dog is barking at a cat or at a man. I think we all remember the dog in Germany, before the war, that could speak quite a number of German words which it was able even to form into sentences in asking for things. Several American correspondents heard this dog talk. Nor should we be surprised that so intelligent an animal as a dog should talk. A parrot can utter words distinctly. I do know that if one will not speak baby talk to a dog and will treat him honestly, the dog will listen with rapt attention to what is said to him and will sometimes seem to be in great pain that he cannot reply in language that his master can understand.

Some persons are uneducated enough to believe that a dog has no soul. Dogs should pity such persons, as it is probable that they are more lacking in this respect than are dogs.



THERE is one simple and natural explanation of the amazing indiscretion of Lady Joan Saville in Budapest—that dream city on the Danube—where she scandalized Hungarian society and destroyed her brother's chances of a diplomatic career.

It was in my opinion a case of heredity—a call back in her blood to the old spirit of a race, to its primitive instincts, stronger than civilization, more compelling than education, terrible sometimes in intensity.

Have you ever studied the migration of birds—that strange impelling impulse which at a certain season of the year bids them leave their nests, their happy breeding-grounds, their plentiful supply of food, to fly for days and nights across sea and desert without food or rest until many die of starvation? They do not want to go. It has been noticed by naturalists that some of them try to resist the impulse, the strange urgent force within them. It is irresistible.

I know of one great scientist who kept a bird as a pet in his own room. It had never known others of its kind or the wild life. There was no mysterious bird talk to bid it fly away. It was happy in its cage. But one evening it was restless, shaken by some tumult of spirit, and all through the night in a kind of dazed state its outspread wings vibrated ceaselessly. Its body was confined but its spirit was traveling for thousands of miles on that journey to which it was urged by the instinct of its being.

Something of that kind happened to Joan Saville in Budapest. The spirit of an ancient race awakened in her, caught her up in its old instincts, called her back.

B *The* eating of

By a trick of memory I came upon this clue to her nature when I was talking to a young man who was deeply in love with her. That was Archie Gaunt, commanding the British gunboat *Firefly*, lying below the chain bridge of Buda and representing the Danube Commission of the Allied Powers. It was the night before Joan came to Budapest.

He mentioned her casually as we sat in the lounge of the Duna Palota, formerly known as the Ritz Hotel.

"Saville's sister is coming this evening. Do you know her at all?"

"I saw her once," I told him. "It was at a country house in Devonshire four years ago. She was back for her Christmas holidays from a convent school. A pretty kid."

"More than pretty," said young Gaunt, giving himself away.

By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

*A Story of
a Woman
with a
Caged
Soul*

*Illustrations
by
Marshall
Frantz*

Wings

I recalled her picture. "A coil of dark hair and light brown eyes with a wild bird look and a warm color in her cheeks. Not quite English in her style, I thought."

"Oh, absolutely English!" said Archie Gaunt quickly. "Devonshire blood and stock, as you ought to know by her name." He spoke with some heat, as though he resented my suggestion that the girl was foreign looking.

I answered with a smile: "That's true. The Devonshire Savilles, and all that!"

Then I was struck by the remembrance of an old tale in her family history. I had read it in the memoirs of her great-great-grandfather, the scurrilous old Earl who was George III's master of horse. "Most of our English blood is a bit mixed if you look into it. I seem to remember something about a John Saville

who married a Gipsy girl 'over the tongs' as they call it before he took her to church to make her respectable. She was the mother of the first Earl and a remarkable woman in her way. Boxed the ears of the Prince of Wales—a good sounding whack!—when he made love to her in her own drawing room."

Captain Archie Gaunt laughed with me at this anecdote, though afterwards he remembered it without laughter.

"Showed an admirable spirit!" he said. "Lady Joan has the same kind of pluck—heaps of it—but I hope she won't have to show it in the same way out here."

"Not as far as my ears are concerned!" I agreed.

Both of us had been invited to dine with Saville and his sister that night, and after dressing in my little bug-infested room in a small hotel, I went up to Saville's rather spacious suite in the

Duna Palota at a few minutes after half-past eight for the usual cocktail.

Young Saville—Lord Edward Saville, first Secretary to the British Embassy, to give him his full title for once—was fixing his black tie before a tall gilt-framed mirror in his sitting room, with more than special care, I thought, though he was always perfectly dressed.

He explained that Joan had arrived an hour before from Vienna and was dressing in her own room.

While he mixed the cocktails I could see that he was excited and glad because of his sister's arrival. He whistled a tune from the opera we had seen the night before—the "Spinning Song" from "The Flying Dutchman"—and smiled at some secret thought which a few moments later he revealed to me.

"Lord help the young Hungarians!" he said, pouring out some golden liquid into a little glass and handing it to me with a gracious gesture.

"What's their danger?" I asked.

"Well," he said, glancing at a mirrored image of his lean, clean-shaven face with its dark humorous eyes, "I'm no beauty myself, but I will say my sister Joan is a credit to the family. I'd no idea she'd develop into such a peach! Last time I saw her she was still a lanky schoolgirl, too long in the legs and on the scraggy side. She'll knock Budapest, all right!"

"You'll have to keep a brotherly eye on her," I told him. "The Hungarian gentry are very susceptible."

"Oh, Joan can look after herself all right!" answered Saville lightly. "Besides, there are some decent English fellows here. They'll close round her, I'll bet."

"Among them our gallant sailorman, Archie Gaunt!" I suggested.

Saville smiled. "He's an old flame. They've hunted together, quarreled together, danced together and pommelled each other in pillow fights since nursery days, when Joan was the wildest thing in the west of England, utterly untamed! Archie makes no secret of his hopeless love."

"Hopeless?"

"Too familiar, I'm afraid," said Saville. "Girls like Joan are searching for the unknown knight—some romantic dream fellow. He gave the cocktail shaker a final jerk and filled two more glasses with the golden liquid. "Anyhow it's going to be topping having her here," he said quietly. "She and I are great pals. I've felt exiled without her for the last year."

I chaffed him a little. "In spite of all the Hungarian ladies?" He begged me rather anxiously to be discreet on that subject like a good and loyal friend. It was not his fault that Hungarian ladies were so kind to foreign visitors and especially, for some reason, to young English diplomats.

It was then that Joan came into the room and I was able to see for myself that her brother's admiration was not mere family pride. Saville's schoolgirl sister as I had last seen her had disappeared into the past. This was beautiful womanhood. The dark brown hair I had remembered was looped loosely above her ears, from which hung two ruby drops. Her large hazel eyes were swept with her dark lashes. She had no need of lipstick or rouge to heighten the bright color of her cheeks and lips. She was an English rose in full bloom.

An English rose? Well, somehow as the image came to me I rejected it. Not English, whatever Archie Gaunt might say. Her color was too rich to be quite English. Perhaps the yellow shawl about her white shoulders, falling with a long fringe above a shimmering frock of silver gauze, gave her that foreign, untamed look which startled me.

"Some shawl!" said Saville quietly, looking at her with brotherly admiration.

"Venetian," she said gaily. "Do you think it will pass in Budapest?"

Saville thought it would intoxicate the capital of Hungary. She touched her lips with the golden liquid and then, putting down the little glass on the rosewood piano, went to the window and pulled the curtain aside, to see the view of the city by night.

"A dream city!" she cried. "Like fairyland!"

Saville had a window looking across the Danube to the heights of Buda on the other side of the chain bridge. The deserted Palace up there above the Bastion was a black mass in the darkness, but the houses in the narrow streets climbing steeply up the hillside had lighted windows which twinkled like stars, and there were other lights in the royal gardens and on the bridges, reflected in the broad Danube below. The sky was still faintly blue and high up on the hill of old Buda the spire of the Coronation Church, where for a thousand years the kings of Hungary have put on the Iron Crown, seemed to touch the floor of Heaven.

Presently she drew a deep breath as if excited and I heard her words, which were spoken gaily and yet, I thought, with some emotion.

"It's queer! I have an idea that I've been here before or seen the place in dreams! That river and those lights on the hill!"

"You've seen it on the picture post-cards I sent you," said Saville in his matter-of-fact way.

She laughed and tapped him on the shoulder. "No! Certainly not! It's as though I'd wandered back again after many years. I feel that a great adventure is going to happen to me here, something for which I've been waiting all my life!"

"It's that dinner I've ordered for you downstairs," said Saville. "The chef is devoting all his art to it in honor of your arrival. Where's the Navy?"

The Navy arrived in the person of Archie Gaunt.

Joan Saville slipped away from the window with a jolly cry of "Hallo, Archie!" and held out both hands to him.

I think that if he had had the pluck of a mouse he would have kissed her cheek then, but he hadn't. The Navy hauled down its flag. That is to say that Archie Gaunt, looking as shy as a schoolboy and blushing vividly, took the girl's hands and bowed over them and said, "Welcome to our city, dear lady!"

After that he went down to the dining room of the Duna Palota, and toward the end of the winding staircase Joan pulled aside the heavy curtain which hung there and stood for a moment to see the picture of the smartest restaurant in Budapest crowded with Hungarian society and foreign visitors.

In the golden light of many lamps the women's bare necks and arms were milky white and there was a glitter of diamonds in their hair and about their necks. Their men stood bowing and laughing and chattering before going to the tables beyond the lounge where there was a sparkle of glass and silver. A loud clamor of voices rose above the music of a Hungarian orchestra playing stridently.

"A strange crowd!" said Saville to his sister. "Some of the prettiest women in Europe, but not all as virtuous as Queen Victoria, poor darlings! Let's show ourselves."

The appearance of Lady Joan Saville certainly caused a sensation as we made our way to our table in an alcove raised above the level of the lounge. Saville, of course, was well-known to most of the people. Many of the ladies nodded to him graciously and he spoke a few words to one or two of them in Hungarian—marvelous fellow, considering the nature of that language!—as he passed. But the eyes of the men were for Joan alone as she passed with a flickering smile about her lips and a heightened color. They stared at her with the boldest admiration and some surprise, I thought, as though they were astonished at this English girl. Some of them whispered together. Even the women turned their heads as she passed, looking her up and down, studying the effect of that yellow shawl of hers.

One of them—a notorious little lady of whom I had been told scandalous things—raised a lorgnette through which she gazed with wide-open eyes of corn-flower blue. I heard her comment in German to the man with whom she was dining, afterward pointed out to me as an Austrian Count. "She looks like a Gypsy fortune-teller! English, you say? Impossible, my treasure!"

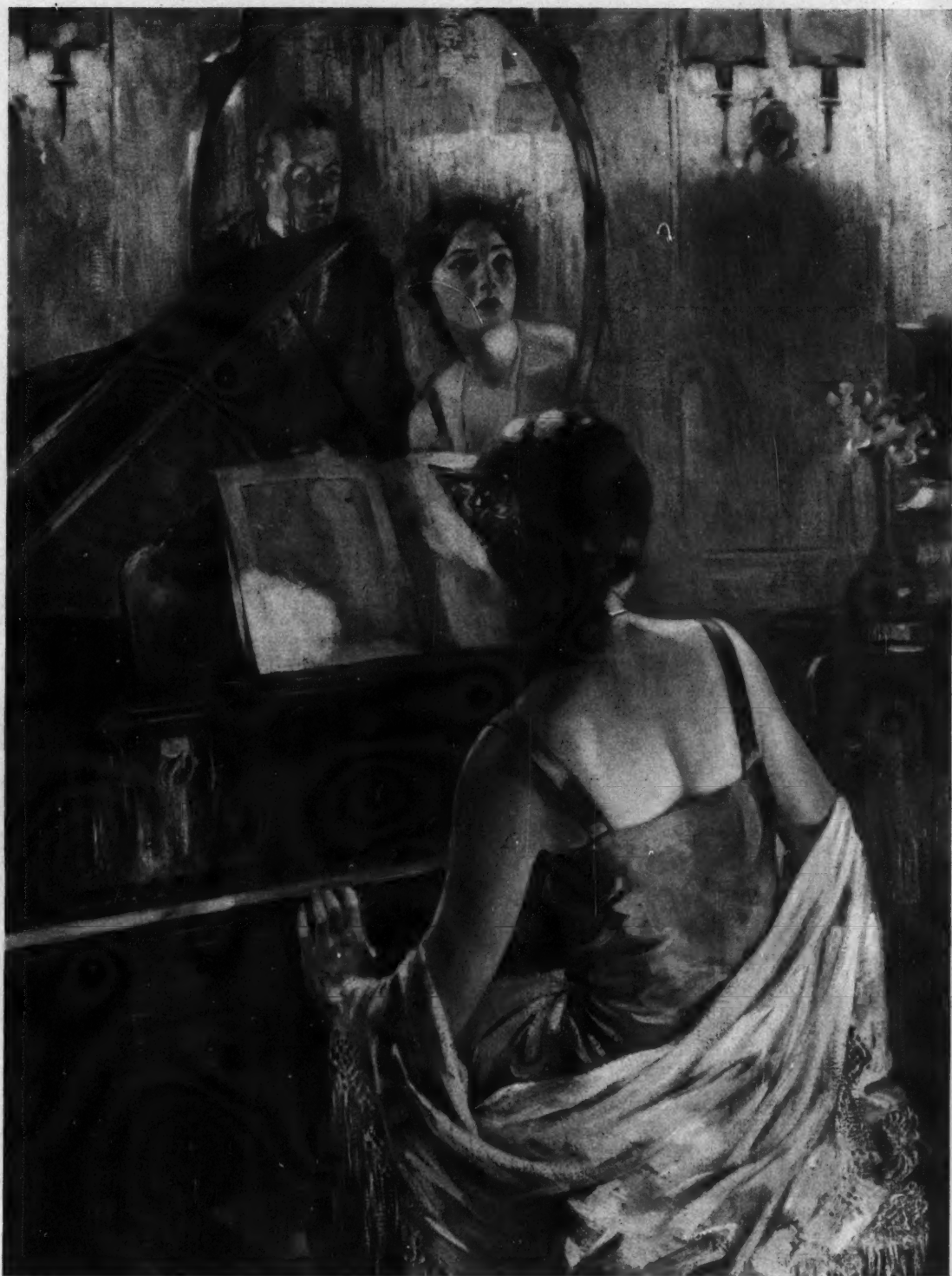
We had another guest at our table. This was young Count Teliki, belonging to one of the noblest families in Hungary and a very intelligent and attractive young man, I thought. He sat next to Joan—Archie Gaunt being on her other side—and it was evident that he was startled and impressed by Joan's beauty. I saw him lean back in his chair once or twice to glance at her sideways, and his black eyes were lighted up with admiration—even with excitement.

He was pleased when she asked him questions about recent history in Hungary and I overheard him telling her of the Bolshevik regime under Béla Kun when many atrocities had been done to the middle classes and noble families; and then of the Roumanian occupation, which had been even worse, he said. For a time he had been reduced to destitution and was one of those officers who had rallied round Admiral Horthy at Seged before the downfall of Béla Kun and his hordes of ruffians.

"What is the future of Hungary?" asked Joan in her frank inquiring way.

Count Teliki lowered his voice and spoke with a thrill of passion in his words.

"Hungary will never suffer the injustice of this so-called peace. Never! The Allies have put millions of our people under alien rule, taken away our forests, our mines, our industries; driven frontier lines across our railways, our water-ways; reduced us to degradation. One day there will be a red light in the sky. Every Hungarian worthy of the name will move to rescue his people."



A look of animal terror was reflected in Joan's eyes. She trembled.

We are a fighting race. They have not killed our pride and our courage." He looked up into her eyes and smiled. "Why do you tempt me to talk like this? You are English and in the war you counted me among your enemies."

Joan Saville answered him in words that seemed generous to me. "The war is over. And tonight I have a sense of being among people I love, as if I belonged to them a little. It is strange, is it not?"

Count Teliki looked at her tenderly. "Perhaps one day you may come to belong to us. Hungary would be proud of your love."

They were rather daring words, holding a personal hope. I saw a blush deepen the color in Joan's face. She laughed lightly and turned to Archie Gaunt, who had sat silent and with increasing bad temper because of Count Teliki's monopoly of her. His face brightened when she gave him his innings for a time.



"Good luck to the wandering folk, and peace to their camp!" said Joan in English, and the Gipsies

It was half-way through the dinner that an incident happened which afterward came back to me as the beginning of a tragedy.

I have already said that a Hungarian orchestra was playing. It was composed of four violins, a 'cello and a piano. The musicians, seated between the lounge and the dining room, were mostly elderly men with clean-shaven faces, and bald heads, but the leader who played the first violin was a young man with perfectly black hair, of which one lock fell over his forehead. I remarked him particularly later in the evening.

For an hour or more this orchestra had played the usual light music from Vienna, interspersed with jazz tunes, too loud and overemphasized though with a perfect sense of rhythm. But

as we were sipping our coffee and liqueurs, the spirit of the music changed.

It was Joan Saville who first noticed it. She broke off in her conversation with Archie Gaunt and turning suddenly to Count Teliki spoke to him in a startled way. "What tune is that?"

He listened for a moment and smiled. "A Gipsy folk-song. Quaint, is it not? And quite Oriental."

"I seem to have heard it before," said Joan. "It has a funny effect—on me."

She laughed, but I noticed that she appeared restless, ill at ease in some way. Her hands went up to her throat and she breathed as though the room had suddenly become too hot.



seemed to understand her meaning. The women clapped their hands and the men cheered.

"Many of these orchestras are played by Gipsy musicians," said Count Teliki. "They begin by playing in village fairs and at country weddings as they travel about in the nomad way. If they show any special genius they come at last to the big towns, get some musical education and make a fair amount of money in places like this. But they often go back to the tribe. They're wandering folk. It's in their blood—the *Wandergeist*."

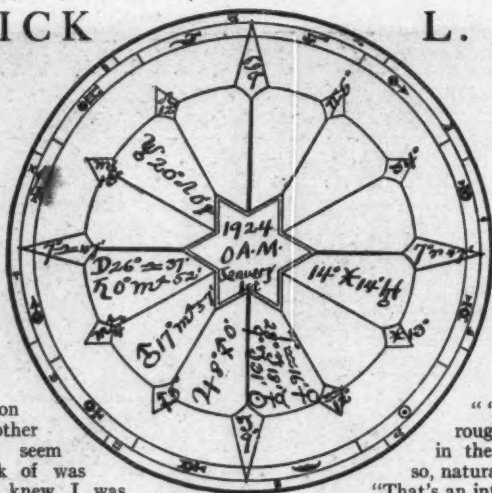
"I should like to study their language," said Saville. "It's older than Sanskrit, I believe. It's remarkable that even the English Gipsies after five hundred years in the British Isles still speak the Romany, as they call it, mixed up with thieves' cant and the slang of slum life. It comes from Persia originally."

Count Teliki nodded agreement.

"Yes. One of the oldest tongues in the world. The Gipsies wandered from the East in one of those race movements which brought the Magyars and the Mongols along the western roads of Europe. We forget how much we owe to them in knowledge. They were the first metal workers in Europe. As fortune-tellers and soothsayers they still remember, in a dim, broken way perhaps, some of the secrets of Oriental magic. Among other things they introduced to Europe were playing cards, whether as a blessing or a curse I don't quite know! What do you think, Lady Joan?"

She did not answer him directly. She (Continued on page 131)

Mr



ST

I WAS being sued for a million dollars. There were three other defendants, but they didn't seem to count. All I could think of was the million dollars and me. I knew I was innocent. I guess defendants always do. But the sum was so large and the claims so damaging that I was worried.

Now my wife had been going for years to Evangeline, the astrologer. Every once in a while she'd tell me that if I didn't wear rubbers I'd have the grip; and I didn't wear rubbers and I did have the grip; but I always blamed the spring thaw and not my horoscope. Fact is, I didn't know what a horoscope was; couldn't tell it from a holocaust or a periscope; and I didn't care. And even when she told me about the love affairs some of our best friends were having I didn't pay much attention. I knew about them, anyway. And, like the rubbers, I blamed 'em on the spring. But when she began talking about the lawsuit, I listened!

"Don't worry," Evangeline had said, after consulting my stars, "the case will not come up until March or April. Both months are favorable, and if it's April he can't lose."

It was then the first week in November. The trial was set for the following Tuesday. On Monday counsel for the other side asked for a postponement. It was granted. Illnesses, absences, previous engagements of counsel—circumstances of other people's making—caused further postponements. The case was put over until spring. And when, in the last week of March, we entered the court-room, the judge of his own volition set April third as the trial date.

But at this point luck seemed to desert our cause. All of the rulings went against us. The plaintiffs introduced their evidence practically intact. The judge refused our motions for dismissal. The case went to the jury. "But," said his Honor, "as to the defendant, Collins, I direct . . ." And then in a statement which exonerated me absolutely he directed that my name be removed from the list of defendants and the case against me thrown out of court!

I didn't believe that astrology decided that lawsuit. I don't now. But I left the court-room with the uneasy sense that a woman I had never seen knew more about my private affairs than I did. I began to feel uncomfortable, sort of naked, if you know what I mean. So, putting on a heavy coat and wrapping it snugly about me, I went to see Evangeline.

"Honestly, how do you expect a business man like me to believe that the planets influence what you and I do?"

For the first time since I entered the room—it was one of those restfully cluttered affairs, half home, half office and wholly comfortable—the woman's brilliant eyes looked into my skeptical ones. She seemed to be asking whether I was an honest doubting Thomas or just an embarrassed Simon Peter denying a faith of which I was ashamed. Apparently she satisfied herself that I was Thomas, for she took off the spectacles over which she had been peering and placed them carefully among the ivory elephants which strewed her desk. By the gesture she converted her simple office into a drawing room.

"You knew John Burroughs?" she asked. It happened that I did—that I had spent many restful hours sitting around the fire listening to his stories. "And eating chops and onions and baked potatoes!" put in Evangeline. "Well, it was on an evening like that, at 'Slabsides,' that I asked him the question which you have just asked me. I had done work for him for years. I knew very well that he believed in astrology, but I had never before asked him why.

"I never gave it a thought," Mr. Burroughs replied. "I know that everything in the universe influences everything else, so, naturally, the stars must influence man."

"That's an interesting opinion in itself and because of the man who said it, but after all," I said, "it's only an opinion."

"What would convince you?"

"Evidence."

"Haven't you had enough evidence in your own case?"

"No. Not enough."

"All right," said Evangeline as she reached for a pile of correspondence, "I'll give you mine."

She didn't show me the names—she seemed to take a doctor's attitude toward her "patients"—but she did show me the letter-heads and read copiously from the contents. One woman, a professor, wrote on the official stationery of Wellesley College; she wanted to know if she should go abroad. One man, president of a New York manufacturing concern, wanted several hundred individual "readings" on his employees. A high-ranking Episcopal clergyman writing under the letter-head of a cathedral in the Southwest was interested as to his probable health. The daughter of a Methodist minister in the Kentucky poor-white region used her father's stationery to tell of her troubles with her lover. A young mother in Pasadena wanted help with her disobedient child. One poor soul wrote from the Mississippi State Penitentiary—a life prisoner asking if his horoscope indicated that he would ever get a pardon!

"Here is a question that is often asked, but I suppose it will seem foolish to a business man like you! It's in a letter from a woman in Malden, Massachusetts:

Dear Evangeline: In your clientele, do you ever introduce the right people to one another?

"Do you?"

Evangeline's answer was an indignant "No." But later—several years later, in fact—she modified it. "I never did but once, and in that case I knew one of the parties—the woman—as well as I know myself. She happened to see the horoscope of a young man and she knew enough about astrology to be interested immediately.

"I would like," she said, "to see the owner of that horoscope."

"So it was arranged. The man came over from Boston and met her in this room."

"Did anything happen?"

"Not right away. But about two months later the young man was leaving the Commodore Hotel to take the Knickerbocker for Boston. The colored porter was walking on in front with his bags. Suddenly he felt the urge—the young man, not the porter—to see the lady who had been attracted by his horoscope. He went to the telephone and called her up. It was then twenty minutes to one. She told him that she had an appointment at one o'clock, but that if he'd come right up she would see him for a few minutes. He gave up his train, came up to see the lady—and proposed to her."

"Did it turn out happily for him?"

"I hope so," laughed Evangeline. "I was the woman!"

"My stars!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly!" said Evangeline. "At last I've—"

And I might have been routed on the spot if Sonny, Evangeline's flat-nosed Pekingese, hadn't come to my rescue. He suddenly decided to walk across his mistress's desk, to the utter discomfort of a dozen tiny ivory elephants. In the confusion of recovering the elephants I also recovered my skepticism.

*Three years ago this man
was a well-known publisher
—President of the Periodical
Publishers Association of
America; now he is, as you
see, an author.*

ARS

In the letters she had read to me I noticed two questions turned up most frequently: "Will I be happy with him (or her)?" and "Will I make money if I buy this stock (or that)?" The first, Evangeline answers to her own satisfaction and often apparently to the lovers'.

"But the second," I said triumphantly, "even astrology cannot answer!"

"If it could," Evangeline replied, "astrologers would become the biggest figures in Wall Street and make the biggest fortunes in the world. But obviously too many factors—too many horoscopes, for one thing—make it impossible. I can and do tell whether favorable or unfavorable conditions govern the individual operator and the world in general, but I make no attempt to 'call' the daily fluctuations of the market. I leave that for people who don't know enough to believe in astrology!"

"Good for you!" I exclaimed. "You may have lost a point for astrology but you score heavily for common sense."

"That's the first pleasant thing you've said," she laughed, "and even there you're partly wrong! The strictly astrological information I do give seems to be infinitely satisfactory. My financial people come back again and again, and two of the biggest operators in the Street never make a move without me."

I shook my head and muttered something bromidic about the continuing low mortality of fools. "I'm not especially interested in testimonials," I insisted. "What I want are facts."

"Well," said Evangeline, "why don't you ask for them?"

By way of repartee I gave her the date of Herbert Hoover's birth, without, of course, mentioning his name.

"Oh," she snapped, "I know this one! He hasn't a chance. No one who's under such bad conditions as he is right now could be elected to anything. And neither could Leonard Wood!"

At the moment—it was the winter before Mr. Harding's election—no one, certainly no one in the vicinity of her studio, would have believed that any living man could beat out both Hoover and Wood for the Republican nomination. And I said as much to Evangeline.

Someone will! (Cont. on page 153)



FREDERICK L. COLLINS

By Irvin S. Cobb

A CROWN PRINCE IN Banishment

Illustrations by
Worth Brehm



"**N**OW, now, now, just wait a minute, you-all, and hear what I've got to say. We'll settle this thing right now."

Mr. J. C. C. Custer was speaking in the bosom, as the saying goes, of the family. You hardly could have called it a domestic circle, though. It was too cater-cornered for that; too pyramidal in its design. A circle suggests harmony and concord. It suggests forces swinging in dimensional unison, whereas to imply the geometrics of this conference we should require lines meeting at acutely opposed angles.

He was speaking in a voice which brought attention from at least one-half of his audience. The unruly mumble at his left was hushed and he who had been mumbling screwed his form in foreboding. For when Mr. Custer spoke thus it was as though the sheets of a doomsday book had been unscrolled, as though accuser, prosecutor, judge, jurors—yes, and executioner—all had been merged together in a single shape to give verdict by the one common utterance in a decree from which there was no appeal. As Mrs. Custer often said: "When *he* begins to talk that way he means every word of it and there's no earthly use your saying anything back to him, because it just simply won't do you one least bit of good."

Nevertheless, she felt that her position, being somewhat on the defensive side, needed fortifying. She would apply the brakes to her tongue by degrees. Rather plaintively and protestingly she was trailing off with a: "Gracious knows I always try to do a good part by my children. If once in a while I make mistakes, why, everybody makes mis—"

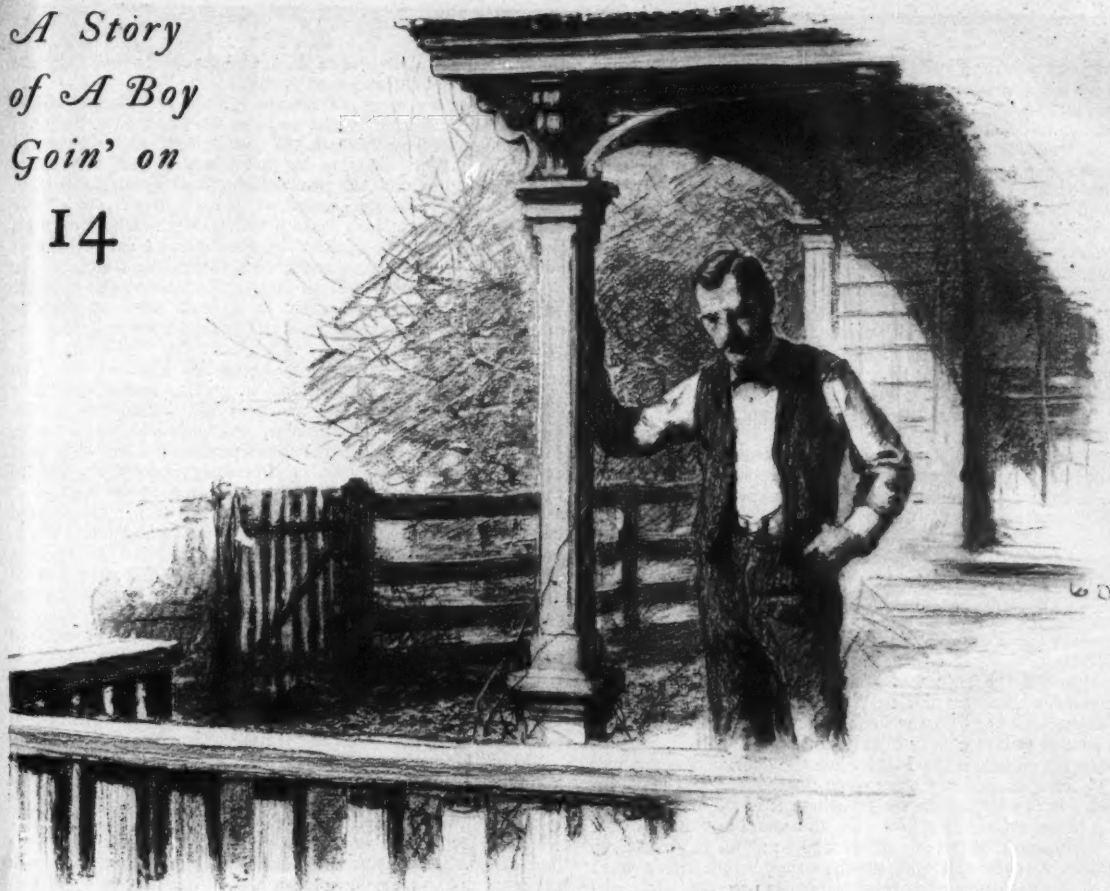
But here, in mid-speech, her husband rudely rode her down. "Yes, Helena, you've already gone into that—extensively.

Nobody's quarreling with your good intentions; at least I'm not. Anyhow, that part of it doesn't matter. Here's the situation as regards this boy here." He checked off the indictment point by point on his fingers. "I get complaints of him again today from one of the neighbors—sheer vandalism this time, not just ordinary cutting up. On top of that it seems that for the third time inside of less than six months he and some of these other young ruffians he runs with have been picking on the Reverend Mr. Hemingway's boy; not that I care very deeply for Parson Hemingway or his boy either from what I've seen of them, but I've warned him at least twice before to leave that mealy-mouthed youngster strictly alone. It's bad enough to have that mischief-making father of his waylaying me on the street to tell me his boy can't show his nose outdoors without my boy and Hank Erwin's middle boy and Eli Ferguson's boy and I don't know who-all else's boy chasing him back in again. I suppose somebody thinks I want to have a preacher blasting at me and mine from the pulpit? Well, I don't!

"Then, to finish off with, his teacher writes a note to you this evening that he's absolutely unmanageable in school—getting to be a bad example for his whole class and all that sort of thing.

A Story of A Boy Goin' on

14



So when I get home tonight all tired out after a hard day and hear that, coming right on the heels of everything else, it seems to me there's only one thing left to do and that's to escort the young gentleman out to the wood-shed and give him a first-class hiding. But no, Helena, you won't have it that way. You set up the argument that he's getting too old and too big to be whipped—that we ought to wait until after supper and call him in here and try the effect of moral persuasion. So, against my own reason, I give in.

"My own reason tells me that as long as a boy is small enough not to know better than just to run wild and make a common nuisance of himself around town, he's still about the right size to be appealed to with a paddle. Just apply the medicine with a willing hand to his young backsides and let it soak into him from that direction—that's my notion. But you talk me out of it and finally I say, all right, go ahead and let's try your scheme.

"And what's the result? That's what I'm asking you—what's the result? He starts riding the high horse—that's the answer. Just sits here with his under jaw poked out a foot and grumbles. Nobody appreciates him and nobody sympathizes with him and somebody is forever scolding him or correcting him or punishing him and so he's got a great mind to run away from home and never come back any more. I've heard him growling that same threat before now behind my back, and so have you, I reckon, but now, by doctors, he's got the gall to say it right to our faces—because he knows I've already told him that this was one time, anyway, when he wasn't going to get a thrashing and he's taking advantage of it. I wonder what's got into the boy lately? It must be the Old Harry himself."

The accuser glared at the accused, whose sulky eye avoided his. The trouble with Mr. Custer was that he lived too much an indoor life; the still greater trouble with him was that for so many eons his forebears had been biding under roofs instead of under trees. A cave-dwelling ancestor ten thousand years back might have sensed a thing which to this father was unsolvable. The caveman, one guesses, would have known well enough that when the spring of the year comes the younger ones all feel its call. The cubs and the kittens, the colts and the calves—they feel the

call of it, each weanling among them, and they cavort accordingly. He could have told Mr. Custer exactly what had got into the boy. That it was nature, which is youth, which is puppyhood kicking up its heels, which, by interpretation, is springtime, which sometimes, by the blinded judgments of a penned-up and housed-in mankind, is the Old Harry aforesaid. But the ancients called it Pan piping in the woods.

Lacking the diagnostic wisdom of a Stone Age parent, Mr. Custer merely continued to glower, seeking to stare down the smoldering defiance which he could read in the evading gaze of the culprit. But it is very hard to put a person out of countenance when that person simply refuses to look at you at all.

"So much for that," said Mr. Custer, and brought his summing-up to a close. "I've said I wouldn't put the weight of my hand on him and I keep my word. But he's got to keep his word, too. Just now he threatened to leave home. Very well then, let him leave it, since he's been so ill-used here by a couple of people who don't understand him." For the first time since taking over the burden of the review Mr. Custer addressed his son direct: "You meant it, didn't you, what you said no longer than five minutes ago about running away?"

"Yes, suh, I did." Determination—or some other emotion—made swollen the huddled form. The averted face was positively varicose.

"Well then, you'd better go. But there's no need for you to run away. If you ran off that might cause it to appear that we two didn't want you to leave, whereas the truth of the matter is we wouldn't have you stay any longer in a house where you're so put upon and so miserable and all. We wouldn't have you here at any price—not under those conditions. So before you go to bed you just lay out the clothes you want to wear and the things you want to take with you and tomorrow morning I'll see you off. There's no ill-feeling, understand that; you're leaving of your own free will and with our full approval and consent. I'm even going to hand you a little money to help you on your way.

"Of course there's no question you'll make a success out in the world. Still, at the beginning a small amount of cash may come in handy; you never can tell in advance about those things.

And if, after years and years from now you should happen to come back by this way and we should happen still to be alive—your mother and I—why, we'll both be very glad to see you here. Just drop in on us any time you're passing through and—"

"I ain't never comin' back," declared the offender. He groped for words to give an added pressure of emphasis to his ultimatum. "Not—not never at all!"

"Well, now, that's the proper spirit," said Mr. Custer heartily. "No doubt you'll be making friends far away from here who'll appreciate you in a way that we never have and naturally you'd feel more at home among them. Probably you'll not miss us and we'll try not to miss you. The house will be quiet, of course—but then, on the other hand, it will be peaceful. And while you might not think it, your mother and I are both great lovers of peace—maybe because we've had so little of it this last year or so while you were growing up. Well, I suggest you'd better be getting off to bed. Pulling out so early in the morning, you'll need to get a good long rest on the last night you ever expect to spend in this house."

With the manner of one who dismisses from his thoughts a trifling matter which effectually has been disposed of, Mr. Custer brought from an inner pocket a sheaf of papers and envelopes and began sifting through them. He glanced up once; it was to daunt his wife with a hard look. That happened just as his son had reached the threshold on his way out and Mrs. Custer, half rising from her chair, had made as though to speak. The brow-beaten woman sank back again, so that the boy was witness to no part of the by-play.

Through the door, after he slammed it behind him, he heard his father speaking in quite commonplace tones to his mother and, although the note was muffled, he detected the casual, matter-of-fact murmur of her reply. He stamped his departing feet down very hard on the floor of the hallway as though to stifle sounds to him utterly distasteful.

He had been asleep two hours when the door of his room was softly opened and Mrs. Custer came tiptoeing in and lighted a gas-jet. It is only on the stage—where it invariably occurs—that a person on entering will walk all around and almost over large conspicuous objects or actors who lie about in plain view, sometimes actually clattering up the scene, before with a great start of surprise discovering their inanimate presence. Immediately this lady was aware of what of special interest the chamber contained. Draped over a chair alongside the bed and evincing a tidiness of bestowal which she never recalled having observed before in any of her son's belongings, was his second-best suit; and on the floor near it, grouped with such purely utilitarian neighbors as a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings and a cap, she beheld a neat heap of articles made up, by her quick invoice, of the following items:

- A double-bladed Barlow knife, new.
- A twenty-two caliber nickel-plated revolver, old, and with the cylinder missing.
- A collection of tin tobacco tags affixed to a pine board.
- An iron savings bank believed by her to contain upwards of three dollars.
- Another pair of stockings.
- Two handkerchiefs.
- A fishing line with a cork "bobber," several spare hooks and extra leads in a small glass vial labeled *Spts Turps*.
- A book by the late Mayne Reid.
- A book by Nate Salisbury dealing with the life and achievements of Col. W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill").
- A cigar box, contents unknown, the lid being made fast with a heavy twine string.
- A small mysterious bundle in paper, also compactly bound.
- A mouth-organ or harmonica in an indifferent state of repair.
- A large star-shaped badge of German silver inscribed *Private Detective*.
- Three flint arrow-heads.

And, to conclude with, a supplemental shirt-waist, presumably included with his luggage as an afterthought on the part of the prospective traveler.

As for the warder of these properties, he was lying on his back with an arm flung across his eyes, hiding the upper part of his face. The mouth in slumber was puffed still in a mutinous pout, but as she bent over him, making little choked whimpering sounds down in her throat, she saw his underlip quiver.

There is no telling what next she might have done—her arms were opened as though to embrace him and she had whispered twice the inappropriate words, "My poor child"—when at this moment the voice of her husband called out to her from the room adjoining. She gave a guilty start and then, restored to a reluctant sense of her duty, moved back a pace. She hesitated

there rebelliously; and he called again more insistently. So she turned out the light and went to him.

But before she went she returned to the bedside and one of her hands, fluttering in the dark, swiftly caressed a corner of the crumpled pillow beneath the round head and she patted gently, her fingers lingering for just a breath, that asterisk of sandy reddish hair at the peak of the skull which was one of Junior's signs of distinguishment when his hat was off. Those times, they called them "cow-licks" and girls who had them hated them, but boys similarly marked didn't seem to mind it much, if at all. As her touch grazed his spraying scalplock, the sleeper stirred fretfully. With that she fled away and a moment later was asking Mr. Custer in a tense tone whether he wanted to rouse everybody in the house—whooping and carrying on that way?

But marital intimidation may be carried just so far and no further. That following morning, in prolonged obedience to a dominating will, she stood at an upper front window hidden behind the curtains and from this place watched while a small figure, slightly burdened with two smallish parcels, walked with what evidently was intended for a carefree swagger down the walk to the gate and out at the gate and up the street to the corner and around the corner. With her fists clenched to her breasts and her wet eyelids blinking she watched that figure go, and when, just before it passed out of her view, it slowed and turned for a long-drawn rearward look, something inside of her gave way all at once. She ran to the head of the stairs and poured her disconsolate words down below in a quavering wail:

"John C. Calhoun Custer, I never suspected—I never dreamed until this minute—that you could be so deliberately, so absolutely hard-hearted! Why, you actually went and did it! I never thought you could do it! I thought all along that at the last minute you'd surely have a little humanity. You let him go. And—and—now he's gone!"

"Yep," he answered back callously, "I let him go. In fact, you might venture so far as to say that I almost urged him to go. And now he's gone, just as you were saying."

"Oh—oh, what happened before that?"

"Well, for one thing, we had breakfast together, just the two of us. I explained to him that for obvious reasons you preferred not to come down to see him off but that you sent him a good-by through me along with your very best wishes and that—"

"My best wish-h-e-s!" The wail was threatening to become a bleat.

"And that I didn't wish to wake up his two little sisters but that if he had any farewell messages for them I'd be very glad to see that they were delivered."

"Farewell mess-a-g-e-s!" It had become a bleat. Anyone who had ever heard a bleat would have recognized it as one.

"Yes, quite so. Relations remained somewhat strained during the meal. He didn't seem to have his regular appetite with him. We had hot corn-cakes, too."

"And you—you practically drove my poor child out of your house on an empty stomach!"

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say an empty stomach! A stomach not quite as tightly packed as usual—that would describe it better. Oh yes, and I slipped him a five-dollar bill, and just as he was leaving I remembered something else and called him back and wrote him out a note to take along with him. One of those To-whom-it-may-concern things, you know, saying that the bearer was quitting this establishment with the approval of his legal guardians and that from now on he would be the master of his own movements. And then I added a line that if anybody wished to employ a boy about his size I could cheerfully recommend him as being a boy about his size. Or words to that effect. And signed it and handed it over to him. That was about all, I believe. We shook hands."

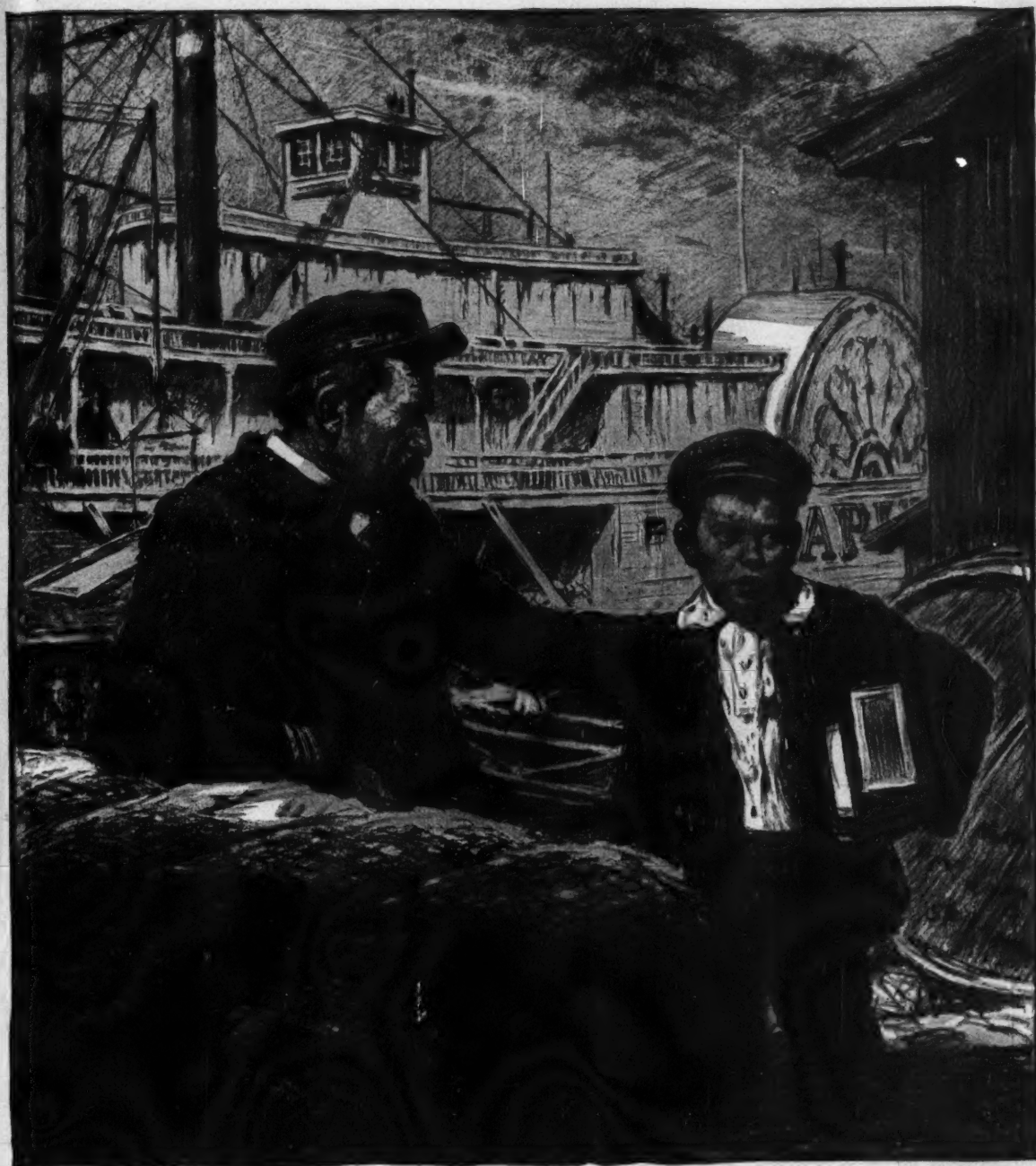
"You s-s-shook h-hands! You mean to tell me that all you did was to shake h-hands?"

"Um huh. Oh, everything was very friendly between us—forced, perhaps, but on the whole, friendly."

"Oh, you—you—you! John Custer, suppose he never came back! I guess you'd be sorry then. No, you wouldn't, either—you're too cruel to care."

"Oh, I hardly think he'll be gone forever! I'm expecting him in much sooner than that. And now, please hush crying, Helena, and come on down here like a sensible woman—I've got a few plans in my head that I want to outline to you, because you're going to help me carry them out."

"Oh, John, is there something else? I warn you now I can't endure much more."



"Now you're a member of my crew. Ain't that bully?" said Cap'n Goddard. "Much obliged, suh," gulped Juney.

"Oh yes you can, I reckon, if you try hard enough! Say, maybe you think I'm enjoying this my ownself? Maybe you think I don't realize how close I came to giving myself away to him when he walked out of this front door here? My Lord, woman, what do you suppose I'm made of—stone?"

"Well, you certainly act like it. No more feeling than a—
a—I don't know what. I'm coming down and I'm going to listen to you until you're through—and then I'm going to give you a piece of my mind that I'm bound you won't forget in a hurry . . . Just almost, as you might say, a baby!" This last was delivered in an incoherent burst as she descended the stairs.

Having rounded the corner, the traveler presently checked his swinging stride and, falling into a preoccupied trudge, took inventory of his private emotions, which were various. Many and many a time he had pictured the very thing which now was coming to pass. In ireful seclusion, all tingling and sore from

disciplinary measures, he had sat and made it to march before him in a mental panorama.

To be sure, the successive phases of that vision differed widely from the actual development. For this, the fact of it, had come upon him, it seemed to him, with a great and rushing swiftness, while the other had been a processional blending of related episodes grouping themselves in an order almost leisurely: first, the secret departure from environs grown intolerably hateful; the abandon of woe among those left behind on their discovery that the victim of injustice was gone—utterly gone and for good and all; the remorse when it was too late to make amends for their ill-doings; the patient waiting through the long, long months for his return; the tears when thrice daily they must face his empty chair at the table; the saddened evenings by a desolated fireside as they spoke of his virtues; and meanwhile, for the object of these sorrowful repinings, the casting-off of shackles, the free, sweet air of liberty, the splendid independence, and ever and always



"Everybody says you're showing a lot of spunk, Juney, cutting loose for yourself," remarked Mr. Buckley.

the open road before him, a road having no schoolhouses on it whatsoever, but with romance lurking past each turn for one who came with dauntless front; moreover a road ever running westward and farther westward to the plains where the redskins were, and the snow-topped mountains where adventure was.

By heart he knew the formula for the great dénouement. In a remote mining camp hardy souls, bluff of speech but with hearts of gold, welcomed the slender stripling who appeared one day among them, learning soon to revere him for his skill at marksmanship, his matchless courage, his abilities as a trailer. So they dubbed him Little Sure Shot, the Boy Scout, and hailing him as their leader, gladly they followed him as he rode to the lairs of trapped bandits or along the track of painted war parties fleeing with his dread name on their lips.

After years and years came his return to the scenes of his infancy. There was the reception on his arrival with school children singing in the streets, for, in honor of the event, a public holiday had been declared. There was the triumphant drive up from the depot in a hack with the top thrown up and white horses to draw it, Dean's band going on ahead and the mayor and common council riding behind, also in open hacks but with no white horses.

Then the reunion, at the portal of the old home, with those whose mistreatment so long before had sent him forth, and their pride in him and his generous forgiveness for all of embitterment they had wrought in the past; and finally his promise some day to come again to visit them and tell them of his life as an Indian fighter. But now he might tarry for but a few hours. To Washington City, D. C., he must hurry, there to receive the official thanks of a grateful government, then hasten

back again to the wilds. For his ancient enemy, Bloody Hand, chief of the Cheyennes, had escaped from captivity and among the scattered settlements fresh devilry was afoot!

Such had been the picture; but about the achieved reality there were some more or less discomfiting details. To begin with, nowhere among the authorities which he had read—clandestinely and against the household edicts—was any mention made of a hard lump rising in the throat of the young wayfarer. Nothing whatever had been said about any hard lumps. And in the printed word the transition from civilized haunts to the highest peaks of the Rockies had been skipped over, as it were, in a breath. The ending of Chapter I saw the future Little Sure Shot stealing away from the clutches of his cruel taskmasters. The beginning of Chapter II met him entering the rude frontier hamlet of Red Gulch. Yet a less congenial work, in the nature of a text-book, offered evidence that the real Wild West lay away off yonder somewhere, or more specifically, far over on the right-hand side of the page, even past St. Louis, Missouri. And St. Louis was but a dot in a distant part which was tinted blue, with a chocolate-colored oblong and part of a maroon strip intervening between it and these present whereabouts. Geography would have to be reckoned with.

Also there was this: In the historical versions the urchin who fled always went by stealth, pitting his wits against those who would have detained him. He went picturesquely, as a hunted fugitive. But here all the agreeable drama of running away had been ground to bits by a cold-blooded mechanism. Out of the reverie through which he moved, Custer *fits* plucked forth the conviction that an inhuman assemblage of cogs and wheels suddenly had been marshaled and invoked against him, thrusting



him out almost by main force. A condemned man dreaming of reprieve or pardon and awakening to hear the sheriff testing the trap beyond his cell window might well suffer from a similar dazed confusion of ideas.

Maybe it was the shocking abruptness of the whole transaction up to this point, the feeling of having been swept off one's feet and rushed headlong, willy-nilly, into an undertaking requiring thought and calculation, which was responsible for that curious lumpiness in the throat. And maybe it was because he must speak through it that the ousted one, now addressing himself, rendered his words with a certain huskiness.

"All righty fur them," he said. "I guess they'll find out. I guess they'll be laughin' on the other side of their mouths four or five months from now."

He put down one of his bundles to thrust his hand into a breeches pocket. There was more money in it than that pocket or any other pocket of his had ever contained. He sought to cheer himself by crumpling the bill that was pouched there. But the compensations of wealth are frequently inadequate, as almost any millionaire will tell you; there is a hollowness to them. He somehow was acutely aware of this as he took up his burden again and slipped it into the crook of an elbow and went whistling on his way. Indeed, the hollowness seemed to have got into his whistling, making its gaiety false and artificial.

Still, the open road was before him and young springtime was abroad in the land, and the sun of late March was warm and soothing on his cheek; and next, going down a slight dip in the street, he all at once saw ahead of him the pilot-house of the side-wheel packet Rapidan where she lay at the public wharf. It always had been a marvel to him that from the land side one

went east to board a steamboat whose destination in a given direction was westward and that, on departing for another terminal shown by the map to lie to the south, she nevertheless headed up-stream. In any event, though, her main port of call was St. Louis; and somewhere beyond St. Louis, as practically all the writers of a certain school agreed, was the real land of derring-do. And Wednesday was her day to clear for St. Louis and way landings—and this was a Wednesday.

It would be a mighty fine thing to walk right on the old Rapidan and go up the steps to the clerk's office and ask the amount of the fare and plank down the cold cash. No, wait, there was a better plan. How much finer and more manly it would be if at the very outset of journeying into far parts the adventurer worked his passage. That way, his capital would remain unimpaired until the time came to lay in supplies for the long and dangerous journey across the prairies. There was, besides, a glamour about steamboating; the subtle lure of it had been conveyed to him whenever he boarded a passenger craft; in fact, often before this it had reached out to grip his fancy the moment he entered the shed-like wharf-boat, with its fine assortment of smells and its heaps of cargoes bearing strange consignment marks.

And steamboat men were a superior race of men. They moved as beings conscious of their superiority over dwellers ashore, speaking among themselves in a fascinating vernacular; frequently and always admiringly he had marked these characteristics. Even the black deck-hands were different from other colored people. There was a gipsy-like aspect to them. Of course, for thrill the marine life never could equal the life of a frontiersman; still, there must be sauce in it. Doubtless a taste of it would provide the preliminary spicing for the nobler career awaiting a gallant wanderer along those wide and sweeping spaces in the country gilded by the setting sun.

Cap'n Mike Goddard read a certain written waiver and refolded it in its original creases and returned it to its proper custodian. He stroked his goatee with a milking motion and seemed to reflect.

"So that's the way it is, is it?" he remarked at length. "Well, that being the case I don't know as there's any reason why I shouldn't give you a lift. Any bright young shaver startin' out to make his own way in the world oughter be encouraged, appears to me. But the thing is, you're striking me for a berth at a bad time. My crew's full up this trip. Anyway, you're kind of small to make a mud clerk out of and you ain't had the experience, neither. There's no room for another hand in the pilot-house; got a beginner up there already learnin' the river under his daddy—young Willie Pell's the one. All the Pells grow up pilots, you know. And the cabin-boys and the pantry help are niggers, of course. Still, we certainly oughter find room for you somewheres, the circumstances bein' what they are. Let me see now!"

He slapped against his thigh.

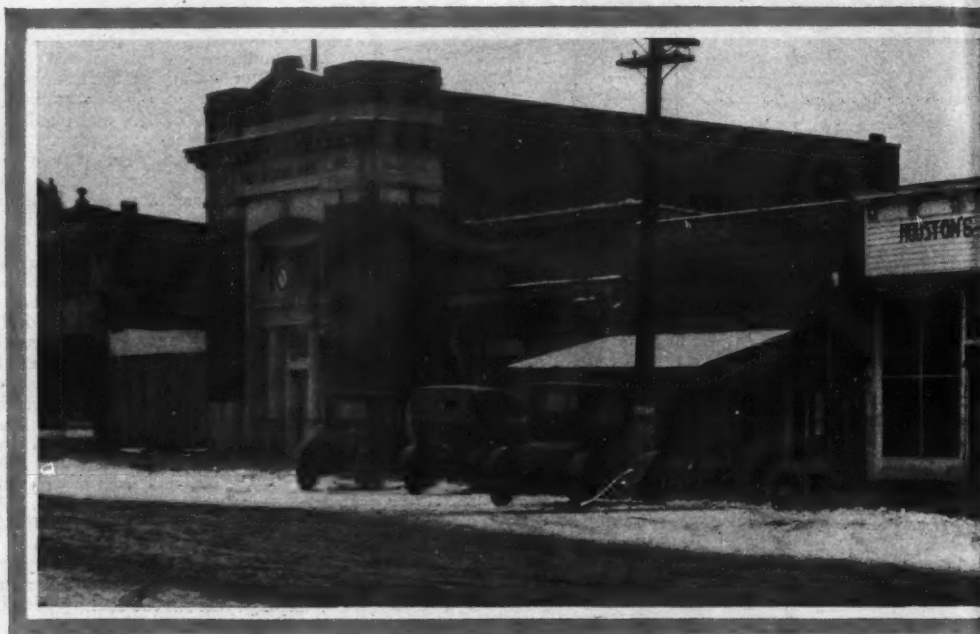
"I've got it! I'll just turn you over to Tip Hara—he's my first mate. That's him right down there on the levee . . . No, you can't see him from here. But listen and you can hear Tip cussin' out his niggers."

A violent bellow from beyond the intervening structure of the upper wharfboat was dimming lesser sounds. It was hoarse and it was savory with strong words.

"Yes, sonny, I figure that's where you'll fit in," resumed Cap'n Goddard, apparently much delighted. "I reckon Tip Hara wouldn't mind havin' a spry youngster to wait on him and fetch and carry for him and help shift light freight and so forth and so on. He'd keep you busy night and day; I'd guarantee that. I guess you wouldn't mind his bein' a pretty tolerable tough customer; it takes roughness to handle these here lazy darkies. And he's liable to haul off about once in so often and lam you with that hickory gad that he totes. But don't you mind that. He wouldn't mean anything personal by it, not even if he was to lay you out cold. It's just his free and easy way."

"You'll have to bunk somewheres down on the lower deck so as to be handy when he needs you. That's what the rousters do—just stretch out on the soft side of a pile of freight or somethin' or else crawl in under to the boilers when it's cold. And the way they eat is, one of the pantry hands rustles 'em down a pan of cold left-overs from the cabin tables two-three times a day. Still, you bein' a green hand and probably (Continued on page 112)

My Little Old Home



MY HOME town is a funny little place squatting in the very heart of the great Mid-western plains, a town of less than a thousand souls. We're only twenty miles from the broad old Mississippi, and so rich is the black mother earth around there that on hot summer nights, when men are silent, you can almost hear the corn grow.

It's a funny little town—like thousands of other little towns that for generations have been sending their best to the great booming cities of America. Wide old Market Street runs leisurely between one and two story brick and frame business buildings. For two blocks it is a thoroughfare of trade, and then both ends lose themselves in shady, quiet streets set with modest frame residences. You know the kind—just like your own little old home town.

For almost four years I was "sole owner and publisher" of the *Weekly Argus* there. Eight years ago I traded the sheet for a New York grub-stake. The gold mine I stumbled on in the magic city carried me to Europe and around the world—to Archangel and adventure—to Rangoon and romance.

My hat, like the hats of a hundred thousand other wanderers, has been hung on a good many pegs that I called Home, but they were always play homes. Back home to me was always back there—back yonder in my own little old home town. And I always kept fussing and wanting to go back.

So the other day I did go back.

At first it sort of gave me a shock—just as it will give you a jolt when you go back. I hadn't realized before how low and small those business buildings were and how wide and unimaginative Market Street really was. Wait till you see your main streets.

And I missed the friendly old teams that used to be hitched in front of the Burton General Store and the blacksmith shop and the *Argus* office. Why, there wasn't a single hitching post left on Market Street, and I noticed, too, that the old wooden awnings had all disappeared. That'll give you a wallop, too.

There'd been a fire on the east side of the street, and where the Morgan Meat Market had been was now an empty space—like a boy's mouth with a front tooth out. The First National Bank had burned down at the same time, but in place of the small, old-fashioned building there now stood a rather striking, modern \$30,000 bank, with a big clock in front that wouldn't run.

But even the bank building didn't make it look so very different. The grocery and general stores, McKelvie's hardware and undertaking establishment, the furniture store, the *Star* and

Robertson's restaurants, the pair of drug stores, the post-office, the blacksmith shops and even the old *Argus* office were slumbering there in the sun just as I had left them eight years before. You'll find your own slumbering, too.

I said it didn't look different, but still there was something about the town that was different. I sensed it before I'd been loafing an hour.

Will Warren was one of the first to show it to me. Will has run the harness and buggy store in Alexis for thirty years, only he doesn't sell buggies any more. For at least a dozen years he has been on and off the school board, and in every way he's a prominent citizen. You've got him in your town, too.

After we'd pumped hands for a minute or two he said: "Say! you've got to come right over and see the new community high school. I'll tell you we're proud of it. Cost a hundred thousand, and it'll be as fine as any school in the state. Come on over and see it now."

I begged off until a little later, with a promise that I'd drop in and see him then. He drifted on down the street and I turned into the bank. Besides my old friends who work in there, I found John Orvin. John is a retired bachelor farmer. He's got the same car he started out with six or seven years ago, and the same hat. Foolish things like schools shouldn't mean anything to him.

We're members of the same lodge and used to talk a good deal together, so we fell to it now. The first thing that John said was: "See the new high school yet? Gosh darn, she's a beauty . . . And ain't ya been in the new city hall yet, either? Got the whole top floor for the library now. Remember how you used to write all them pieces about this town needing a free library—well, you better go down and see what they got now."

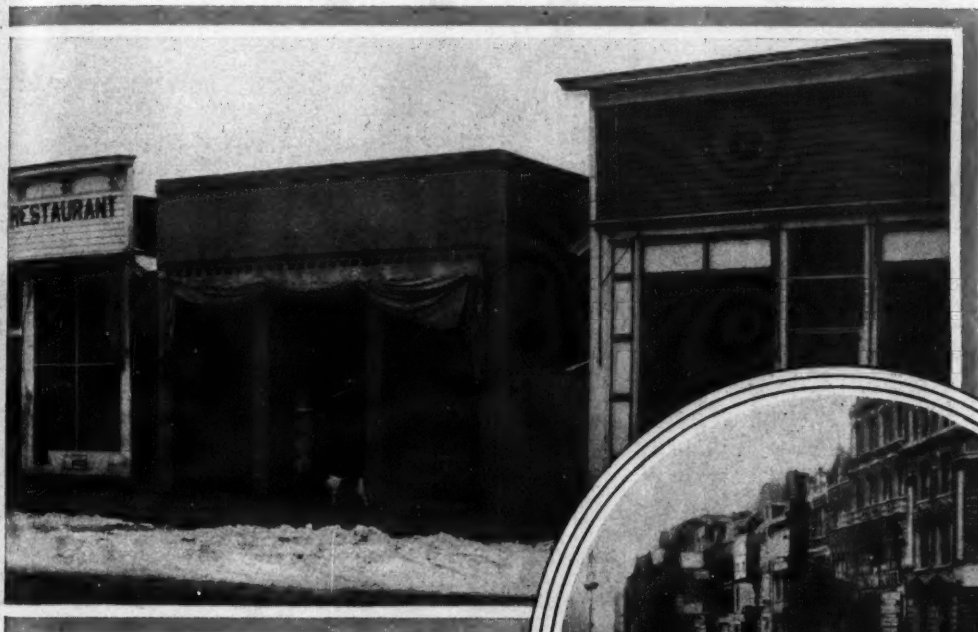
Then Doc Crosset dropped into the bank—you remember him, the old family doctor? Soon as we'd shaken hands he popped this high school and city hall and library on me, and then sprung a brand new one about the Woman's Club remodeling the old Christian church and using it for a community house.

I couldn't stand it any more. I told my host, the bank cashier, I'd be back in an hour, and I hit it down the street to Will's harness shop.

"Can you take me around now, Will?" I asked him. "I want to see just what's actually happened to this town."

We stopped at the Woman's Club Community House first. I got a wallop out of that—public service, town pride, democracy. And the new Town Hall gave me a big kick—with the \$4700 new

TOWN *By* Frazier Hunt



*Main Street
in Mr. Hunt's
home town.*

*The Strand,
London, one
of his pres-
ent haunts.*



© Publishers' Photo Service

red fire truck. (Oh! mellow shades of the old hook-and-ladder company of the volunteer fire department of a dozen years ago. Did you ever pull a rope on one of them, friend?)

We went upstairs to the free library, supported by a county mill tax and with a central library with some 50,000 books behind it. And I could remember the time when we started the grandfather of this library in a tiny room with everybody in town contributing a book or two and a dollar or two a year.

Then we turned down Broadway—haven't you got a Broadway in your town?—and there across its end, three or four blocks away, spread out a great new brick building. It couldn't have been anything else but the high school, and there was something fine and substantial and inspiring about it.

Inside it was even more thrilling: a gymnasium that a freshwater college would have been glad to have had when you and I went to school; and a great assembly hall overhead, with a stage and dressing rooms and scenery sets; classrooms, household science equipment, laboratories—everything brand-new and modern and efficient.

I could only stammer my wonderment and my own pride in what they had done. It was a new town—a new pride—a new spirit. You'll find it, my friend, when you go back.

Then on Market Street I met Joe Bradley. Joe runs the Star restaurant and a poker game in the basement. Joe's father had been a good-for-nothing drayman who used to peddle a little bad bootleg booze in the old days before he joined the rest of them on the hill.

"See the new high school yet?" Joe asked me. "Say! ain't she a bird? Wish my two oldest boys could have gone to it; but the two youngest will, anyhow . . . Where are the two oldest? Oh! they're over to the State University studying engineering . . . Sure! they're earning their own way through . . . So long!"

Over at the State University studying engineering! From bootlegging drayman to university men in two generations! The keeper of a poker room and a fourth-rate eating house swelling with pride over a new high school!

I was all swelled up myself, too. I crossed wide, funny old Market Street and turned into the bank. My friend the cashier announced that we were going to jump in his car and drive over to the new country club. It really belonged to the neighboring

county seat town, thirty minutes away by car—a bang-up city of 2200.

A town of 2200 with a \$65,000 country club! Poor little town! Poor backward, stupid, commercialized peasants! Unimaginative morons, who had taken twenty acres of hilly wooded land bumping up against their mud village with its seven miles of paved streets, and waved a magic wand and transformed its worthless hills into this lovely and beautiful place. A brook dammed up and turned into a sweet, smiling lake; rustic bridges; a long, low, rambling club-house, and a nine-hole golf course trailing its way up and down little valleys nestling between wooded and fragrant slopes.

A \$65,000 country club belonging to the people of the little town and the farms of the county. And this is just one of thousands of country clubs and new schools and community houses and libraries being built in all our little towns from one end of this land to the other.

No other country could do it.

No other country has the imagination, the youth, the spirit, the love to do it. Europe, with her cruel class lines, her stubborn and hopeless hates, her age, has stopped dreaming for her common people. Only America holds fast to her great dreams—her high hopes for all.

We got in the car and started back home. It was just over there, a little ride away. Distance is gone forever.

And so is the little old home town—yours and mine. They've lost themselves in the great, moving, stirring, beautiful world.

The Man Who HATED

Illustrations by

John
Richard
Flanagan

IN a red hotel which used to stand on the sea-front at Naples I encountered Madame. She was traveling with a remarkable looking man who drew my attention before I took any notice of her. Indeed he practically effaced her by his strong personality, as a mighty rock effaces a small plant meekly sprouting in its shadow.

This man was enormous, much over six feet high, with great shoulders, a tremendously deep chest, a vast, jutting out stomach, big, sturdy legs, broad capacious feet. His startling bulk of body was finished off with a head and face which simply demanded your attention; the head covered with dense black hair brushed back from a mighty forehead and worn long over the nape of a thick bull-like neck; the face bronzed, with large handsome features quivering with expression, and hot, staring black eyes.

The mouth and chin were adorned with elaborate mustaches and an ample square-cut Assyrian beard.

The voice and manner of this personage were just what they should have been to accord with the rest of him. The former was a sonorous and commanding bass, the sort that would sound just the thing in the finale of Verdi's "Aida." The latter—but that's more difficult to describe.

Sometimes it suggested to me an earthquake, at other times a storm at sea. It embraced voluminously, or rejected and dashed down with violence. It was gesticulatory. Hands, arms, head seemed always in movement. Often, too, the great body seemed to quake. The large hot eyes rolled. The Assyrian beard was thrust out this way and that, as if to the four points of the compass.

As I watched, imaginations of what Alexandre Dumas père must surely have been come to me. Did some obscure black blood, flowing in those canal-like veins, cause all this restless, yet not happy, exuberance? Was there a nigger hiding deep down somewhere in that gesticulating mass?

I sat not far from him in the restaurant and noticed that he was a great eater and that he drank like a Russian. Also he was an epicure and was never satisfied with the cooking. There were perpetual summonses to the *maitre d'hôtel*, perpetual arguments, scoldings and commands. And these upheavals ended invariably in a majestic distribution of largesse. Tipping I cannot call it.

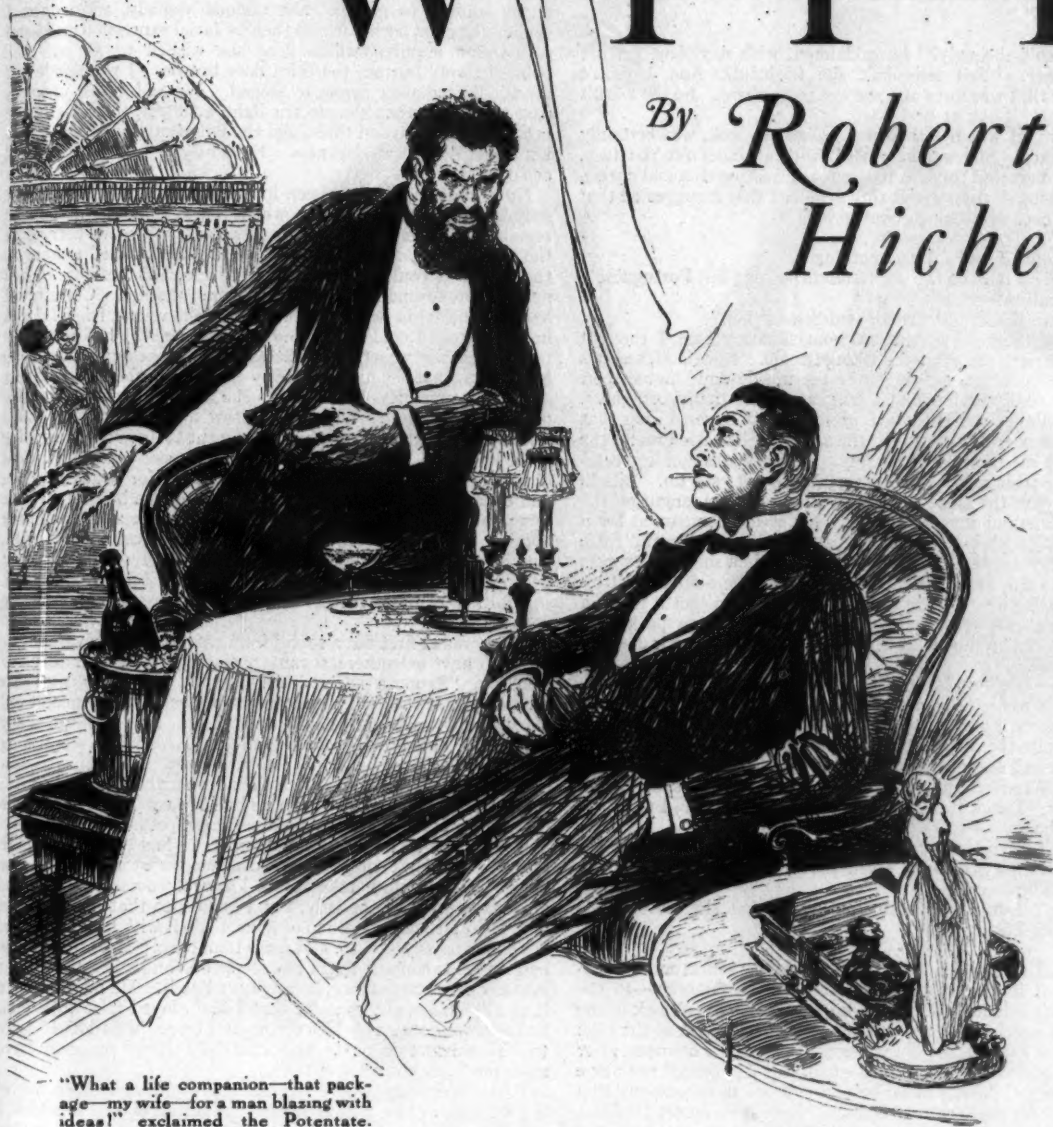


After dinner, when I came into the semi-Oriental hall which occupied the middle of the hotel, I would find the Potentate—as I had secretly named him—protuding from a large armchair, a mighty cigar in his mouth, a magnum of champagne in an ice pail beside him. Madame had vanished to some distant corner and was occupied with some foreign newspaper, as often as not held upside down. But one didn't miss her because one hadn't noticed her. The Potentate had a strange power of making those near him seem so unimportant that they became practically invisible. They were there, but one didn't genuinely see them. I didn't genuinely see Madame till some time after I had minutely observed every detail of her phenomenal companion.

He soon spoke to me. He soon spoke to everyone. Solitude was as abhorrent to him as tranquillity. Despite his evident herculean strength he was, I'm convinced, a martyr to neurasthenia. He had the mania of motion. He couldn't be quiet. He couldn't sit really still. Some malady of the mind or the nerves was forever whipping him. And he was forever responding to the lash. During the day he was heaven knows where; up Vesuvius, one volcano going to another, at Ana Capri, at Sorrento, coasting among the caves beyond Posilipo, visiting

HIS WIFE

By *Robert
Hichens*



"What a life companion—that package—my wife—for a man blazing with ideas!" exclaimed the Potentate.

the prisons of Nisida, diving into the lowest quarters of Naples, here, there, everywhere.

But at eight-thirty he was usually to be found in the restaurant and generally after dinner he managed to stay in the hall for some time, companioned by the champagne and the ice pail and by anyone he could capture to serve as the victim of his avalanche of talk. Later, in a vast overcoat, with an immense black hat spreading wings about him, cigar in mouth, he would pass out by the revolving door and disappear into the night.

When he caught me coming out of the restaurant he poured iced champagne down my throat and smothered me with intimate information. He was a Brazilian, a doctor, a publicist, journalist, politician, millionaire. He owned great tracts of land, large segments of cities in South America, plantations, mines, ranches. He had built himself palaces. He showed me photographs of one, apparently all of white marble, with columns, terraces, fountains, bath-houses, lakes, tennis-courts, a racing track, exotic gardens. And he was there in the gardens, striking a tremendous attitude, his head exposed to a tropical sun.

The friend of presidents, it seemed that he had made revolutions and been instrumental in overthrowing governments and

placing his nominees in positions of autocratic power. He had traveled all over the world, and was traveling still. He was in fact always traveling. He spoke of going from Naples to Japan, Tibet, New Zealand, Central Asia, the islands of the Southern Pacific. The round world shrank to the size of a pea as I listened to his uproar of conversation.

One night, when he caught me, Madame was as usual in the offing, but this time well in sight and well within hearing distance of us. She was sitting on a pseudo-divan, holding the "*Berliner Tageblatt*" upside down in front of her. The Potentate pointed at her with a big brown forefinger.

"That package is the curse of my life," he said in his loud bass.

He spoke usually in French, with a tremendously strong accent, but often introduced Italian, Spanish and English words into the conversation.

I begged his pardon.

"That woman—my wife—she's a package!" He turned on me. The beard swept about me. "Look at her! Isn't she a package?" he bayed.

I said I really couldn't agree with him. I begged him to remember that the lady could hear everything that was said.

"Hear! She's a fool! She's an ignoramus! She understands no language but Portuguese. Think of being married to a package who understands not one word of any language but Portuguese!"

I did so.

"And isn't she ugly?" he exclaimed, with a violent gesture towards her. "Tell me—isn't she frightful? And I didn't marry her till I was forty and she was forty-three. So she wasn't even young. Look at her!"

Madame, at whom I then was obliged to look, was certainly not a beauty. She was very thin, with an indefinite flat face, powdered here and there in patches, a retreating chin and coarse, dusty looking dark hair, so badly arranged that it suggested that hens had been scratching about in it.

"Well?"

What could I say? I said nothing.

"Go on! I tell you she understands nothing but Portuguese!"

"But really—"

"You can shout. She won't understand you."

But politeness prevented me from shouting that I thought Madame a very unfortunate looking female. Her timid, anxious eyes were upon me, peeping over the upside down newspaper. And they surely understand a language other than Portuguese.

"Just think!" the Potentate went on. "I have to drag that package there with me all over the world. She's been round the world with me three times already. And she sees nothing, comprehends nothing, enjoys nothing. What does she do? Sits in hotels all over the globe reading papers written in languages she can't understand upside down! What a life companion for a man blazing with ideas! But I'll pack her back to Brazil." He spoke at her across the room. "One day when she least expects it down to the Port with her boxes, and"—he actually got up and extending his right leg brought it back, then shot it forward in a violent kick—"and off to Brazil with you, you package!"

He followed up the kick with a movement of his hands doubled up into fists.

"Boum—pouf—and off with you!"

I seemed to see the fists catching her in the small of the back and elsewhere, I seemed to see her shot over the gangplank head foremost into the ship that was bound for Brazil. Then I looked across the hall and met those small furtive eyes peeping over the "*Berliner Tageblatt*" upside down, and I believe I reddened.

"Really," I said, turning to the Potentate, "really, I think we ought to be more—more careful."

It wasn't a very adequate sentence, I know. He swept it away with a blast of withering scorn that seemed to run like fire through pampas grass.

"Haven't I told you again and again that she understands nothing but Portuguese?"

It was, I think, two days after this rather unfortunate introduction—if it can be properly called an introduction—to the Potentate's helpmate that between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening I was in the outer hall of the hotel, in front of the cage that served as the home of the electric lift. The Potentate, after a stormy hour with me by the ice pail, had just barged out alone into the night, having failed to persuade me to accompany him in a search for the horrors of Naples. Ever since dinner Madame had been sitting by a pseudo-hubble-bubble on the usual pseudo-divan, reading "*Écho de Paris*" upside down, while her spouse had been entertaining me with copious iced champagne and a torrent of abuse of her.

It seemed that matters matrimonial were moving rapidly towards a crisis in the Brazilian ménage. Monsieur was about to depart for Java—he had suddenly thrown over Tibet—and he had affirmed to me that evening that if he saw Madame sitting about in Java, reading Javanese papers upside down, he would assuredly strangle her "with his own hands." He had indulged in a violent and marvelously expressive pantomime of strangling a reluctant consort, during which Madame's small eyes had peeped at us both over the bottom of the "*Écho de Paris*." And then, foaming more or less over my refusal to bear him company, he had flung away into the night. Now, feeling really rather unnerved by it all, I was on my way to bed.

I must tell you that in our hotel we sometimes operated the lift ourselves by shutting the gate and pressing a button. I was now bringing the lift down from an upper story. It arrived empty, and not seeing any attendant at the moment I stepped in, shut the cage gate and was about to press the button which would take me up to the third floor when I saw peeping at me through the bars of the gate the small furtive eyes of the Potentate's wife.

Knowing she understood no language but Portuguese I felt it was useless to address her in English, French or Italian, the only languages I can speak, and I therefore asked her by gesture if she wanted to go up. She nodded vaguely, whereupon I opened the gate, let her in and then by facial expression and hand pantomime inquired which floor she wished to go to. She pointed to my button, the third floor button. I pressed it and the lift immediately began to ascend. We had glided upwards past two floors when the electric light went out, the lift stopped between floors two and three, and the Potentate's wife and I were imprisoned in total darkness. Evidently a short-circuit had occurred.

Now while the lift had been in movement Madame had been sitting on a narrow seat with which it was provided and I had remained standing ready to open the gate when we arrived at the third floor. Neither of us of course had uttered a word to the other. I could not speak Portuguese, and besides we had never been formally introduced to one another. Certainly I had been asked in her presence whether she wasn't frightful and had been told I could shout my acquiescence. I had also been told, when she was there, that she was a package, a fool, an ignoramus, that she had been forty-three when she married, that she read newspapers in languages she didn't understand upside down all over the world, that she saw nothing, comprehended nothing, enjoyed nothing, that if she went to Java she was going to be strangled, but that in all probability she would be kicked almost immediately on board a vessel bound for South America and exported to Brazil. All this might perhaps be said to have forged a sort of link between us. Still I must repeat that in my opinion it scarcely constituted a strictly formal introduction. And now we were closeted together in the pitch dark and might be there, isolated from the outer world, for a considerable time.

I felt, I confess, rather awkward as I remained standing perfectly still.

There was at first not a sound from the Potentate's wife. She mightn't have been there, so mute was she. I remember absurdly thinking, "Suppose she's dead!" (Such ridiculous thoughts come to you in the dark.) She might be dead. Some people did die suddenly. She might be one of them. If it were so, if she were dead, should I be compromised? I found myself asking that question of myself. A comparatively young man is discovered shut up alone in a pitch dark lift between two floors with a dead lady from Brazil, whom he had been seen to let into the lift a few minutes before in apparently perfect health!

It hadn't at all a nice sound about it! I had to admit that to myself. It didn't suggest a nice character at all. And how would the Potentate take it? I knew of course that he was anxious to strangle the lady, but I knew also that his intention was, if the strangling were to be done, to do it with his own hands. He had expressly said so, and more than once. If he thought he had reason to suppose that I had stepped in and taken the matter into my own competence, he mightn't like it. He mightn't like it at all. He might consider that I had played false with him, had as it were stolen his idea and used it before he had had leisure to. He might turn nasty, and if he did I should probably have an exceedingly unpleasant time.

I was beginning to feel extremely apprehensive when out of the darkness came a thin soprano murmur of words which I didn't understand. Madame was not dead and was saying something to me, doubtless in Portuguese. "I'm so sorry I don't understand Portuguese," I replied politely.

The murmur came again. "Je le regrette beaucoup mais je ne comprends pas la langue portugaise," I said.

For the third time the voice spoke.

"Mi rincresce tanto tanto, ma veramente non capisco la bella lingua del Portogallo," I exclaimed in desperation.

To my intense surprise the voice said: "Elp me! I spik little Inglis, French, Italian, little German, too. 'Elp me! Aidez moi! Sauvez moi!" There was a second of deep silence. Then came a sort of thin cry out of the darkness. "Aiutatemì, Signorino!"

"I don't understand German," I said hastily, fearing that Madame would break into that language and then go on possibly to Spanish, Russian, Greek, Roumanian, Dutch and other European languages. "But don't be afraid. It's only a short-circuit. I'm convinced of that. Probably in a few minutes it will be all right. Meanwhile there's no danger."

"Elp me!" the voice replied. "Sauvez moi!"

"I assure you, Madame, I gladly would if I could do anything. But we are between two floors and there's no possible means of getting out. You see, the lift—"

"E is mad!"



"It wasn't my fault! I swear on my sacred honor, it wasn't my——"

"No, no! What I mean is that the lift——"

"I not understand!"

"L'ascenseur! L'ascenseur! L'ascensore!"

"Elp me! 'E is mad! Il est fou. E pazzo!"

"But it isn't the lift's fault, really, Madame. What has happened is this. There has been a short-circuit and——"

"I say 'e is mad."

"But it's the electricity which has——"

"You t'ink not. 'E give you champagne. Vous en buvez. Vous pensez qu'il—you t'ink 'im good man. But 'e is mad."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! You are speaking about your husband. I thought you were upset about the lift."

"Elp me! Bitte helfen Sie mir! helfen Sie mir!"

"Madame, I'm very sorry but I don't understand Ger——"

"'E is mad. Er ist verrückt! 'Elp me, sair!"

Now that I understood the exact meaning of this oft-repeated exclamation I began to feel extremely uncomfortable. I was

very sorry for the poor lady. Her situation awoke all my chivalrous feelings. The prospect before her if, as was at least possible, she did ever reach Java with the Potentate was certainly very far from reassuring. No one likes to be strangled, and she was probably as averse as anybody else to such an end. Nevertheless I really didn't quite see what I could do.

"Per-raps you—peut-être vous comprenez Spaneesh, sair?" the voice broke in on my anxious self-communing.

"I don't, Madame, not one word! I must ask you to stick to English, French or Italian."

"Elp me! 'E is mad!"

This reiteration of a very unpleasant, even sinister, statement began to get on my nerves. Things always seem worse in the dark. Hideous visions of the Potentate mad rose before my imagination. Such a large man—mad! It scarcely bore thinking of. A moderate-sized man gone crazy is all very well, but dementia on such a scale as the (Continued on page 108)

N *The* Needle's EYE

Illustrations by
W. D. Stevens

The Story So Far:

THERE was a determined little girl with bright eyes who saved John Graham's life when he was a youngster. He had been overcome with vertigo on the Precipice Path near his summer home and she had forced him to walk on to safety. He did not know her name, but the memory was vivid for years.

He was an ordinary happy boy then; not until he was twenty did he get a shock which made him realize what it meant to be one of the richest men in the world. He was just graduating from Harvard; and a yellow journal, the *Vortex*, printed a flamboyant account of him and his supposed "princely" private life. John was sick over the scare-head publicity. But his friend and old tutor, Doctor Winthrop Emerson (Winty), told him in a heart-to-heart talk that he must always expect to live in the glare of the limelight, to be misunderstood and even hated. Winty gave him some idea too of the profound responsibilities of enormous wealth.

But John did not get over hating his money and all it entailed. He served abroad during the war. At twenty-eight he was the youngest member of the firm of Graham & Co., international bankers, with a financial grip on innumerable interests. John's particular problem was the Mid-West Coal Company, with a strike threatened, a shortage of freight cars, and the country in the grip of the coal crisis of 1921. It was a staggering problem, the more so to John, who tended to think of corporations as collections of people rather than cold financial units. His father's rather too glib and unctuous secretary, Wallace Garvey, was supposed to help him, but John did not like the man.

John was a friendless and lonely character even then. By contrast, he liked to rub elbows with ordinary people on the subways and streets, even to eat his noon meal at a crowded lunch-counter.

One day, walking home, on impulse he stopped in at the radical *Vortex* School. There he listened to an inflammatory socialist lecture by one Professor Schirmer, excoriating the Grahams as capitalist criminals and denouncing their tyranny in the non-union Mid-West Coal Company fields. John knew that Schirmer was totally wrong in his facts; and after the lecture sought him out and hotly accused him of unfairness. But Schirmer floored him by asking if he had ever been to the Mid-West fields and seen conditions for himself.

As he went out, John held the door open for a girl who had been listening intently to the lecture. Suddenly she said "Aren't you—Johnny Myself?"—his old nickname. It was the girl of the Precipice Path. John's heart leaped. They fell at once into



ARTHUR TRAIN'S

New Novel of New York— of the Richest Young Man and the Unhappiest Young Woman in the World



"Orchids are safe to
send to any woman," said
Cecily to Rhoda and John.

animated conversation and went out together. She told him, reluctantly, who she was—Rhoda McLane, the "Shame Child," whose wealthy father and mother were engaged in a divorce scandal that flooded the front pages. Her younger brother Randolph, she told John, was a classmate of his younger brother Thornton, Junior, at Harvard. Rhoda's experience with a public scandal in her own family had made her bitter against wealth, to which she laid all the evils of society. She showed this in her talk with John. He made her promise to see him again.

That very day Rhoda reached a new crisis in her life. At home she found her mother preparing to take up again with Hal Traquair, an offensive "lounge lizard," secure her divorce and, despite her sixty years, marry him. Rhoda, sickened, left

home—to stay with her friend Emily Coutant in Greenwich Village and then go on to work among the tent colonies of striking coal miners.

John walked to his home elated. There he found Degoutet, the picturesque and famous sculptor, working on a bust of John's father, Thornton, "the Malefactor of Great Wealth" and head of Graham & Co.—just now engaged in his favorite pastime of making a toy ship. Before dinner they all went upstairs to see Toto, John's sister, a sweet-natured girl, incurably crippled by infantile paralysis at the age of seventeen.

Then there was the usual pleasant, simple meal, with Shiras, John's octogenarian, bull-voiced, fast-living great-uncle; Degoutet; Perdita (Ditty), John's other sister, a flapper beginning to cut capers; his mother Jean; and Thornton.

After dinner, old Shiras was to go off with Ditty. "Come on, flapper!" he bellowed. "Let's go paint up the town!"

JOHN walked with his mother through the drawing room, his arm around her waist. He always told her everything. Should he tell her now of this strange, new, wonderful meeting with Rhoda?

It was she, however, who began the confidences. "I'm a little worried about Ditty," she sighed. "She seems rather antagonistic—without any reason. I'm afraid she's a trifle spoiled."

"She's only excited," John assured her as they paused before the painting of "The Miser." "All the girls of her age are, mumsey. You'll see. She'll be all right at twenty."

"I hope so! Parents don't seem to have any real influence any longer. The influences that are molding her lie outside the family, in society itself, and they're stronger than the home."

"Do you think wealth poisons people?" asked John.

"Some people."

"Do you believe that money will always get you in the end—if you live long enough?" he went on.

"Why, John!" she answered, looking up at him. "What a cynical idea! Of course not! Those people who are ready to be corrupted—who have, as one might say, a tendency to money disease—are infected, poisoned; but they are simply like all the rest who can't stand temptation. There are just as many kindly and decent rich people as any other sort."

"And as happy?"

"I don't know—about that." She hesitated. "Probably not. They don't have the daily satisfaction of regular work."

"Well, money certainly never hurt father!" exclaimed John warmly. They walked the length of the room and turned back, their arms still around each other.

"Wealth merely gave him certain opportunities," she said, "just as it deprived him of others."

"What others?"

"He would have liked to go into politics. But of course he couldn't. He would have been accused of buying any party that nominated him and corrupting all those who voted for him. Then he would have liked to establish professorships and boards for the study of industrial relations—the subject he's most interested in, and the one he regards as the most pressing and the most vital of all. But the minute he uses his money for any such purpose he's accused of trying to spread capitalistic doctrines. John, if you could ever know what a wonderful man he is! How he works for others! How gravely he takes his responsibilities!"

"Indeed I do!" he answered with enthusiasm. "Dad's a wonder! How old was he when he got married?"

She looked up at him whimsically. "Twenty-eight."

"Just my age."

"I hope you're not contemplating matrimony, my dear."

John laughed self-consciously. "No, mother—not immediately."

"I'm glad," she said. "You have so much to learn about business. These next few years will be hard ones. Your father has got to teach you all he knows. John, I don't think he looks very well. Do you?"

"No," he answered, "but I think it's only worrying about this coal situation. It's in a terrible mess!"

"I don't like the way he looks," she said. "And he never stops working. I'm really worried about him."

"Can't you persuade him to go up to camp?"

"I think we should try."

"All right—a conspiracy! We'll swear a terrible oath to make dad take a good rest!"

Jean pulled down his head and kissed him. "You're a dear boy, John. I wish Thorny were more like you."

She looked toward the doorway. Lattimer was standing there.

"Pardon me, madam, but there's a man here who insists on my handing Mr. John this paper. He says that personal service isn't necessary so long as he's sure he's received it. I think it is quite safe, sir. It is only a jury notice."

"All right," said John, with a slight feeling of relief. "Let him come in. Excuse me, mumsey!"

He went into the hall and presently returned holding an oblong printed slip, which he gave to her.

To John Graham, 47 Park Avenue, New York City.

Take notice that you are hereby summoned to attend in your capacity as a grand juror of the Supreme Court of the State of New York at Part 1 of the General Sessions of the Peace for the June term, beginning Monday, the 14th, 1921.

Peter J. Dooling, Clerk

"Mr. Pepperill can probably get you off," she said. "He has a great deal of influence. He can arrange it so that you need not serve."

"But why shouldn't I serve?" he asked. "You just said that father always wanted to be of some public service. Why isn't this my chance?" There was an unusual eagerness in his voice.

"Would you like to?"

"I'm not sure that I wouldn't," he confessed. "I'd rather like to get more in touch with—with real life."

His mother fully realized the isolation in which John must find himself. She had experienced it herself now these twenty-odd years. The notoriety accorded by the press to every movement of the family had driven her into practical retirement. The

Grahams rarely went into society, and endeavored to meet their obligations by throwing the house open to their friends for an occasional evening of music. Her household duties, her charities, her books and her conservatory took whatever time she could bring herself to spare from Toto—her darling Agnes—helpless victim of the "destruction that wasteth at noonday." Was her son's usefulness to be likewise paralyzed?

"I know, dear," she said. "But there are many things to be considered even if your father could spare you from the bank. Even if you were not embarrassed yourself, it's quite possible your presence might be used to discredit the jury's work. I should go into all that fully with Mr. Pepperill."

"Are we so terribly important as all that?" grumbled John.

"We're targets."

"Well, I'll take a chance on that end of it."

Her face sobered. "John," she warned him, "don't underestimate the wickedness there is in the world or the hatred some people have for us."

He gave her a squeeze, laughing. "Don't worry, mother dear! I dropped in at the Vortex School this afternoon and got it smash in the neck. According to the lecturer we had Nero, Caligula and Pharaoh lashed to the mast."

"You mustn't go to such places!" she said anxiously. "They might use violence toward you."

"Hardly!" He looked down at her head resting on his shoulder. Should he tell her about Rhoda? But what was there to tell her? Better wait until there was something. "Mumsey," he said, kissing her hair, "I guess I'll go up and read awhile in preparation for my arduous civic duties."

John dwelt under the mansard, through the windows of which he had, in his earlier years, "plugged down" upon passing pedestrians and truckmen potatoes, carrots and other ammunition filched from the storeroom. He had refused to give the room up, and on his return from college had reinstalled himself there. It was a dreary enough place, straw-carpeted, with ancient walnut furniture and heavy bronze gas fixtures refinished for electricity. From the chandelier, as at Harvard, wearing a shrewd expression of bead-like inquiriness, swung Johnny the Bear.

"Well, old top," remarked John as he entered, "how would you like to be on the grand jury?—How would you like to be married?"

CHAPTER IX

WHEN John arrived at 11 Washington Square next morning he found Mr. Pepperill still at breakfast, a newspaper propped against the Dresden coffee-pot in front of him. The tiny veins netting the old gentleman's face were purple.

"Of all the outrages! Listen to this: 'Unpartisan Citizens' Committee calls Bitumen sink of iniquity.' The article's a lie from beginning to end! That's modern politics and modern journalism! Bah! Have a cup of coffee?"

"No, thanks, I've had breakfast," replied John. "The fact is, I've been drawn on the grand jury."

"Drawn on the grand jury, eh? Have a cigaret? Well, I suppose you want me to get you off?"

"No," answered John, helping himself from the cigaret box. "Personally, I don't. I rather think I'd like to serve; but mother said I'd better talk it over with you first."

Mr. Pepperill pushed back his chair and placed the tips of his fingers lightly together. "What do you want to be on the grand jury for?" he demanded crisply.

"Experience."

"Nonsense!" answered his host.

"But I've been summoned," protested John.

"That means nothing. Judge McFadden will excuse you for the term if I ask him to. Besides, they might get you into something that would be awkward. They might have the impudence to set you investigating coal. No, that would be too raw! All the same, by George, there isn't much they wouldn't do. They might even set you to investigating vice! My advice to you, if you have any choice in the matter, is to keep out of anything that may lead to embarrassment or unpleasantness."

"I didn't keep out of the war," countered John.

Mr. Pepperill flushed faintly. "That was entirely different. Shall we go along?" The old lawyer laid his hand on John's shoulder. "You'll have quite enough responsibilities as it is, my boy, without messing up in criminal affairs. Keep out of the law courts, keep out of print, and so far as possible keep out of sight. There's nothing the 'hoi polloi' and the politicians would enjoy more than getting the son of Thornton Graham in an awkward or seemingly awkward position. So just let's hop into my car and ask Judge McFadden to let you off."



Cecily Coutant A regular valkyrie. A real woman.

They found Judge McFadden reclining at a vast mahogany desk. He seemed to be holding a levee. Attendants came and went; a crowd of waiting suppliants for judicial favor hovered anxiously outside the threshold. The center of all this importance greeted Mr. Pepperill with cordiality and professed much pleasure at meeting John, but contrary to expectation he declared, when he learned the nature of their errand, that it was quite unthinkable that he should excuse the latter from service.

"I'm sorry not to be able to oblige you, Mr. Graham," said Judge McFadden, lumbering to his feet and extending a fat hand. "If at any time there is anything else I can do for you which is properly within my discretion, I shall be only too happy to do it."

Once outside in the corridor Mr. Pepperill relieved his chagrin with more than his customary acerbity.

"Look out for him!" he warned as he closed the door of the limousine and withdrew his head. "I know these fellows. There's something doing. Keep your eyes open and don't get

jockeyed into anything without proper legal advice. Well, good luck to you!"

"Grand jurors inside!"

John joined the crowd in the court-room and watched Judge McFadden as he ceremoniously ascended the dais and directed the clerk to call the roll of talesmen. John answered to his name along with the others, and, the jury having been drawn from the wheel, found himself among those chosen; then turned faint as the Judge, searching among the assembled citizens, found and fixed him with his eye.

"I shall appoint as your foreman," announced Judge McFadden in sonorous tones, "Mr. John Graham—Mr. Graham, will you kindly step forward and be sworn?"

Amid a buzz of comment John forced his way to the rail and took the oath. He was surprised and a trifle discomposed. Could they be trying to put something over on him about coal, as Mr. Pepperill had suggested? But he had no time for

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said Degoutet to Cecily and Rhoda. "I've got a spider waiting for you."



speculation as to the reason. The clerk was already swearing in the balance of the grand jury, who were now directed to sit down while his Honor delivered his charge.

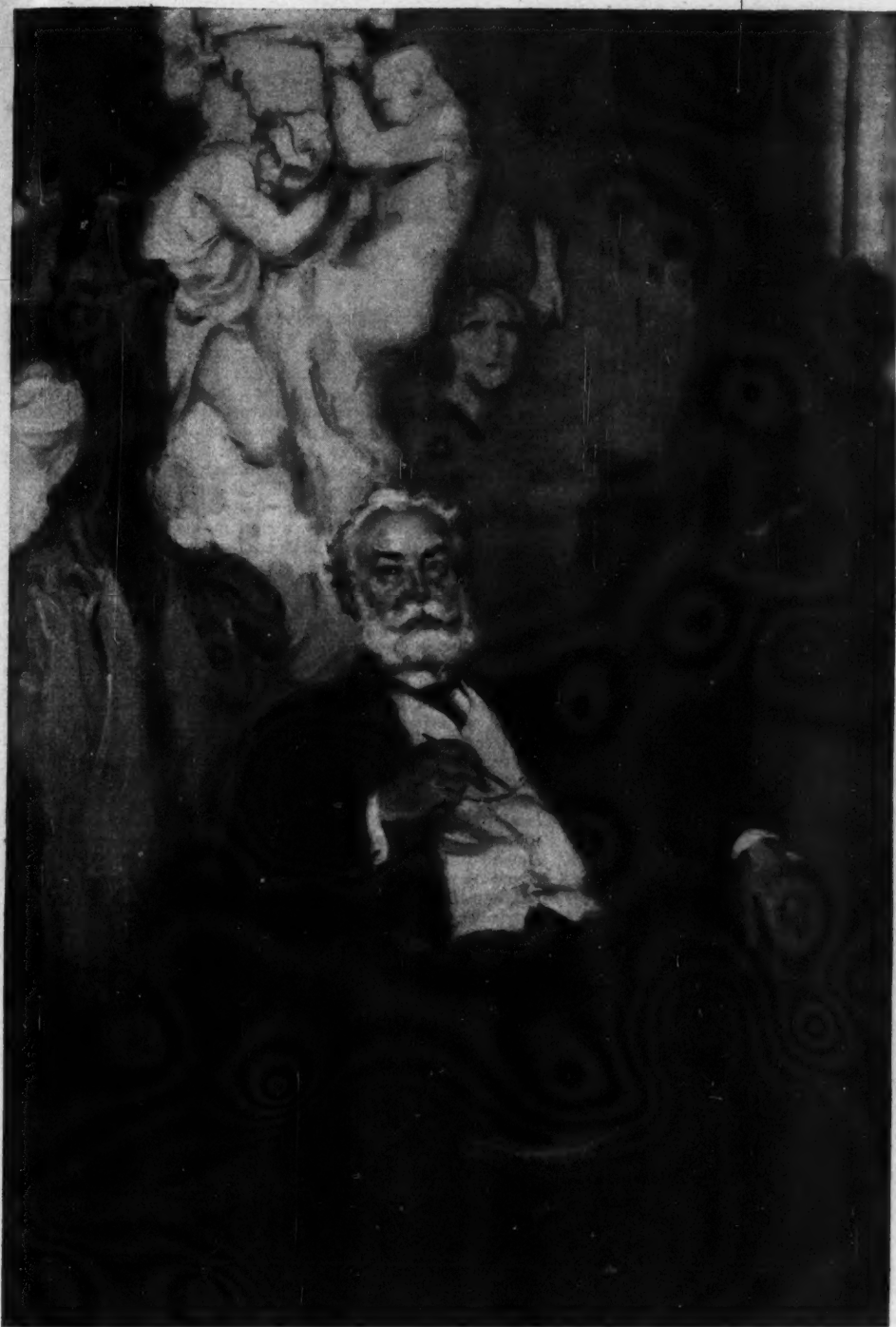
"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury," began Judge McFadden impressively, "you are called here from your various vocations and avocations to perform that duty upon which the sanctity and preservation of our institutions most depend. Upon your honesty, impartiality and courage hangs the good name of our city and the safety of its citizens. A gre-vi-ous assault has been made upon that fair name—

The Judge's voice trembled.

"It has been publicly alleged and stated in the public press that vice in all its most malignant forms flourishes in our midst—that

a hee-nious traffic akin to slavery is systematically conducted here, threatening to contaminate our wives and daughters. If this be true it is, of course, your duty to say so, *but*"—here followed a long hiatus during which his Honor's eye seared the faces of those regarding him—"but—if it not be—if it be not—true, *then* it will be equally your sworn and solemn duty to fearlessly wipe away the foul stain and stigma that is plastered across our—our—scrutcheon!"

The learned Judge went on to point out that any such calumny was exceedingly injurious to the social and economic life of the city. Moreover, it might be a slander upon those who were seeking honestly to enforce the laws to the best of their ability. For upwards of an hour he instructed them in detail as to what



A dashing pair of fil-
lies! mused Shiras.
He was already
playing in luck.

procedure they had best follow to examine into the matter. A thorough and complete investigation was demanded. They had thirty days in which to inquire; the District Attorney's office and the Police Department were at their absolute disposal. By the end of the month they ought to be in a position to make a conclusive presentment.

During this long harangue, which was thickly interspersed with technical legal phrases, John examined with interest the members of the grand jury about him. Almost without exception they appeared to be well dressed, prosperous business men of superior intelligence, and they listened attentively and with obvious respect to the representative of the judicial branch of the government who was seeking to impress them with the vital importance

of their task. John wondered how they were going to perform it. What in the name of common sense could they possibly know about such matters and how were they ever going to find out anything?

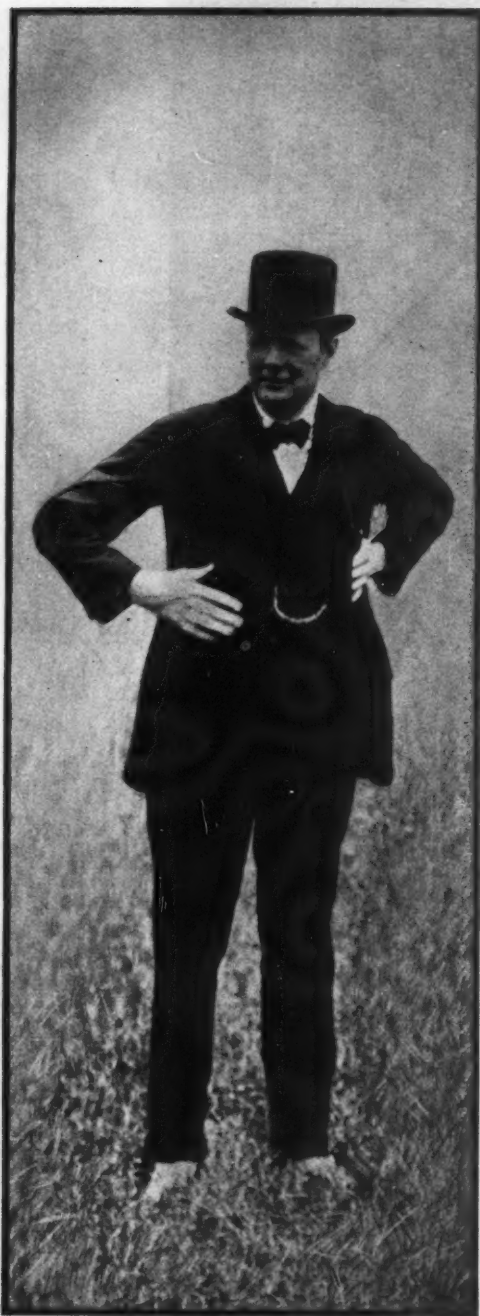
"You may now go to the room set apart for your use and proceed with your labors," concluded his Honor, bowing.

John, bell-wether of the flock, allowed himself to be hustled out of the court-room. As he stepped into the corridor there was a blinding flash followed by a deafening explosion. Ducking instinctively, he found himself in the midst of a thick cloud of white smoke.

"Thank you!" said a polite voice. A photographer was rapidly putting his apparatus into a box.

(Continued on page 171)

The Right Honorable Adventures



I was fascinated by the idea of flying and yet dreaded going into the air for the first time.

EXCEPT for the year 1916, I was continually in control of one or the other branch of the Air Service during the first eleven years of its existence. From 1911 to 1915 I was responsible at the Admiralty for the creation and development of the Royal Naval Air Service; from 1917 to the end of the war I was in charge of the design, manufacture and supply of all kinds of aircraft and air material needed for the war; and from 1919 to 1921, I was Air Minister as well as Secretary of State for War.

Thus it happens to have fallen to my lot to have witnessed, and to some extent shaped, the whole of this tremendous new arm undoubtedly destined to revolutionize war by land and sea, and possibly ultimately to dominate or supersede armies and navies as we have known them.

At the very beginning in 1911 the Royal Navy possessed half a dozen airplanes and perhaps as many pilots. The art of flying was in its childhood, and flying for war purposes was a sphere about which only the vaguest ideas existed. The skill of the pilots, the quality of engines and machines, were alike rudimentary. Even the nomenclature had to be invented, and I may claim myself to have added the words "seaplane" and "flight" (of airplanes) to the dictionary.

From the outset I was deeply interested in the air and vividly conscious of the changes which it must bring to every form of war. On first going to the Admiralty I resolved to develop and extend the naval air service by every means in my power. I thus came into contact with a little band of adventurous young men who, under the leadership of Commander Sampson, were the pioneers of naval flying. I was fascinated by the idea of flying, and yet side by side with desire was also a dread of going into the air for the first time. Indeed it must have been three or four months before I made my first flight. We had already had several accidents, and I felt a very keen sympathy with these young officers who were risking their lives in time of peace. I thought it would be a stimulus to progress generally if I, as First Lord, participated to some extent.

Accordingly early in 1912 I took my seat in a seaplane piloted by Commander Spenser Grey, and resigned myself to what was in those days at once a novel and a thrilling experience. I was astonished to find, after with some difficulty we had got off the water and had surged into the air, that looking down from seven or eight hundred feet did not make me dizzy. Still, I am bound to confess that my imagination supplied me at every moment with the most realistic anticipations of a crash, and I remember in my ignorance that I hoped it would take place while we were flying over soft water instead of hard ground. However, we descended in due course with perfect safety.

I have no compunction in relating the apprehensions which surrounded my first taste of the glorious sensations of flying. I am sure that when the secrets of all hearts are revealed, they will be found to have been shared by a good many others. I remember indeed a few weeks later going for a flight in a three-seater machine and asking a young officer if he would like to be my fellow passenger. He accepted the invitation laconically, and after the flight was over told me he had spent the morning making his will! This officer subsequently gained the Victoria Cross in circumstances of extraordinary bravery. So I think my trepidations are at any rate countersigned by respectable authority.

The air is an extremely dangerous, jealous and exacting mistress. Once under the spell most lovers are faithful to the end, which is not always old age. Even those masters and princes of aerial fighting, the survivors of fifty mortal duels in the high air, who have come scatheless through the war and all its perils, have returned again and again to their love and perished too often in some ordinary commonplace flight undertaken for pure amusement. Well do I remember presiding at the banquet given to the two British airmen who actually flew the broad Atlantic in their little machine and landed safely in Ireland in 1919, and saying to the pilot, then knighted as Sir John Alcock, "You ought to stop now and leave off a winner; you must have used up all your luck." In a few months this warning proved to be only too well founded.

Once I had started flying from motives in which a sense of duty, as well as excitement and curiosity, played its part, I continued from sheer joy and pleasure. I went up in every kind of machine and at every air station under the Admiralty. The "volplane" or descending glide with the engine off was in those days a comparative novelty, and I must say its downward rush through the soft air, amid the glories of the sunset and with the earth as a map spread beneath, was a delightful experience when first enjoyed.

I soon became ambitious to handle these machines myself, and took many lessons at both the naval and military schools. Dual control machines were developing fast in 1912, and I had one

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL'S

In The AIR

made where both pilot and passenger could sit side by side and take control alternately. In this machine, the type of which was particularly useful for instructional purposes, I made many delightful flights, and it was ultimately the means of revealing in an exceedingly unpleasant manner the dangers of a particular form of rudder which we thereafter avoided.

Curiously enough my apprehensions about going into the air were apparently confirmed by a long series of dangerous or fatal accidents in which I narrowly missed being involved. The young pilot instructor who gave me my first lesson at Eastchurch was killed the day after we had been flying together. I was sitting in the Treasury Board Room discussing the details of the naval estimate of 1912 with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when a slip of paper was put before me acquainting me with the fact that my companion of yesterday had perished in the same machine in which we had been practising for two or three hours.

A few weeks later a seaplane of a new and experimental type was produced in Southampton Water and I made a prolonged flight in it while it was being tested. It maneuvered perfectly under every condition, and I sailed away in the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* to Sheerness. I had no sooner arrived than I learned that the machine had nose-dived into the sea with three officers, all of whom were killed.

I was going out to fly, as I frequently did, in the sociable dual control machine which I have mentioned and was prevented by press of public business. The machine, having flown perfectly all the morning, suddenly took it into its head to plunge into a spin of a kind then quite unknown and smashed itself to pieces on the ground, thereby injuring the two officers, both personal friends of mine, who were flying it.

As I began to know more about flying, I began to understand the enormous number of hazards which beset every moment of the airmen's flight, and I noticed on several occasions defects in the machine in which we had been flying—a broken wire, a singed wing, a cracked strut—which were the subject of mutual congratulation between my pilot and myself once we had returned safely to terra firma. However, having been thoroughly bitten, I continued to fly on every possible occasion which my other duties permitted.

Then came the episode of Gustav Hamel in the spring of 1914. If ever there was a man born to fly, three parts a bird and the rest genius, it was Hamel. He belonged to the air rather than to the earth, and handled the primitive machines of those days in what was then an unknown element with a natural gift and confidence quite indescribable. Hamel was a civilian, but far ahead in the art of flying of any of our naval fliers. He it was who, when the dangerous spins first began to kill our pilots, went up 10,000 feet and put his machine deliberately into what had hitherto been considered a fatal movement, and was whirled round and round at one hundred miles an hour towards the ground until at last he found the way of breaking the frightful rotation and sailing out of it into a smooth volplane. These discoveries once made were immediately bequeathed as common property to airmen, and the fatal and uncontrollable spin of 1912 became a usual maneuver in the air fighting of the war when the aviator wished to lose two or three thousand feet with the utmost rapidity, or to baffle the aim of a pursuing machine gun by gyrations which human eyes could never calculate.

I brought Hamel down to Sheerness, as I wanted him to show the naval fliers his wonderful command of a machine in the air. He came as my guest on the *Enchantress*, arriving in a hurricane through which few in those days would have dared to fly. And that afternoon and the next morning he gave us exhibitions in the art of flying never previously seen in England.

He would throw himself into the then awful "side slip out of control" and fall like a stone for a thousand feet while the air sang with a loud shriek through his wires, and then come out of this fearful descent terribly close to the ground or to the sea and emerge frolicking and serene in graceful pirouettes. We



I started flying from motives in which a sense of duty played its part: I continued from sheer pleasure.

were exploring an unknown world then, and the value of these demonstrations was inestimable. Looping the loop had just been discovered by Pegoud, and Hamel performed this feat for us again and again and performed it, I am sorry to say, far too low down "so that everybody could see how it was done."

I spent a delightful day flying with him. Morning, afternoon and evening we sailed about in his little Voisin monoplane. Although I have flown hundreds of times, certainly with a hundred pilots, I have never experienced the sense of that poetry of motion which Hamel imparted to those who were privileged to fly with him. It was like the most perfect skater on the rink, but the skating was through three dimensions, and all the curves and changes were faultless, and faultless not by rote and rule but by native instinct. He would put his machine almost vertical, so

that there was nothing between one and the world far below, and would continue circling downwards so gently, so quietly, so smoothly, in such true harmony with the element in which he moved, that one would not have believed that the grim force of gravity existed. In all his flying there was no sense of struggle with difficulties or effort at a complicated feat; everything happened as if it could never have happened in any other way. It seemed as easy as pouring water out of a jug.

But our acquaintance had a tragic conclusion. I wanted him to repeat to the Calshott (Portsmouth) Air Station the kind of demonstration he had given with so much advantage at Sheerness, and with a select body of our pioneer pilots I awaited him in the Enchantress in Southampton Water. He would fly from Paris, he said, and be with us at sundown. In those days a cross-Channel journey was in itself quite an adventure.

Darkness fell before he arrived. We went in to dinner without him. We went to bed thinking he must have had a forced landing. Morning brought no telegram. By midday we began to get anxious. In the afternoon we learned that he had started across the Channel in mist and storm and had not returned to the French coast. In the evening he was reported missing. By the next day it seemed certain that he was missing forever. And so indeed it proved. He had flown off in the fading light, into the squalls and mists of the Channel, confident that there was no difficulty and no danger he could not surmount, and from that moment he vanished forever from human ken.

Then came the war, and entirely different standards of the value of human life ruled in the world. Death became a commonplace, and everybody acted and lived, week in, week out, on the basis that they might be killed. In all the history of the world, in the dim carnage and confusions of the Stone Age, in the intense struggles which proceed among the animalculæ in a single drop of water, risks have never been run more recklessly by living beings than were challenged day after day, month after month, by the air fighters.

I had no time to fly while I was First Lord during the war, but as Minister of Munitions in 1917-18 I had to be constantly on both sides of the Channel and I usually traveled by air, landing at the exact point on the front where I had to see people or where I wished to witness particular operations. My pilot in these days was a young officer who had been so shattered by wounds at Gallipoli and on the Somme that he could not endure explosions. He was insensible to any other form of danger, and as a flying officer he was as fine and skilful a pilot as one could ever wish to fly with.

In this period all the best machines were of course needed for the front, and one could not make appreciable claims upon our supply of mechanics. I remember returning from General Headquarters one afternoon to London when we broke down twice in very awkward conditions. The first time was over the Channel. There was a sharp crack, or rather intense click, followed by a splutter from the engine. A valve had burst. We began to descend. The smooth gray Channel lay beneath us. We were five miles out from the French shore. It was a dull afternoon and we were flying only at about 2000 feet. If the engine did not pick up again we must reach the sea on a slant of under two miles.

Usually when you look at the Channel it is crowded with traffic, but as always happens at a necessary moment, not a steamer, not a trawler, not a fishing smack could be seen except paddling along on dim horizons. We had no means of flotation,

no "bathing suits," as the inflatable air jackets were called. My pilot made a gesture with his hand indicating that he could do nothing, and I wondered how long I could keep myself afloat in my thick clothes and heavy boots or whether it would be worth while to try to take them off. Certainly for half a minute, or it may have been a minute—it seemed quite a long time—I thought extinction certain and near.

And then the old engine began to cough and splutter again with many misfires and jerks. The pilot swung the airplane back towards the coast of France, and after ten minutes we passed over the headland of Gris Nez. We just managed to make the aerodrome of Marquise with about a hundred feet to spare, and landed safely in that gigantic wartime receiving station for British and American outward bound machines.

The large resources of the Marquise aerodrome soon provided us with another airplane and then we started off for the second time, with about an hour of daylight, across the Channel. The wind was against us and the engine pulling indifferently, and we were nearly forty minutes before we reached the British shore. About a quarter of an hour later another snap in the engine led to a repetition on the part of my pilot of those gestures which indicated that we had no choice but to descend. He side-slipped artistically between two tall elms, just avoiding the branches on either side, and made a beautiful landing in a small field.

Flying on the fighting line had an interest all its own. Apart from the ordinary risks, every cloud had to be scrutinized with the possibility that a Fokker would suddenly swoop from it. And here and there the "Archie" shells with their white puffs indicated other dangers from which it would be well to turn aside.

I must record an incident which revealed to me the severity of the life which flying officers lived in the war. We had just returned from our flight on the line when a wounded machine struggled down into the aerodrome. It was riddled with bullets. I myself counted over thirty holes in the fuselage and wings. But the engine was still intact and none of the vital wires were severed. The observer was wounded in the leg and sopping with blood. I was an auditor of the following dialog:

Squadron Leader: "Well, what do you come down here for?"

Pilot: "I lost an observer last week through hemorrhage, and I thought I had better get first aid as soon as possible for him."

Squadron Leader: "Where is your own aerodrome?" (A name was mentioned.) "Well, that's only a quarter of an hour on."

Pilot: "I thought you could give me transport on and we would come over for the machine in the morning."

Squadron Leader: "Well, all right, but it's very inconvenient. Do try and get home another time."

While they were lifting the wounded officer out of his seat, I tried to speak a few words expressive of sympathy and admiration to the pilot who had emerged a few minutes before from a frightful ordeal. I clasped his hand and said, "You have been splendid," or words to that effect.

But he did not seem in the least surprised by his chilly reception; he took it as a matter of course. "It upsets their arrangements if all the casualties come down here," he said.

Never has the human race displayed the fortitude which was the ordinary habit of the men in the Great War.

I will next month relate the circumstances in which I have for the time decided to abandon flying as a pursuit or pastime.

The Tenderest Love Story in Many a Day

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART is one of the most remarkable personalities in this country.

If some man wrote all the novels, all the plays, and all the perfectly wonderful short stories that she's written, we—meaning we men—would all get up on our feet and say, here is one man who can produce more fine work than any living human being.

But doing this—and a lot more—has been only one of Mrs. Rinehart's jobs. She has borne, trained, stimulated, and launched five fine sons. And, between times, written "The Man in Lower Ten," "Seven Days," "Bab," "Tish," "The Bat," "Dangerous Days," and so many others that I won't try to recite them all.

She has just told you of her Adventures into the Unknown. Do you know any man—granted he had the experiences—who could have told of them as she has? You may; I don't; and I know a fair number of fairly clever men.

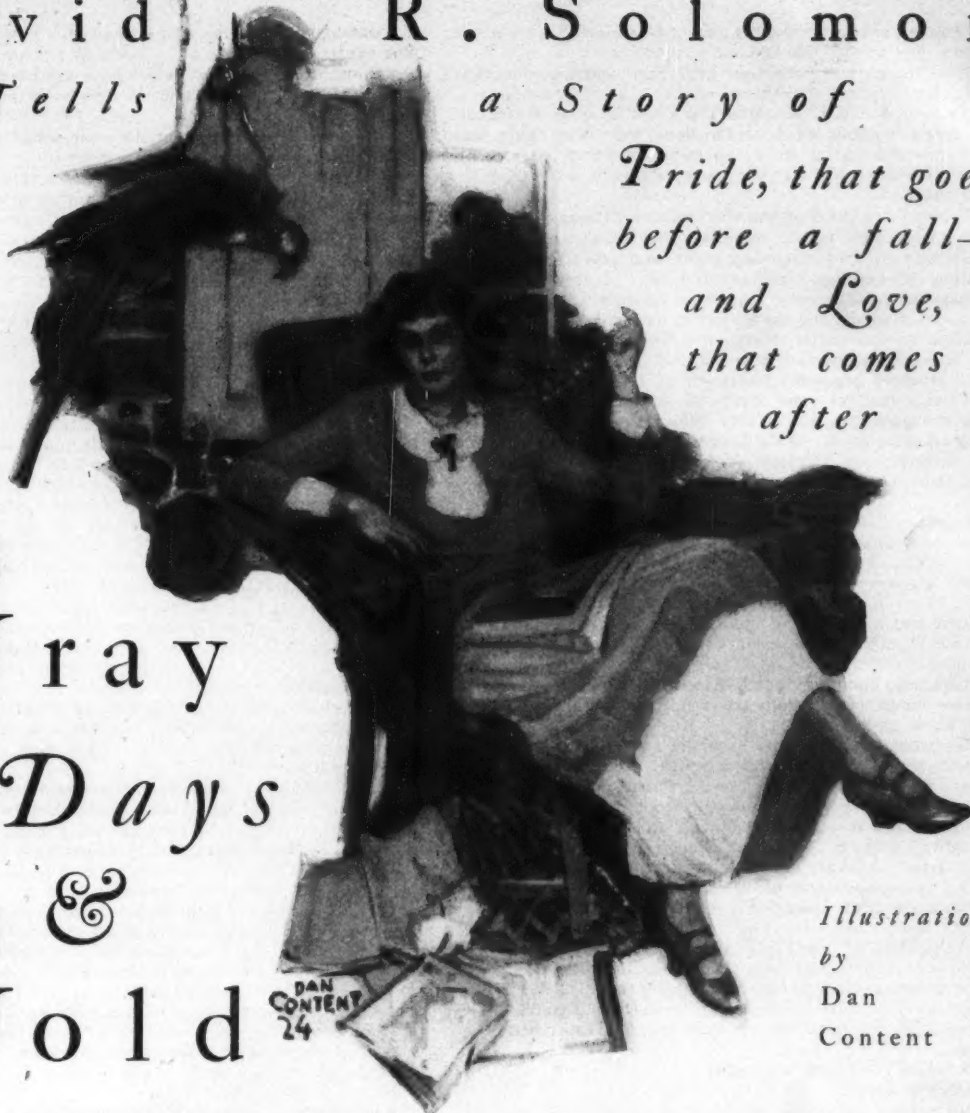
Just so, I don't know any man who could have written the story Mrs. Rinehart tells in the magazine next month as well as she has told it. When she sent me the first half of the manuscript, I telegraphed her "For heaven's sake, send on the rest; the suspense is killing me."

Because we don't want to risk any reader's life we shall publish the story complete in the July issue. I don't know what to call "Her Majesty, the Queen," long short story or short novel, but I do know it's the tenderest, sweetest love story I've seen in many a day. [R. L.]

David R. Solomon
Tells a Story of

*Pride, that goes
before a fall—
and Love,
that comes
after*

Gray Days & Gold



Illustrations
by
Dan
Content

EVEN in the Delta country, where much love is made from inclination and more from usage, all days are not golden. Even there—where all Southern outdoors lazily allures with its magnolia and honeysuckle and each soft-drawling dark-eyed girl seems prettier than all the others—occasionally come days when the muddy, wide, slow-flowing Father of Waters blinks up at sullen clouds that mask the sun, and all life becomes lead-gray.

Just as those gray days are preceded by rainbow hues, so are they invariably followed by more of the wine and sparklings of life.

But they come—even in the Delta.

The good things of life came a little too easily to Sue Lee Phillips. Born on the largest plantation south of Memphis, Tennessee, she never had seen the horse she could not ride, the dog that would not come with wagging tail to the sparkle of her black eyes and the pursing of her red lips or the man she could not have for—far less.

Life was indeed all golden to Sue Lee.

She enjoyed it; with every healthy ounce of her ninety-nine pounds; from her tiny, inadequate-looking slippers to the top-most wave of her bobbed black hair. And yet Sue Lee had never really found out that she was feminine. Once each month she had Colonel Phillips throwing up his hands in despair at her dress bills; she had yanked her mother through half the shops of Paris collecting dinner gowns; she continually was turning down more genuine proposals than any other girl in that section of the

Delta; but Sue Lee's idea of the retort courteous when some young fellow teased her too long or too strenuously was to double up her little fist and take a healthy swing at him.

Nor was she in the best of humor this evening. Her barbecue dance at the pavilion at the springs was not going to suit her. Moodily she sat on a bench at the side of the unvalled, shed-like structure and stared out through the unenclosed sides into the woods; her back to the dancers, the polished floor and the enthusiastic colored string band.

At a tug on her arm she looked up. "Thirsty" Allen was bending over her, his eyes alight.

"Shake it off, Sue Lee," he urged. "You look like the last rose of summer 'fore last. C'm'on—le's dance!"

"I don't want to, Thirsty." She shook her head.

"How come? Haven't lost another scalp, have you?"

"Oh, everything's wrong! Look out there at that barbecue! Mammy Liza and Unc' Tobe should have had it ready hours ago. And the dance is just a mess—I'm sorry I got it up. Everything's going wrong!"

"Humph!" commented Thirsty as the music ended and the others began gathering around. "That's not what the matter is with you, Sue Lee. You see the famine ahead."

"What famine?" demanded Sue Lee belligerently.

"Man-famine, my dear. Man-famine. All the fellows are goin' to be gone next week. I'll be down at the Legislature; Harvey Grant'll be down there with me; there's goin' to be a Shriners' convention at New Orleans—aw, there won't be a man left 'cept those over sixty."

From one or two of the other girls came a more or less admiring titter. Not so with Sue Lee.

"You-all can just pack your little grips and leave whenever you get ready!" she challenged.

"Get out, Sue Lee!" doubted Thirsty. "You know you can't get along without being made love to. You girls have been brought up on it—in liberal doses—every day. And those, Sue Lee, who live by the sword each day must play with swords."

"Who's been feeding you raw meat?" demanded Sue Lee. "Since when have you-all constituted all male kind? You just trot right on down to your Legislature and pass a few more prohibition statutes that the Supreme Court, thank the Lord, will declare unconstitutional. And you needn't do any worrying about Sue Lee's having her a private, own male for herself."

Came another titter from the feminine contingent. Lacking Sue Lee's aggressive pugnacity, at least they admired it. Their laughter froze rather abruptly at Thirsty's sniff.

"Private male of your own? Where from? Harvey and I were going over the list. Every fellow around here we know is going off somewhere—to the Legislature, or to court, or to some sort of convention. Unless"—reflectively—"you pick old Uncle Bob, at the station—he's only seventy, I b'lieve—or a hardware clerk."

"Hardware clerk . . ." mused Sue Lee aloud. "Hardware clerk . . . Thank you, Thirsty." She was exasperatingly innocent. "You've solved my problem for me. While you-all are gone I'm going to annex me Miles Oldham out of the hardware store."

There was a moment of more or less shocked silence. "Oh, Sue Lee!" came a quaver. "Oh, Sue Lee! You know you wouldn't!"

"I'd like to know why not!" snapped that young lady. "And I'd sho' like to see somebody try to stop me. What's the matter with Miles, anyhow?"

"N-nothing. Except—he—just doesn't run with us. Or with anybody else, that I ever noticed . . ." Thirsty dropped into philosophizing. "You know, it's kind of funny. There's Miles Oldham. We all went to school with him—still call him by his first name, and he still calls us by ours. His folks are all right, I reckon. And yet, though I talk with him if I go into the hardware store to buy trace chains for the plantation, you girls—none of us—invite him out or show him the check list for dances—I'll be dog-goned if I know why, either."

"Well, Thirsty," Sue Lee's calm voice broke the stillness, "if you'll send your astral body back here from the Legislature you're going to see a change. He's going to be trotting Sue Lee to picture shows and dances; that is"—with ironic emphasis—"if they still let the world roll on while you 'lords of creation' are away."

"Sue Lee, you know you won't!"

"Oh, yes, I will!"

And Sue Lee did.

For the rest of the girls the gray days descended on the land. But while they were using bridge teas and other substitutes for masculinity Sue Lee was donning fine linen and striding down to the hardware store.

As she entered the long darkened shop she heard Miles's voice in the back:

"Gosh, Unc' Tobe, those are shotgun shells in that case! If you drop any more I'm going to get me an ax handle and bend it over that thick head—"

He saw Sue Lee and hurried to meet her, wiping his hands nervously on a handkerchief as he came.

"Hello, Sue Lee," he said in a voice from which he could not strain out quite all the solicitous inquiry.

"Hello, Miles." She held out a steady little hand. "Lordy, boy, you sho' do keep hidden in your hole. I don't believe I've seen you half a dozen times since high school."

"I—stick pretty close to work," he said, waiting for her to reveal the purpose of her visit. Plainly it was not business. "Is there—something I can do for you—Sue Lee?"

She laid a light hand on his arm. "Why, yes, there is," she confided. "It's about Unc' Tobe and Mammy Liza, Miles. I heard you threatening to bust Unc' Tobe on the head with an ax handle when I came in; and I'm tempted to ask you to do it for Mammy Liza sho' 'nough. I wanted to see you—and ask your advice . . ."

She paused. Thirsty Allen would probably have dropped in a faint. She had somewhere acquired an air of not knowing just what to do or to say; timid; confiding; needing some big, strong,

capable male to lean upon. It worked. It always worked for Sue Lee.

"Go right on, Sue Lee. Unc' Tobe has been working for me and my folks; I reckon, 'bout as long as Mammy Liza has for you-all. Is he in trouble?"

"Yes—sort of. It's a long story—it would take too long to tell—here . . ." She paused suggestively.

Miles thought it sounded like she was leaving an opening for him to ask to call. But he could not quite dare believe she meant it. He hesitated. Sue Lee went on.

"It would be rather awkward talking it over down here, don't you think? Can't we—that is, isn't there some way we could see each other after business hours?"

Miles gathered the courage. "I—may I—come out to the house and see—you about it?" At least, all she had to do was refuse. "I'd like to—help if I could."

"Why, you've thought of the very thing!" Sue Lee's words were all admiration for his quick-wittedness. "Shall I expect you about eight, then?"

"Please." Miles's tone was not quite firm. He had stood off alone so long, wistfully watching all the others at play in the land of desire. He was a little disconcerted at being admitted without warning. The hours between passed in a sort of haze.

Very promptly on the stroke he stopped circling the block and walked across the wide lawn with its Spanish bayonet and the arbors. Sue Lee—and Miles did not properly appreciate the miracle—was ready, waiting for him on the long shaded porch.

"Come right in!" she welcomed. "You know daddy and mother, don't you?" Miles made some indeterminate sound.

But Sue Lee was in full possession of her faculties. Deftly she steered him around on the side porch and installed herself alongside in a porch swing. Miles took one short breath.

The moonlight softened all the old, familiar landscape into a sort of enchanted fairyland. The porch swing chanted a lazy, comfortable accompaniment. Sue Lee leaned back and half closed her long-lashed eyes.

Miles was lost.

She was not extraordinarily eager to begin upon the salvation of Mammy Liza and Unc' Tobe. Instead, she seemed quite willing to chat friendly and more or less personally of ships and shoes and sealing wax and—many other things more personal.

In duty bound, Miles referred once to the subject. But Sue Lee flitted unheedingly away.

"I 'clare, Miles, it's a shame you haven't let me—us see more of you. You shouldn't bury yourself so completely."

"I—I didn't know I was doing that," he replied slowly. "I—didn't know I'd—be wanted." In the brief speech flashed forth something of the lad's loneliness and of his longing for the good times the others constantly were having just out of his reach. It told something of the nights when they danced and played at life, and he sighed and went home with a book or walked alone in the moonlight.

He had forgotten Unc' Tobe.

When finally that night he discovered how late it had grown and left Sue Lee—after promising to call again on Wednesday—he walked for hours in the golden world, dreaming . . . Sue Lee tilted her head on one side, bird-like, when she was interested in one . . . Sue Lee's dark eyes crinkled in sympathetic, laughing understanding when one said the—the sort of things that one thought of and—was half ashamed to say aloud . . . Sue Lee's black, black hair was indescribably soft to the fingers if one's hand accidentally brushed the wavy folds . . . Sue Lee's voice, when one happened to say something whimsical, had a catching little gurgle . . .

In the days that followed he lived for the moments he could spend with Sue Lee. The other girls, quick to follow her leadership, soon found him likable for his own sake and accepted him into the fold. They wondered why they had never noticed him before. He fitted. But they learned also that Sue Lee always came first. When she wanted Miles, he came.

Counted, there were not so many hours with her—not half as many as Miles would have had. But while they are deliberate about many things in the South, they make love in a hurry.

They rode a couple of times in Sue Lee's chunky roadster that did not know how to run less than thirty-five an hour. They strolled under the arching live-oaks that lined the avenue. One of the last nights they sped out to the plantation and rode in a canoe on the lake.

The moon, too enormously big and red to be real, eased above the willows that fringed the silent, glass-like water. Fragrant, from the shores came the caressing scent of the honeysuckle; while away down at the far end of the lake a grandfather



Counted, there were not so many hours with Sue Lee—not half as many as Miles would have had.

bullfrog was periodically and inelegantly reporting in a deep bass: "Belly deep! Belly deep! Belly deep!"

Sighing, Miles dipped his paddle, then let the canoe glide. "Lordy! What a night!" he said, his voice trembling a little.

Dark head bent over, hand trailing in the water, Sue Lee smiled with a vanishing trace of compunction. It had been so easy. She almost was ashamed. As men went, Miles wasn't bad. A little shy, a little too quick to agree with her moods and desires, not sure enough of himself—but fairly nice as a temporary expedient. The gray days were not passing so unpleasantly. She would be able to greet Thirsty Allen and the others with complacency when they returned.

"Have you enjoyed these few days, Miles?" she inquired idly.

"Enjoyed them!" The unexpected undertones in his voice startled her. "Enjoyed them! More than any other days in all my life! I'll remember them as long as I live. I wish they could last forever. I—"

Sue Lee's veteran experience told her that Miles was on the verge of a proposal—too close for comfort. She did not want him to. It would take more effort than she felt like being stirred into just then to steer him deftly away, to "string him along" as she habitually did Thirsty and the others.

She interrupted him easily: "Speaking of forever, Miles, have you ever thought what you intended doing with your life?"



"I've learned my lesson, Sue Lee. I'm going to stay on my side of the fence."

"Do you want to be a hardware clerk the rest of your days?"

"I—why—I never had thought much about it," he answered a little uncertainly. Sue Lee had emphasized "hardware clerk" in a tone that was more than a bit disconcerting.

"Isn't it time you started some thinking?" she asked.

"I—I reckon so," he answered doubtfully.

"How old do you intend to get before you start planning?" She sounded at least twice his age.

"I—dunno, Sue Lee. Grandfather Oldham left me a little money—a few thousand dollars—enough to buy an interest in

the hardware business." His tone was hopeful that she would approve. "It's enough; I've been sounding out the owners and they'll sell me a share." Sue Lee moved impatiently, and he caught the negation. "Or I thought maybe I could save more and try—to buy me a plantation some day."

"That's more like it!" Sue Lee's approval was plain. "I don't want to sound snobbish, Miles; but down here we've got the silly idea that most of the real people are plantation owners. Of course it's foolish; but I couldn't, for instance, imagine myself mixed up in—well, say the hardware business."

Miles fell into silence; a silence that lasted a long, long time.



You—stay on yours," Miles said quietly.

He was wondering if Sue Lee meant all that her words said. He remained thoughtful as they rode home through the moonlight and long afterward, when he had left her and was strolling homeward.

Sue Lee! The sheer devilment that dwelled within her! The sparkle of life at its crest that danced from her dark eyes—the caressing way her hair curled about her proud little head—the joyful whimsicality that she could whistle up at will.

His meditations bore fruit next day. A little breathlessly he went to the telephone and called her. "May I—come out and see you tonight?" he asked eagerly.

Over the wire came Sue Lee's delighted gurgle. "Of course."

"I—I've got something special to show you." He leaned closer to the transmitter. "And something special to—say. Something that will—interest you—I hope . . . I want just you to know."

"Sho' 'nough? Bring it out. Don't forget."

"No," he assured her gravely. "And don't you forget. I want just the two of us to see it . . ."

Slowly he replaced the receiver. He wondered what Sue Lee would say. Again he drew it from his pocket—a folded, important looking legal paper; and read again the sonorous, cryptic phrases:

. . . for and in consideration
do grant unto said Miles
Oldham . . . option to buy said
plantation named Mellowdale . . .

Plantation owners, Sue Lee had made plain, were the only ones that mattered. Very well, then, if she encouraged, he would own at least a part of a plantation. And then—some day . . .

The hours dragged. He dressed with care. Last of all he felt again at the comforting crinkle in his inside pocket of the paper that gave him the right to become a plantation owner right away; and some day to—hope for other things.

Immersed in his thoughts, he crossed Sue Lee's lawn—to stop abruptly at the steps. There was not the desertion that he had expected, with Sue Lee waiting for him alone. A dark-clad masculine figure perched nonchalantly on the banisters. Others lounged here, there, all around—in the wicker chairs, in the porch swing comfortably asprawl; interspersed with white-clad, slighter forms that laughed aloud for pure joy of life.

From a rustic chair came the mournful, despairing tinkle-tunk of a guitar being forcibly tuned. The air was full of the pungent smell of cigaret smoke. Through it all permeated the lightheartedness, the laughter, the sheer content of many youngsters a tpeace with all the world.

The gold days had returned.

As he hesitated someone called: "Sue Lee, you got some more comp'ny!" and her figure appeared at the head of the steps.

"Why—hello," she greeted him a little doubtfully. "Won't you—join us?"

Her question surprised him. He had not supposed that there was any doubt. Her inquiry signified that there was; to her, at any rate.

"I—I . . ." he faltered. "I had—sort of—figured on seeing you—alone . . ."

"That's right!" Sue Lee observed regretfully, then suddenly: "Oh, but that can wait, can't it? The fellows—everybody got back to town suddenly and I just kind of forgot, Miles. But aren't you—won't you—come in?"

Miles stiffened. Sue Lee's repetition of her question made clear her own doubts as to the propriety—revealed a wish to drop him. Her treatment of him and his mission as unimportant, her very obvious impatience to leave him and rejoin the others, her whole suddenly changed air flashed (Continued on page 158)



He would rather be out front singing "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" than sit with the gods.

George M.

Illustrated with Portrait

Cohan likes to ballyhoo at long distance. Close up he's a shrinking violet.

Just as Broadway is paradoxical, so in like fashion is Cohan. Broadway at one moment flashes its pomposity and the next may stand mute—a human entablature to some trivial grief. Cohan has a way at times of strutting like a peacock and at other times he slinks away apparently bruised and beaten by contact with the rough edges of a hurly-burly theatrical life.

One day he may be fighting actors and the next sending money anonymously to some who have fallen by the wayside. It is proverbial along Broadway that "When you are broke, see Cohan!" To the profession he stands as a ready responder to the "quick touch." "Let George do it" was coined for him.

His charity is as unostentatious as his vanity is pronounced. He pleaded with me not to speak of this soft spot in his make-up. Cohan likes to appear hard and unyielding. But because a man's private acts more likely than not reveal inner depths of character, I made no promises.

I happen to know he is the despair of his friends and business associates for his open-pursed generosity. There are broken-down actors, penniless chorus men and chorus girls, rheumatic lobby charwomen, crippled stage hands and others allied with the theater who in adversity receive weekly checks from Cohan.

He is unswerving in loyalty to his associates. Most of them have been with him since the days when he was "Broadway's best laugh"—a hooper trying to beat the dangerous game. He spoke tenderly of Sam Harris, who battered his way up from East Side prize-fight promoting to become Cohan's partner. Their paths are separate now but he is still Cohan's "pal." All men to Cohan are either "guys" or "pals."

I HAD just left the labyrinthine depths of a darkened theater where I had gone to see the man who is as much the symbol of Broadway as the incandescents in whose effulgence I stood.

A few days before Ray Long and I across a luncheon table were casting about for a magazine topic. He had asked me, as one who has for many years studied the Broadway pageant, who was the most typical Broadwayite, someone who emblemized this amazing street of sighs and headaches, of joy and laughter.

So my quest led me to the dressing room of George M. Cohan. For "Little Georgie" more than any man I know is the personification of Broadway. He has all the colorings of humor, tragedy and pathos of America's most famous thoroughfare.

Wealth and plaudits have brought little change to Cohan. He is still at heart a song-and-dance man although cast for the topmost rôles in the shifting life of the American theater.

The song-and-dance man is the odd and supreme romanticist of the "two a day." Each believes he is the best in the business. His ambition is to play the Palace. On the Broadway curb or in his boarding-house you will usually find him rehearsing new steps and patter. He is given to baggy caps, belted coats and bamboo canes. And Cohan, like the ilk, has never outgrown them. Yet underneath the egotism and air of worldliness of the song-and-dance man there is rare loyalty and tenderness. It is proverbial that song-and-dance teams rarely split.

I found Cohan removing the grease-paint and powder. He had just finished the performance of the current play which he had written, produced, and in which he was the bright particular star.

It was only a few years ago, while working on a Western newspaper, that I received a clip sheet of press stuff from Cohan which began, "Boys, I'm on my first millien!" and ended with the ebullient egoism, "Watch me build a theater and knock 'em cold!" It was the voice of a song-and-dance man crying in the wilderness. What astounding self-assurance for a mere vaudeville "piffawmer" of the cut and dried mold! I pictured him in old age still doing his stuff—entering as the house was being seated singing "While strolling through the park one day," and winding up in a whirl of flying feet and tapping heels.

Yet here I was standing in the presence of the same George M. Cohan, who is today not only a millionaire but the owner of theaters, a capable producer, a keen playwright, successful songwriter and brilliant star, and in my changed opinion the most interesting figure of this day or any other day in our theater.

It seemed difficult to imagine that this man with almost snow-white hair and deepening crow's-feet was such a short while ago buck-winged and star-spangled bannerer his way to fame.

In the old days Cohan was the jumping-jack hooper with nasal twang and half-bent swagger broadcasting his regards to Broadway and shouting his remembrances to his beloved Herald Square. He was a braggart who joshed his own braggadocio.



"Let George do it" was coined for him.

By
O. O.
Mc
INTERRE

Studies by Campbell Studio

He clings to the song-and-dance man patter—the elliptical back-stage jargon from which most of our slang is minted. Cohan is as slangy today as he was in the trouping days when his world was young. In repose he has a melancholy naïveté, a wistful sort of shyness that speaks of some hidden sorrow. I still believe he would rather be the carefree song-and-dance man than to be weighted down with the responsibilities that now are his.

Touch a sensitive spot and Cohan is a human sky-rocket. He is a wiry little scrapper and no man is too big for his sting. If a manager tries to grab any of Cohan's glory he will find Cohan on his neck. Years ago I was associated with another theatrical manager who had borrowed a comedian from Cohan, who happened to have no place for him at the time. There was a row over the billing. Cohan insisted that the line "Mr. So-and-so presents" have the addendum "By special arrangement with George M. Cohan" in just as big letters as those of the producer and star. In this he was adamant and he won his point.

Broadway producers have learned long since to tread softly at the Cohan gates. He has all the courage of his ancestral Irish and something of the strain that made a Caesar.

If I have given the impression Cohan is an upstart lifted from gutter mediocrity I have expressed myself clumsily. His life has always been of the theater. He was nursed in the wings. He learned early to know that the stage world is a world where it is pretty much every man for himself. Yet his family life was ideal. There have been fewer close-knit family ties in stage annals than that which existed among the Four Cohans—George, Josephine and the father and mother. Their life together was an epic. George and his mother remain and the mention of those who have gone brings freshets of tears.



"Broadway is always calling me."

Cohan has an office in the Broadway theater which bears his name, but he was not meant for flat-topped desks, handy buzzers and office routine. When he goes there he merely flits through and then back-stairs to an areaway where he transacts business—walking up and down in the hunched-over Cohan fashion, hands in pockets and cap at a rakish angle.

He has a boyish manner in overcoming obstacles. If he meets opposition he does not engage in legal snarling. He meets his adversary with "Don't kid me, I'm your pal!"—and if that doesn't win the day, he is through. The term "pal" is his sublime encomium, just as it is today among song-and-dance men.

Like all song-and-dance men Cohan is always the trouper. He likes the "spot." He is the victim of the hereditary actorism that demands center stage. He once resigned from a theatrical club in a pet and a year or so later when he was restored to the fold Broadway greeted the straying lamb with the loud huzzah—parades and fireworks. That is Cohan's stuff and he loves it. In reality it was stage atavism—the song-and-dance man crashing back through the veneer of dignity to his original rôle.

Two or three times he has stepped dramatically into the leading rôles of his plays after some actor had fumbled the part and swept them out of the abyss of failure to the pinnacle of success.

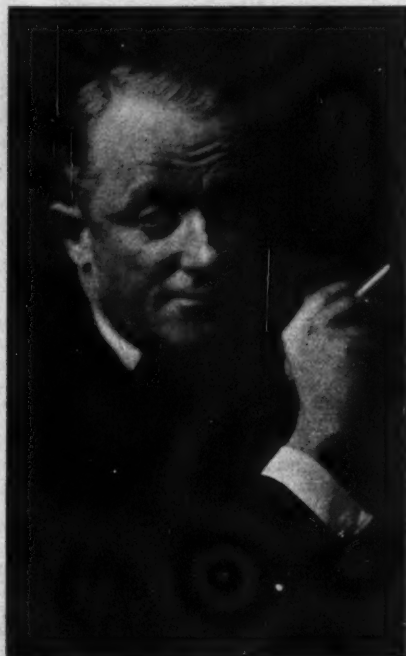
He knows the theater. He can stop a laugh in the throat with a sob and he can muffle the sob with a howling laugh. He was first to dramatize the flag—revealing his insight into "hokum" as well as his insight into the art that makes the theater great.

Cohan has always been an opportunist. A striking example was his composing the song "Over There"—the first military tune of the war and as a result the most lasting. After its enormous sale he sold it for \$25,000.

Standing under the canopy of a Broadway hotel one day as a band marched along playing this tune, Cohan had a far-away look and turning to a motion picture magnate said: "That guy certainly slings a wicked trombone." Everybody was quick-stepping to his melody but the oom-pahing trombonist had the "spot," and that is where Cohan's heart was.

Five times he has tried to leave Broadway and retire to his farm at Great Neck, the seat of the theatrical colony on Long Island. He makes the dramatic cry, "I'm through, boys, I'm through." But he never is nor will he ever be. Deep in his heart he knows he is as much an integral part of Broadway as Long-acre Square. "I want to get away," he told me and there was a touch of the Cohanesque wistfulness—"away with my family. To tour the world. You see, I have only been with them for a few minutes at a time. Broadway is always calling me."

And Broadway will continue to call and Cohan will heed. For he will always be the romantic song-and-dance man with ear cupped for the sweetest music the actor ever hears—applause. He would rather be out front singing "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" than sit with the gods.



He meets his adversary with "Don't kid me. I'm your pal!"

THE HAUNTED

Illustrations by
Grant T. Reynard

"WELL, you've got me into a pretty scrapel," exclaimed Governor Baldrige as Webster G. Burgess entered his office. "That man Forbes has refused his parole. What do you think of that? I don't want to rub it in, but your efforts in behalf of the under dog are sometimes a little too quixotic."

"I've been out of town for a week and didn't know the matter had been passed on," remarked Burgess easily. "Far be it from me to criticize your admirable administration, but usually your Pardon Board doesn't act so quickly."

"Thank you, Mr. Burgess," replied Baldrige mockingly.

The Governor and the president of the White River National Bank were intimate friends and enjoyed chaffing each other. Baldrige's political rows always amused Burgess, who disliked politics; while the Governor was immensely diverted by the banker's weakness for getting into trouble. As a member of the National Prisoners' Reform Association, Burgess had become deeply interested in the men of the underworld. He not only found positions for the repentant when they left prison; he had, as his intimate friends knew, assisted a number of unregenerates to slip past the police after they had lapsed into sin.

Burgess had made his bank the largest in the State and conducted it along safe, conservative lines while at the same time he maintained a fancy stock-farm and bred and raced horses, and in the indulgence of these tastes lost no money. He was a good fellow and enjoyed doing nice things for great numbers of people who had no claim whatever upon his benevolence. If he amused himself by sheltering criminals either from philanthropic motives or from his secret joy in baffling the police, this was hardly to be counted against him when he was otherwise an exemplary, law-abiding citizen.

From time to time, after he had been in mischief, he asked a dozen of his cronies to dinner at the University Club and there told of his latest exploit. His friends warned him that it was only a matter of time until he would land in jail. But Burgess liked excitement and occasionally the object of his benevolence was worth saving.

Governor Baldrige thought he had put Burgess in a hole and, having heard the banker relate many stories of his escapades, he was enormously pleased.



By MEREDITH

"When a man declines a pardon, what's the answer? If the parole has been granted I suppose the warden will have to chuck him out anyhow," said Burgess, sniffing a cigar the Governor offered, dropping it back into the box and lighting a cigaret.

"That's not a campaign cigar," remarked the Governor dryly. "Let's proceed to business. Leonard Forbes was convicted of second degree murder on circumstantial evidence, but, Thoreau remarked, circumstantial evidence is sometimes pretty convincing, as when you find a trout in the milk. Forbes represented some people in New York who had bought coal rights in a lot of land down in Ranger County, and he was an engineer sent out with full authority to develop it. He built himself a bungalow close to the office. Carleton, the murdered man, was an old farmer who lived about half a mile from there. He had a granddaughter living with him, a girl named Hope Carleton.

"She had gone into town on the night the murder occurred, and the State produced no witness of the crime. Forbes had had

ROCKING-CHAIR

A Story of an Up-to-Date Ghost



stubborn silence to the end. He seemed to have no near relatives, but his employers came out from New York and did the best they could for him. That's the story as I understand it. I only read the newspaper head-lines at the time of the murder. A year ago one of the capitalists interested in those coal properties was here on other business and talked to me about the case. He had visited Forbes at the penitentiary and was positive the man was innocent. But that was only his assumption; Forbes wouldn't say a word. This friend asked me to see what I could do toward securing a parole and I had my lawyer get up the papers and I presented the thing to the Pardon Board myself.

"Well, yesterday the prison warden called me on the telephone and said the parole papers had been received all right but that Forbes declined to leave! And that brings us to your question of a moment ago as to what happens in such an unusual situation.

"Such a thing has never happened before in the history of the State. So I'm going to pass the buck—or, to put it a little differently, I'm going to turn Forbes over to you. His parole is in force; he's been discharged from the penitentiary. Perhaps if you study him a little you may be able to get a story that will interest the round table at the club some night."

Burgess drew a small memorandum book from his waist-

coat pocket, found a blank page and poised his pencil. The Governor was laughing at him and he resented being laughed at, even by a Governor whom he liked particularly.

"I'll wager you the best colt in my pasture against a barrel of red apples from your much advertised orchard that within three days I can satisfy you that Forbes is innocent. Shall I make a note of it?"

"Certainly!" the Governor assented. "Only you might add that the colt is to be delivered f.o.b. at my farm. I don't want to have to pay the freight on a horse I never saw."

"All agreed," Burgess replied, and thrust the book back into his pocket.

"You'd better keep away from the scene of the murder," said the Governor. "The Ranger County sheriff dropped in here a week ago and after filing a polite protest against turning Forbes loose gave me the startling information that the Carleton house is haunted. The chair in which the old man sat reading when he

N I C H O L S O N

some trouble with Carleton about the coal rights on his land, and the girl testified to this and to the fact that Forbes had an appointment with Carleton on the night of the murder. One of the neighbors who had been calling on the old man met Forbes in the lane. There was no question as to Forbes's being in the vicinity. The old man was shot in the back—the assassin firing through a window. The rifle bullet that killed old Carleton was of the same caliber as a gun found in Forbes's office—a repeater, with one shell missing. And as for motive, the evidence was clear that the young engineer and Carleton had quarreled several times over the terms of the lease. Now, my dear Burgess—"

"Oh, dear fudge!" exclaimed Burgess impatiently. "The prosecuting attorney down there is a clever young fellow, and he built up a very plausible case. Forbes was a new man in the neighborhood, and as the law had to be vindicated it wasn't a difficult matter to persuade a jury to find him guilty. What interested me was that Forbes made no defense; he maintained a

The Haunted Rocking-Chair

was killed rocks whenever anybody looks at it. You might smoke that in your pipe, Mr. Burgess!"

"Thanks ever so much!" replied Burgess. "A haunted rocking-chair is a pretty idea and has at least the merit of novelty. You'd better motor down with me and have a look at it."

"Oh, I'll appoint you my official investigator! I expect you to sit in the chair and then come back and brag about it."

"That place is about twenty miles from High Ridge," said Burgess musingly. "I'm about due to look at my colts and I'll drop in on the ghost. But I suppose I'd better call at the penitentiary first and see Forbes."

"You little know the extent of my malevolence," replied the Governor, laughing. "Forbes is here! I told the warden to bring him up; they're in the next room now. Thought I'd have a talk with him; but he's a stubborn devil. All he will say is that he wants to go back to the pen; that he didn't ask for clemency and he rather intimates that it's impudent of me to turn him out. You couldn't beat that! With your wide experience with criminals maybe you can reconcile him to his liberty. My duty is discharged and the State shifts its responsibility to your shoulders."

Burgess met the challenge in the Governor's eyes with a grin. "I want you to be sure, Baldridge, that there are no soft apples in the bottom of that barrel I'm going to win from you. Go ahead and open the door."

As Mrs. Burgess was away for the summer, Burgess knew of no good reason why he shouldn't take Forbes back home with him; but not liking the clothes the State had given the convict on his discharge, he bought him the best ready-made suit the town afforded and a generous supply of haberdashery.

While these purchases were being made, Forbes maintained his impassive attitude. Burgess chose the garments and Forbes, stolidly assenting, smiled only once—when Burgess debated at length with the clerk as to the merits of neckties.

Burgess installed Forbes in the most comfortable guest-room and told him to ask for anything he wanted. "Rest or roam about as you please. You will find a fair library on the third floor and there are things to smoke all around the house."

At seven, when Burgess sought Forbes in the library, he found him staring fixedly at the wall with an unopened book on his knees. Many of the criminals Burgess had befriended possessed an ironic humor that greatly tickled him, but Forbes was of a different species and showed himself grimly inaccessible to every offer of sympathy. He was a graduate of one of the great technical schools—Burgess had verified this in preparing the appeal to the Pardon Board—and in spite of his unhappy, disheartened air, the man's bearing was that of a gentleman. At the dinner table Burgess talked steadily, exerting himself without success to win his singular guest to a better frame of mind or surprise him into the disclosure of some explanation of his contemptuous rejection of freedom. They had coffee in the living room, and not until then did Forbes volunteer a remark. With a glance of appreciation about the handsome room, he said:

"Please don't think I am ungrateful. There's nothing you can do for me. I want to go back to prison. As things stand I suppose in a way I'm your prisoner." A wan, heart-breaking smile flickered across his face.

"I don't like that last word," said the banker. "It is not true that you are a prisoner. At twenty-eight the world is all before you, and I want to help you. You have a good education and a fine rating in your profession. I want you to know that I'm going to stand by you."

Forbes nodded, and again half-heartedly expressed his gratitude.

"Of course," he volunteered presently, "I mean to return the money you spent on my case. I am not poor; I have enough to live on in comfort—an inheritance from my father."

"Well, we'll let that rest for the present. I want you to stay here as long as you like. My wife's out of town and you won't be embarrassed in any way. The servants know you only as a guest. I'm leaving town for a few days, but there's a car in the garage that's yours to command. I suggest that you keep out in the air a good deal; it will help to set you up."

"Thank you," Forbes replied listlessly; then added a little petulantly: "I want to go back; I didn't seek my freedom. The friend who interested himself in my case acted without any authority from me. It was fine of you to help, but I don't want my liberty."

The wall behind which he hid himself was as blank as oblivion, but Burgess's active mind was already busy with speculations. Guilty or not guilty, it was inconceivable that Forbes would not

in time shake off his apathy. Burgess, studying him carefully, marveled that a man who outwardly gave the impression of a healthy, wholesome nature could be dominated by so morbid a strain.

Now that Forbes was on his hands, Burgess was afraid to touch upon the murder at all, fearing to drive the man closer in upon himself. One question he meant to put to him, but he hesitated and was surprised at his own reluctance to risk it. Finally, as he was piloting him about the room pointing out some pictures that he particularly prized, he turned toward Forbes carelessly.

"You are not guilty; that's the truth, isn't it?" Burgess asked quickly.

Forbes stared at him oddly; a puzzled look came into his eyes as though he hadn't heard the question or possibly hadn't caught its import. Without uttering a word or betraying the slightest emotion, he walked the length of the room and sat down.

The next morning Burgess left town in a racing machine driven by Jimmie Salder, an ex-convict who was, the banker declared, the most satisfactory chauffeur he had ever employed. He quit the car at High Ridge, sending Salder on to Ortonville, the seat of Ranger County where Forbes had been tried, and Gouldville, the mining village, with instructions to make inquiries and pick up gossip relating to the crime. Salder was an attractive, well educated young fellow who had been a clever check raiser and hotel thief until Burgess picked him up. He possessed a highly developed talent for acquiring information and was shrewd and discreet. The banker had no more devoted admirer than Salder, who had been the companion of many of his adventures.

Shortly after midnight Salder was back at High Ridge, where he found Burgess waiting up for him in the big, comfortable farmhouse. "There wouldn't be anything to it," said Salder, "except for the ghost."

"Ah! The ghost isn't just a neighborhood superstition? Tell me all you know."

"Well, the loafers I talked to in the Ortonville garage swallow it whole. After the murder the Carleton house was shut up and nobody has lived there since, but people still go out of their way to look at the ghost, and you can hear all kinds of stories."

"All rot, of course! I suppose the wind blows through a chink in the window and wobbles the chair a little."

"Well, sir, it isn't just that way," said Salder. "I came by to have a look. I got there about nine o'clock. It's a clear night and hardly a breeze stirring. I left the machine a quarter of a mile from the gate and went up to the house as quietly as possible. The moonlight is so bright you can see a long way, and as I kept a sharp watch nobody could have beat me to the house to work the ghost trick. I can tell you it's mighty lonesome around there, and the moonlight seemed to make it a lot lonelier."

"All the windows are boarded up except one on the porch, where a whole sash is smashed out. The moon was over my shoulder and lighted up the whole room, and sure enough there was the rocking-chair, and the darn thing *rocked*! At first it was just a slow, tired sort of rock, not getting much faster but keeping steady on the job. It seemed almost as though the thing was geying me; that's just the way it acted. I walked round the house, tried the doors and looked to see whether the boards at the other windows were loose, but everything was all tight, and then I went back on the porch and took another peep. I hadn't been gone more than two or three minutes and the rocker was almost still, but right away it started up as though it was tickled to see me back!"

"There's another story I heard at Ortonville; the old man was supposed to keep a lot of money somewhere on the place. He was one of those rubes that won't trust the banks, and the administrator has never found it. The only heir seems to be the granddaughter who lived with the old man—Hope Carleton. She was in town spending the night when he was killed and hasn't been back to the farm since the funeral."

"How about the girl? Never suspected, was she?"

"No; and she stands high in Ortonville. Everybody speaks well of her and pitied her for having to live with the old man. They all expected that she would get his money when he died, but the land is poor stuff and hasn't been sold and the murder and the ghost put a blink on it."

"Robbery wasn't in the case against Forbes at all. What would you think of seeing the girl in the hope of getting something out of her?"

"Just offhand I'd be against it," Salder answered. "I had a look at her in Ortonville, where she teaches school. She's



"When I came here to live," said Hope to Burgess, "grandfather told me about this hiding-place."

mighty handsome, if you ask me—proud and carries her head high. She used to be the jolliest girl in the county and everyone admired her for sticking to her grandfather. They say she hasn't been the same since the murder. When her parents died she went to keep house for Carleton, and the story is that the old man didn't treat her any too well. She was engaged to be married to a young fellow in Ortonville named Cummings but seems to have broken it off. Cummings is an electrical engineer, an Ortonville boy, and he left only a few days ago to take a job in Chicago."

"Rather interesting, that," said Burgess, lifting his head quickly. "Go on."

"Oh, you can't blame the shooting on Cummings! I asked some of the people I talked to in Ortonville about him and it seems the grand jury didn't overlook him, as he'd been at the Carleton place a good deal. You see, Cummings and this girl

Hope sang in the Central Church choir at Ortonville and they were both at the church practising the night Carleton was killed. Cummings lived with his mother right there in town and he had been doing some electrical work out at the mines under Forbes, but he was in town for supper that night and took the girl to choir practise. He left her at the house of some friends of hers, where she spent the night, and went home to his mother's.

"The doctors judged from the condition of Carleton's body that he was shot early in the evening. A neighbor stopped at the farmhouse about nine the next morning and found the old man crumpled up in the chair, with the newspaper he had been reading lying on his knees. He never knew what hit him. The shade had been down when the shot was fired, but the old man always sat by a table in the middle of the room in the same place every

The Haunted Rocking-Chair

night and the shot must have been fired by someone who knew his habits and knew just how to pot him."

"I hadn't got this girl business before," said Burgess, "but of course Forbes knew her, as the Carleton land was under lease, and he had every excuse for visiting there."

"Oh, they were acquainted! That was brought out at the trial, too. Forbes used to call there and he had occasionally taken her for a drive, and he was welcome at the house until the dispute arose about the lease. There was a question as to where a switch should be run onto the land or something like that. From all accounts Carleton had a mean temper and was hard to get on with. People say he didn't appreciate at all the sacrifices his granddaughter was making to keep him comfortable in his old age."

"A disagreement about a switch is a very weak motive," remarked Burgess pensively. "You have got to consider that Forbes is a man of education and had been connected with coal mining in different parts of the country ever since he left college. He's not the sort of fellow who would assassinate an old man in the interest of his corporation. What he would naturally do would be to turn the whole matter over to the company's lawyer. Forbes is a high-strung, sensitive fellow, and probably with an exaggerated sense of honor."

"I'm disposed to think the girl holds the key to the mystery. Let's consider a little. She and Cummings had probably grown up together and possibly she had promised to marry him; and then along came Forbes, an attractive young man from a larger world, and they became interested in each other, and of course the young fellow who had been her lover from school days resented it, and it's possible—of course it's only possible—that Cummings did the shooting."

"Then why didn't Forbes defend himself?" demanded Salder. "I've been in jail a good many times myself and I can't imagine any man just taking what the law hands him without putting up a fight. It ain't in human nature."

"We won't generalize too much about human nature," said Burgess. "We are dealing with an unusual case. I think Forbes is innocent, and yet his conduct certainly points to guilt. We have got to find a motive for his silence. He may think the girl shot the old man, or that she put Cummings up to it. Or he may be so deeply in love with this girl that he would ruin his life to protect his successful rival."

"This chivalry stuff is all right," said Salder with a grin, "but twenty years in the pen isn't a pretty thought. And you've got to remember that Cummings and the girl were both accounted for on the night of the shooting."

"We'll pass that for the moment. As Cummings worked for Forbes there might have been some trouble, but you'd have hard work to connect that with Carleton's death. You say this money that was supposed to be hidden on the Carleton place hasn't been found?"

"No; the administrator has given it up. The girl may know where the money is, and she may have got it or allowed Cummings to get it, but—"

"It's now a quarter of one," Burgess interrupted, "and I'm going to have a look at that ghost before daylight. Be sure you have plenty of gas, get an oil lantern and an electric flash or two, and you'd better take an ax and a hatchet along. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

The Carleton house stood on a low hill behind a semicircle of pines. Leaving their machine out of sight on a side road, Burgess and Salder followed a path that led through a strip of heavy timber and surveyed the premises from the shelter of a ramshackle barn. The moon still lighted the landscape and objects were clearly discernible over a wide area. Salder led the way round the house to the side porch and the two were soon standing by the open window, peering into the room where the tragedy had occurred.

"There it goes," Salder whispered. The moonlight fell upon the chair, which had already begun to rock, slowly at first and then more rapidly until its movement gave the impression of mockery, a weird, unearthly gaiety, of which Salder had spoken. Burgess watched it silently for several minutes, then took the flashlight and crawled into the room. He scratched with the end of his lamp on the oval rug of woven rags to see whether the dust was thick enough to show footprints. To all appearances no one had crossed the room in many weeks. A ghost could not have chosen a safer place for its habitat.

Burgess stood some distance from the chair, watching it intently; then he caught hold of the back and steadied it. The moment it was freed the rocking began again. He repeated this experiment several times with the same result. In the desolate house on the hilltop the manifestation was uncanny and well calculated to waken fear in the heart of the beholder.

Salder, observing these experiments from the window, laughed aloud when the banker backed into the table, causing it to creak dismally, and gained the window in a single leap.

"If you think I'm scared you're mistaken," Burgess remarked, wiping the perspiration from his face. He knelt and rested his hand on the rug close to the rocker and found that the floor immediately beneath moved in rhythm with the chair. He jumped up and snatched the chair away from the table. In the new position it did not rock, and he made further tests in different parts of the room with the same result.

"Stand still just where you are, Salder. I'll put the thing back where we found it." Its former-position was defined by the marks in the dust, and setting it down carefully in the tracks Burgess drew away. Instantly it began to rock as before.

"All right! Now step off the porch for a minute."

As Salder's head disappeared from the window the chair, which had reached the maximum agitation,

gradually grew quiet and then stood perfectly still. Burgess cried out jubilantly.

"Come in, Salder, and bring the tools!"

He flung back the rug and kneeling by the table where the chair had stood beat upon the planks with his knuckles. To outward appearances there was nothing to indicate (Continued on page 142)

The Ten Books Receiving the Highest Vote

Votes

- 563 THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY
By H. G. Wells
- 471 FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE
By F. Blasco Ibañeta
- 355 IF WINTER COMES
By A. S. M. Hutchinson
- 346 AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK
By Edward Bok
- 345 THE LIFE OF CHRIST
By Giovanni Papini
- 302 THE CRISIS
By Winston Churchill
- 286 SHORT STORIES
By O. Henry
- 281 THE VIRGINIAN
By Owen Wister
- 256 LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE
By Burton J. Hendrick
- 254 THE MIND IN THE MAKING
By James Harvey Robinson

THIS is the result of the vote taken by the International Book Review to determine the ten books which the readers of that publication consider the best ten published since 1900. It seems perfectly logical to me that Owen Wister's "The Virginian" should be one of the four novels included.

But it is a shock to my feelings when I realize that "The Virginian" was published in 1902. Why, that's an age ago—that's back in the days when we thought Langley was a fool for trying to fly an airplane, back when the submarine, the wireless, the radio were absurdities.

I find that I'm beginning to say those were the good old days. Perhaps it's because of books like "The Virginian." Perhaps it's because I remember so vividly the story of the frog farm; because, even today, I thrill so when I think of the hero's "Smile when you call me that name." What a novel that was! As I wrote Mr. Wister—good heavens! that letter is fifteen years old—the man who could write that story, owed it to readers to write more.

But it wasn't till a few months ago that he did. It wasn't till a few months ago that he went back to the mine of humor and adventure and romance that produced a novel which has lived for twenty-two years. When he went back he mined a new vein, but with the old Simon pure ore.

Read Mr. Wister's "Sun Road" in the July Cosmopolitan. If you are of my generation, you will meet an old friend. If you're too young to have known "The Virginian," you'll meet—and enjoy—a new one.

[R. L.]

By Elsie Robinson

*A Story that Proves
that Kipling was
Right about "Sisters
Under the Skin"*

*Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell*

EXACTLY the idiotic sort of gift one might have expected from Flossie. Theodora sniffed at them over her nail buffing. Of all the silly fashions, 'this' one of colored sandals— She surveyed her well built brogue complacently, then frowned at the thick crust left by the tarweed on its sole. Horrible country! Even the weeds were sticky sweet. And there was no way to avoid them. Not a decent road within fifty miles, only slovenly trails wandering off through the chapparal, leading nowhere. Aimless—that was it. The whole section, people included, was aimless. Ugh! She detested aimlessness. Flossie's gift certainly fitted the place even if it didn't suit a tailored Theodora. Shoddy scarlet sandals—all flippancy and color without a particle of practical value. Well, thank Heaven that didn't express the Madison standard!

She assembled the manicure set and placed it in its niche in an immaculate bureau drawer. An hour before school-time, but she might as well start, for there was nothing else to do. A whole hour in which to walk an empty half-mile past 'dobe ruins sleeping in the sun; dove-haunted, rose-wreathed ruins, as flippant in death as they had been in life, when castanets rang through fandango halls and murder spilled its slow red trickle down the dark flagged street. An hour in which to do precisely nothing. Wading through the dust to avoid a sprawling oleander bush, Theo muttered in exasperation. Shiftless place! What was the use of wasting education on children who knew no higher standard of living than this?

Youth at twenty-one doesn't usually mutter resentfully because it faces an idle hour in the ruins of a California mining town of Spanish origin and romantic history. Even youth that draws its slim straight lines, its smoky eyes and faintly gilded hair from old New England stock, generally manages to loaf without compunction. But five generations of college professors, ministers, lawyers and the efficient consorts of such gentry had pretty nearly eliminated the loaf from Theodora Madison's heritage. No doves would nest or roses wreath upon her ruins, not if she knew it. Theo had been fitted for the Serious Things of Life. Probably that was why she had chosen Ernest Miles.

She was thinking of Ernest as she idled toward the battered schoolhouse where she was to teach for the following year. Life with Professor Miles would hold none of this exasperating dawd-

ling. They would have a wonderful time together when he had completed his year's teaching at the university and was freed for his sabbatical vacation in Europe. A honeymoon in Europe—perfect! Galleries, museums, lectures, laboratory work at a certain famous clinic, research work in Berlin; and then their book, that little book on eugenics for which their elect world was eagerly waiting. Not a best seller. Theodora could imagine nothing more vulgar or undesirable than a best seller. A definite contribution to advanced thought. One more argument against the indiscriminate sentimental mingling of Anglo-Saxon blood and standards with alien strains. Such an argument!

At precisely this point the gravel landed in her eye. Bing! She fumbled furiously for a handkerchief, scrambled to one side to avoid rearing hoofs. Clumsy fool! With a hundred miles in which to race he had to choose her path. Her eye hurt outrageously. Pin-pricks of anguish flamed in the darkness. She stumbled a little, felt a hand on her arm and shook it off indignantly. A babble of apology overwhelmed her.

"Hell, lady—I'm sorry! Honest I am. I didn't see. Say, excuse me, won't you? Gosh, I'm sorry. The dust's so thick. Are you hurt bad? Can't I do something? Can't I get you some water or something? Gosh, I'm sorry!"



Scarlet Sandals

"You needn't do anything!" she snapped, opening an eye and blearing upon him furiously. "I never heard of such clumsiness. You couldn't help seeing me—"

"Honest, I didn't. I came down that alley there. Say, I'm awful sorry." The liquid Italian accent softened the harsh English into an eloquent plea for forgiveness—and what he couldn't say with tongue he said with eloquent hands.

But she would not be pacified. "You rode over me deliberately. If you couldn't see me you're either crazy or drunk!" she stormed.

"I did not ride over you! And I am not drunk!" he shouted back, fired to sudden anger by her unreasonableness. "I make a mistake and say I am sorry. Then you say I lie and am drunk. Just because you get a little dust in your eye you get mad as blazes. And talk crazy. You make me seek!"

Amazement choked her retort. Five seconds ago he had been an ignorant Italian cowboy justly reprimanded for his carelessness. Now the positions were reversed and he stood there as her judge, every inch of his six feet quivering with rage. She was so angry she was afraid of herself. In another minute she'd do something horrible—slap him, perhaps. She never could trust herself in one of her rare tempers. The only dignity lay in retreat.

"That will do. Get out of my way!" she commanded haughtily. "I told you I was sorry. What more do you want?" he insisted, glowering at her. If only she had been a man! He fastened a yearning glare upon the exact point on her chin—

"Get out of my way!" she repeated.

"Sure, I'll get out of your way!" He swung himself lightly to his saddle and spurred his horse until it wheeled before her on a dancing pivot. Balanced in mid-air, he laughed down at her, a laugh as spurred as his heels. "I'll beat it, lady. But first I tell you what I think. You're the new school-teacher—huh? Well, I'll tell the world you'll make a fine one, but I'm glad I'm no kid! You've got one helluva temper."

With a taunting swoop of his sombrero he was gone. She turned to face a huddling group of fat brown children, their eyes beady with distrust of this new teacher who already had the beeg fight with Ramon Sanguinetti.

She managed her school program quietly enough, but all day beneath her precise surface she raged. She was furious at him, but more furious at herself. Brawling with a common laborer! She'd seen him before, hadn't she? With hostile interest she tried to remember vague scraps of information.

Young, maybe twenty-nine, running a ranch in one of the higher valleys. His Italian parents, a little more comfortably fixed than their neighbors, had given him four years at high school. He had worked his own way through another year at the State "cow college," then returned to take up the management of the ranch left vacant by the death of his parents. The townspeople said he had made good, that he would be a rich man some day. But to Theo's prejudiced memory he seemed to spend most of his time playing stud poker in the old saloon off the plaza or whooping through town with gangs of cowboys, the red and orange of their chaps mad spurts of color against their bronchos' flanks. All of a piece with the whole slatternly, melodramatic place. And she had stooped to quarrel with a man like that!

Her resentment at the incident merged into her general dislike of the country. A vast, disorderly land, simmering in an amber sirup of light. Even the tar weed added to her disgust. It was everywhere, its tarry stalks clustered with golden flowers of spicy fragrance. Theo disliked all perfume, and here, an insult added to injury, were miles of perfumed land. She could not free herself from its smell or clutch. It epitomized all the elements which irritated her in this new environment. And being very lonely she let that irritation grow until it was almost an obsession.

She thought constantly of Ernest and waited eagerly for his visit at the end of August. She couldn't remember having longed for Ernest before, although they had been engaged two years. There had been no tumult about their love-making. They had the same interest and ambitions, moved in the same social and educational circles, and admired each other. Their engagement had been almost inevitable. Ernest Miles was exactly the sort of man the Madison women had always chosen for husbands. Tall, spare, good-looking, perfectly groomed, though a bit too dry about the edges, Ernest was a beautifully tooled human dry-point, the perfected achievement of as many generations as her own. In fact he made even Theo feel a trifle *gauche* at times.

There was a streak in herself she did not understand. Quick tempers—like getting angry at that impossible Sanguinetti man, for instance; sudden tempestuous enthusiasms; sealed moods when she yearned for something she could not define and was

outrageously rude to everyone. Such demonstrations came seldom, but they did come. Ernest always cooled and crystalized her, although he made her feel very young and untidy in the process. Sometimes she resented it. She wouldn't resent it now. She wanted him!

She climbed the trail back of town the evening before his arrival. She had found an old buckeye tree which gave a pleasant resting place from which to watch the sunsets. During the lonely weeks this had been her sole diversion. The sunsets were indescribably splendid. Hot seas of gold and carmine boiling on the purple dyke of hills, to fade at last into a clear jade pool that cupped the first white star beneath a pearly sky. The dramatic beauty of the sight never failed to stimulate and rest her.

Savage color affected her strongly. As a little child she had longed for brilliant dresses, to her mother's dismay. She had outgrown that love of garish grooming, but in the strange underworld of her spirit something danced when color called. As she watched tonight, a Theo that had nothing to do with five generations of Madisons peered from her eyes. The coils of her hair had loosened—they were the color of old honey in the topaz light. She lifted her hand to straighten them, heard a twig snap, turned, startled.

Ramon Sanguinetti was leaning against the tree, watching her.

"You!" she cried, antagonism instantly alert.

"Yes, I came five minutes ago. You did not hear me." His tone was casual, neither seeking nor repelling.

She scrambled to her feet and began to gather bag and books. So she wasn't to have even one spot free from this rabble!

"You are going?"

She did not answer.

"I'd like to say something—"

She turned deliberately down the trail. Before she had taken a dozen steps his hand closed on her arm.

"Stop! Wait a minute. I want to tell you—"

"Let me go this instant!" She wrenched furiously at his hand.

"No. Not until you promise to listen."

"How dare you!" Even as she said it she felt ridiculous. This was cheap melodrama. Melodrama or not, his hand held. Perhaps she'd better humor him. She didn't want another scene.

"Well—" She hesitated.

Instantly he dropped his hand. "All right, then. I let you go. Now will you listen?" He smiled, his teeth a creamy ripple against the scarlet of his lips.

Theo froze. The man was actually familiar! "What do you want to say to me?"

"Oh, just the same as the other time! Only maybe today you'll listen. I'm sorry for that clumsy riding. And for those rude things I said. But you made me mad, calling names like that. I get mad queeck always. Bang! Like that. Then I am sorry. You forgive me?"

They looked at each other like embarrassed children. A rare streak of understanding made her gurgle with laughter. How silly it all was—squabbling over a trifle!

"Then you do forgive me? You are not mad now!"

"Yes, I forgive you." She smiled again reluctantly, her self-consciousness returning.

"Fine! Then I forgive you too."

"You—forgive—me!"

"Sure. For those bad things you said to me. And now we will sit and watch the sunset—yes?"

He had already flung himself upon the grass and was smiling at her across the rolling of a cigaret. Her amazement was so breath-taking that her one impulse was to sit. She sat. And there they were.

She expected conversation. Just let him start it! She prepared half a dozen devastating replies. But he paid no further attention to her. Lazily he smoked, watching the ruddy galleons of clouds pass by with billowing orange sails. Gradually her amazement, resentment, even her curiosity cooled. They were very quiet. The color was draining from the sky. It had become an immense expectant space. There was no top to it. It opened infinitely into pale radiance. Beneath, the shadows flowed upon the town. It was a lake of purple wine cupped in the rough gold of the circling hills. As she watched, the wine mounted, flooding the trail with drowsy waves. She felt curiously content, as though the wine were rising in her too.

"It's great, isn't it?" he said at last.

There was an odd undertone in his voice. Ernest's voice ranged between his bronchial tubes and his front teeth and registered no further than your ears. But this went deeper—slipped softly to closed doors. Her antagonism slept. She gave herself up to the



A mocking bird trilled and something sang like it through Theo's blood. "Would you like to walk, Ernest—dear?" "Sorry, Theo. This beastly throat—I call must turn in."

silky darkness, to the warm perfume lifting on the lazy air—to the voice.

"There's a place on my ranch." He had turned his face to hers. The glow of his cigaret turned it to a plaque of shadowed ivory. "It is the hill back of my house. You can see through a pass in the hills almost to Yosemite."

"That must be nice."

"Yes it is like looking at a little picture far off. Sometimes—"

The voice went on, the pictures growing with the simple words. Night had dissolved the barrier between them. For a space they were wrapped in one friendly shadow. Unconsciously he spread his life before her. A rough life, with few subtleties, but far from the stupid vagabondage she had imagined. As definite an ambition as her own, she thought with surprise. To work and

play hard in his youth, increasing his herd, adding to his acres. Then the family. Always that idea of the family ahead—the family spreading with the acres and the herd. From her youth she'd known what pride of family meant, but this pride was to be recorded in babies rather than in brochures. Human, not printed documents to leave behind. The good fat years and then old age. To sit beside the pomegranate hedge, wine-glass in hand, grand-babies at his feet, and watch the sun slip downward on the westward slope. The cycle of the seed. The progress of the herd. The growth of the home. Harvest, round-up—and love.

It was the first time she had experienced the frankness of the Latin viewpoint. Strange to hear a young man—a young man who wore purple chaps and played stud poker and probably got



very drunk—discussing his family. Discussing children as if they were crops! She would have been amazed or shocked had one of her own set so spoken. But some warm intuition gave her insight into the beauty of the thing he saw. What? She did not know. But she did understand, as plainly as if he spoke of some hope sealed within herself.

Suddenly she started. "Look—it's dark! I didn't realize—we must have been talking for hours."

He helped her rise. She stumbled. The sudden bracing of his hand confused her unpleasantly. Her formality returned.

"How stupid of me!" she said. "They've probably had their dinner hours ago, and there won't—"

"If you'll come with me," he broke into eager protest. "I know where we can eat. You'll like it, maybe. It would be new."

She hesitated, then found that he was already leading the way and followed. They climbed over the ridge and down a strange trail. For a time they stumbled through chaparral and lupine bushes. Then the trail broadened into the clear before a cabin.

"Ola Juana!" he shouted.

The door opened and a fat Mexican woman stood silhouetted against the oily light.

"Es posible darnos algo de comer? La señorita no ha cenado. I'm asking her if she can give us something to eat," he explained to Theo.

The woman smiled. "Sí! Pase. No hay nada que polenta la cual es suyo con gusto." She stood back that they might pass.

"She says she hasn't anything but *polenta* but we're welcome to that," he interpreted as Theo entered.

The room was dim, its shadows broken by gleams of copper, a line of red and yellow peppers strung behind the stove, the milky spiral from a bubbling pot, the checkered scarlet of the table-cloth. In the middle of the table stood a big platter heaped with yellow mounds half hidden under some reddish sauce. Pungent steam rose from it. Theo sniffed hungrily and laughed like a child.

"I knew you would like it fine," he said, breaking off the babble of Spanish. "Old Juana is a chum of mine. She was cook for my mother. We are Italian. That is, the *madre* and *padre*, they were Italian, but I am American. Juana is Mexican but she learn the Italian cooking. This *polenta* is not Mexican. It is the Italian farmer's dish. Like your pork an' beans. You think you like it—maybe?"

Laughing, chattering, waving expressive brown hands, they explained the *polenta* which she ate with delight. Mysterious in appearance, it proved to be the simplest of foods. A stiff cornmeal mush and over it a gravy made from beef simmered for hours—with oil, tomatoes, onions, herbs, garlic and mushrooms. On top of that, grated Parmesan cheese. Theo, after the first



Unconsciously Ramon spread his life before her. As definite an ambition as her own. Theo thought with surprise.

taste, devoured two heaping portions without shame. With them a thick glass of red wine from a wicker demijohn which Ramon slung across his shoulder as he poured. As she ate and drank her whole body seemed to soften. Once across the pool of light she felt his eyes fixed upon her. A wave of warmth swept and weakened her. She laughed uncertainly and wondered why one glass of wine should so affect her.

Through their almost silent walk back to the town the mood held. He led the way. She followed.

"Next Saturday night there's the dance. Have you been to one? They are not like your dances in the ceety. People will come from everywhere. From twenty, fifty mile, maybe. Will you go?"

"But I've never gone to a dance like that."

"No? Then you will like this one all the more. You will go—yes?"

She looked up at him. His smile was trusting, friendly. She could not snub him after his kindness. "Yes, I'll go."

But with the morning she wondered what could have moved her to such a promise. It would be a frightful bore. What would Ernest say? She felt a prickle of discomfort at fear of his criticism. Then she laughed at her fears. Why give another thought to the thing? An interesting incident—colorful as any glimpse into a foreign life is bound to be. But nothing more. Already

the thought of Ernest's arrival was blotting out the impression. What a relief to have someone of her own kind at last!

She gave a little sigh of pleasure as she watched him dismount from the ancient flivver that evening. He *was* fine! Every motion was distinguished. In spite of the tiresome ride he seemed cool and immaculate. She was proud as she led him down the street to his quarters. Her Ernest! When the door closed she turned to him shyly. She had never been so eager for his kiss. But Ernest brushed her cheek with abstracted lips.

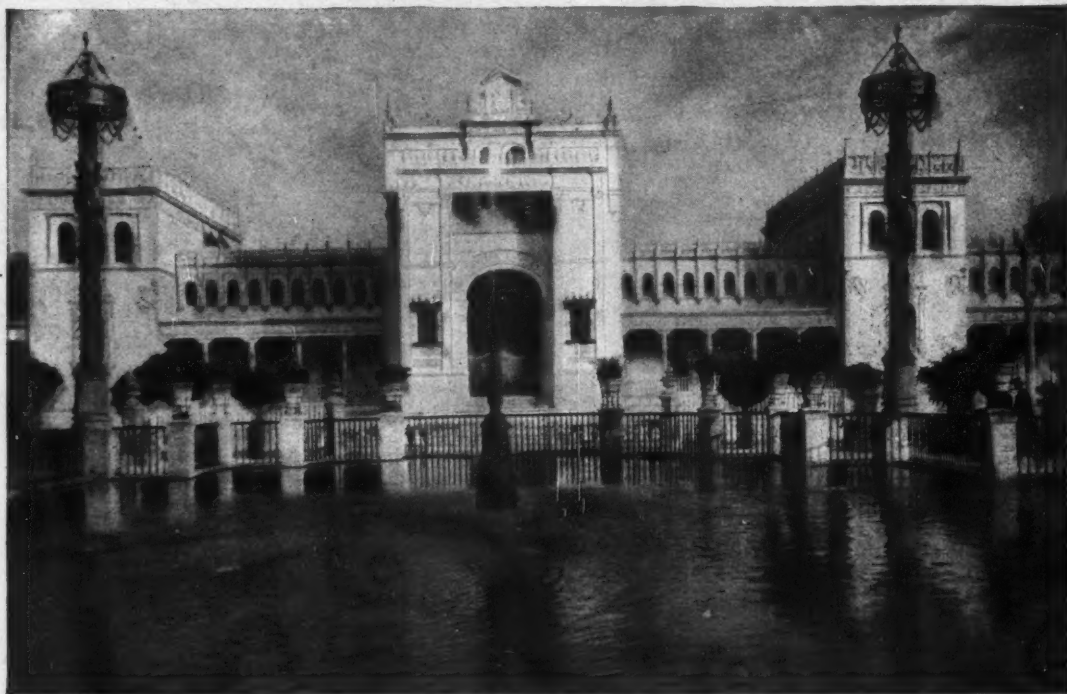
"I'm feeling wretchedly," he complained. "The dust—frightfully raw throat—wonder if you can find me some aspirin, Theo."

She could and did, but there was no enthusiasm in her ministrations. She felt curiously let down. Of course she would have hated him if he had been—grabby. But—well—still, that wasn't reasonable. They never had been demonstrative. She'd often told him how she disliked kisses. Only—she'd been so lonely. She reasoned with herself, trying to restore her mood of tiptoe anticipation. But it would not return. Secretly impatient at herself, outwardly serene, she threw herself into the business of entertaining Ernest.

The entertainment proved a little difficult. She hadn't thought it would. Hornitos was quaint, even if it was tiresome as a dwelling-place. The crumbling 'dobe buildings with green hand-wrought iron doors and barred windows; the tangled gardens hidden from the street where once the families played and worked. The fig and olive trees mingled their branches now. The roses crept across the plots of aromatic herbs. But still bright strings of peppers dried before some doors, beef strips dried into jerky in the hot air and naked feet trod

(Continued on page 164)

The HAPPY MAN



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An Exposition Building in Seville.

IT IS a dangerous thing to order the lives of others, and I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers and such like who are prepared to force upon their fellows measures which must alter their manners, habits and points of view.

I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself? Heaven knows, I know little enough of myself; I know nothing of others. We can only guess at the thoughts and emotions of our neighbors. Each one of us is a prisoner in a solitary tower, and he communicates with the other prisoners, who form mankind, by conventional signs which have not quite the same meaning for them as for himself. And life unfortunately is something that you can lead only once, mistakes are often irreparable, and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it?

Life is a difficult business, and I have found it hard enough to make my own, as I sought, a complete and rounded thing; I have not been tempted to instruct my neighbor how he should conduct his. But there are men who flounder at the journey's start, the way before them is confused and hazardous, and sometimes, however unwillingly, I have been forced to point the finger of fate. Sometimes men have said to me, what shall I do with my life, and I have seen myself for a moment wrapped in the dark cloak of destiny.

Once I know that I advised well.

I was a young man and I lived in a modest apartment in London near Victoria Station. Late one afternoon, when I was beginning to think that I had worked enough for that day, I heard a ring at the bell. I opened the door to a total stranger. He asked me my name; I told him; he asked me if he might come in. "Certainly."

I led him into my sitting room and asked him to sit down. He seemed to me a trifle embarrassed. I offered him a cigaret and he had some difficulty in lighting it without letting go of his hat. When he had satisfactorily achieved this feat I asked him if I should not put it on a chair for him. He quickly did this and while doing it dropped his umbrella.

"I hope you don't mind my coming to see you like this," he said. "My name is Stephens and I am a doctor. You're in the medical, I believe."

"Yes, but I don't practise."

"No, I know. I've just read a book of yours about Spain and I wanted to ask you about it."

"It's not a very good book, I'm afraid," I replied.

"The fact remains that you know something about Spain and there's no one else I know who does. And I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me some information."

"I shall be very glad."

He was silent for a moment. He reached out for his hat and holding it in one hand absent-mindedly stroked it with the other. I surmised that it gave him confidence.

"I hope you won't think it very strange for a perfect stranger to talk to you like this." He gave an apologetic laugh. "I'm not going to tell you the story of my life."

When people say this to me I always know that it is precisely what they are going to do. I do not mind. I rather like it.

"I was brought up by two old aunts. I've never been anywhere. I've never done anything. I've been married for six years. I have no children. I'm medical officer at the Camberwell Infirmary. I can't stick it any more."

There was something very striking in the short, sharp sentences he used. They had a passionate ring. I had not given him more than a cursory glance, but now I looked at him with curiosity. He was a little man, thick-set and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round, red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head. He was dressed in a blue suit. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily.

"You know what the duties are of a medical officer in an infirmary. One day is pretty much like another. And that's all I've got to look forward to for the rest of my life. Do you think it's worth it?"

"It's a means of livelihood," I answered.

"Yes, I know. The money's pretty good."

"I don't exactly know why you've come to see me."

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
*The Story of a Time When He Played
the Part of Fate*



A Seville street—"There's sunshine there, and color, and air you can breathe."

"Well, I wanted to know whether you thought there would be any chance for an English doctor in Spain."

"Why Spain?"

"I don't know, I just have a fancy for it."

"It's not like Carmen, you know," I smiled.

"But there's sunshine there, and there's good wine, and there's color, and there's air you can breathe. Let me say what I have to say straight out. I heard by accident that there was no English doctor in Seville. Do you think I could earn a living there? Is it madness to give up a good safe job for an uncertainty?"

"What does your wife think about it?"

"She's willing."

"It's a great risk," I said.

"I know. But if you say, take it, I will; if you say, stay where you are, I'll stay."

He was looking at me steadfastly with those bright dark eyes of his, and I know that he meant what he said. I answered him with seriousness.

"Your whole future is concerned; you must decide for yourself. But this I can tell you: if you do not want money, but are content to earn just enough to keep body and soul together, then go, for you will lead a wonderful life."

He left me; I thought about him for a day or two and then forgot. The episode passed completely from my memory.

Many years later, fifteen at least, I happened to be in Seville and having some trifling indisposition asked the hotel porter whether there was an English doctor in the town. He said there was and gave me the address. I took a cab and as I drove up to the house a little fat man came out of it.

He hesitated when he caught sight of me. "Have you come to see me?" he said. "I'm the English doctor."

I explained my errand and he asked me to come in. He lived in an ordinary Spanish home with a patio, and his consulting room, which led out of it was littered with papers, books, medical appliances and lumber. The sight of it would have startled a squeamish patient.

We did our business and then I asked the doctor what his fee was. He shook his head and smiled. "There is no fee. Don't

you remember me? Why, I'm here because of something you once said to me. You changed my whole life for me. I am Stephens."

I had not the least idea what he was talking about. He reminded me of our interview, he repeated to me what we had said and gradually out of the night a confused recollection of the incident came back to me.

"I was wondering if I should ever see you again," he said. "I was wondering if ever I should have a chance of thanking you for all you've done for me."

"It's been a success, then?"

I looked at him. He was very fat now and bald, but his eyes twinkled gaily and his fleshy red face bore an expression of perfect good humor. The clothes he wore, terribly shabby they were, had been made obviously by a Spanish tailor, and his hat was the wide-brimmed sombrero of the Spaniard. He looked to me as though he knew a good bottle of wine when he saw it. He had a dissipated though entirely sympathetic appearance. You might have hesitated to let him remove your appendix, but you could not have imagined a more delightful creature to drink a glass of wine with.

"Surely you were married?" I said.

"Yes. My wife didn't like Spain, she went back to Camberwell; she was more at home there."

"Oh, I'm sorry for that!"

His black eyes flashed a bacchanalian smile. He really had somewhat the look of a young Silenus.

"Life is full of compensations."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a Spanish woman, no longer in her first youth, but still boldly and voluptuously beautiful, appeared. She spoke to him in Spanish and I could not fail to perceive that she was the mistress of the house.

As he stood at the door to let me out he said to me:

"You told me when last I saw you that if I came here I should earn just enough money to keep body and soul together, but that I should lead a wonderful life. Well, I want to tell you that you were right. Poor I have been and poor I shall always be, but by Heaven, I've enjoyed myself. I wouldn't exchange the life I've had with that of any king in the world."



Out of the singing blue a man rode towards them, and as he rode, graceful and grave and attired in all the trappings of a romantic West, he looked into Linda's startled, vivid face. "Snakes!" said Johnnie Lang when he had passed. "That was the spittin' likeness of Triggerfinger of Montany—that cowboy there. Triggerfinger was one of your regular des-per-a-does. And every man and every woman and a half was his friend—or sweetheart."

By KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

T A ROMANCE OF A D E S P E R A D O r i g g e r f i n g e r

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

LINDA LANG loved to read a Western romance because, being the daughter of a poor Wyoming homesteader, she saw little of the "great free spaces" and nothing of the "strong red-blooded men." Her duties took her no farther than the few square yards about her untidy little home, crowded with children of all sizes and degrees of shabbiness, to the wood-pile where she chopped and sawed and split, to the river where she scooped up pails of water, to the garbage bucket from which she fed the chickens and the pigs, to the clothes-line to which she lifted heavy sodden masses of clothing she had washed herself.

And by far the greater portion of her day was spent indoors, waiting upon her sick mother, cooking over the ramshackle stove, making up, after a frontier fashion, beds like shelves laden with old torn blanketing and dingy comforters.

Linda's father had built this cabin in a mosquito-breeding nest of willows, convenient to water and protected from the snow. It had its back to the view of snow-capped peaks which were besides decapitated by a level ax-edge of bench—one of those long even declivities, half mesa and half mountain, a sort of Titanic embankment by means of which the broad clean land descended step by step from the foot-hills to the river-bottom.

Lang did not "run" cattle, or any other sort of stock. He got his milk from a can and shot his meat in and out of season. He had driven into the country fifteen years before with a wife, a baby, two dollars, a wagon and a team. Wife, team and wagon were still with him though they showed the marks of overwork, hard weather and abuse; the baby was seventeen-year-old Linda, and there were six younger babies, undernourished and undergrown, suffering from enlarged tonsils, adenoids, chronic indigestion and the other ailments which beset the offspring of the ignorant, the slothful, the overwealthy and the poor.

As for the two dollars, the amount would have been difficult to collect had there at any time during the fifteen years of Lang's homesteading been a sudden call upon his pocket.

Lang's land was barren and grudging as a stone. His labor availed him nothing. The surly slothfulness of failure descended upon his spirit and the flesh of such despair upon his bones. He became a scowling fat man, reader with a yawn or a curse than with a helping hand. His family accepted him as cattle accept thunder. He could be both tender and humorous too, the big, heavy, disappointed adventurer, this lover and this father who had once, like all adventurers, imagined and pursued clean and beautiful dreams.

Several times Lindy had driven down to the nearest settlement. For the most part, like the hero of Casablanca, she had been under command to sit in the wagon and mind the team while pa did his errands, but twice she had penetrated into the dim vistas of the Mercantile Supply Company and from the owner, Drew Gambell, she had received the first time a ginger cookie and the second time a book. On the cookie occasion she had been a round and sunburnt ten-year-old, on the second, a thin straight sixteen, small and pale with eyes that leaped at the heart like amber fire. It was to Linda's eyes that Lang owed the latest extension of his credit, and it was to her eyes that she owed her introduction to the romance of the West.

Lindy had learned to read, for, could a child ride or walk six miles, there was a schoolhouse down the river. When she could be spared, Lindy had attended, taking random stitches of information through her ignorance. Reading was a pleasant acquisition

and her home walls, papered with old newspapers and magazines, provided fascinating if unrelated material for practice.

The Western romance, given to her by Drew, who had seen her eyes jump to it and cling, was her first consecutive tale. And it, with its swashbuckling, roping, riding, shooting hero, set her heart to spinning. For the first time she knew that she was living in the Great West, that there was poetry in such figures as had ridden past her on her way to and from Drew Gambell's store. Her father's patched overalls, his cow-boots run over at the heel, his greasy neck handkerchief and battered, spotted felt sombrero, the gun he carried for a pot shot at coyote or prairie chicken, his useful old rope, became faintly suggestive of possible picturesqueness.

After a summer of drought and a winter stretched beyond even the interminable limits of the Wyoming season, Lang climbed out of his drifts grim as a bear and found himself utterly without resource. Therefore he drove down to Gambell's store to negotiate a loan. Perhaps it was the prompting of a subconscious instinct for self-preservation which made him give his choice of companionship to Lindy. She climbed up to sit beside him, all April in her eyes. This was her first outing since she had learned about the West.

"Oh pa," she chanted as they pulled up out of their hole to the level of the sweet and singing world, "ain't it too wonderful!" "Ain't what?" he snarled, flogging the laggard near horse.

"It—I mean—our West?"

The man looked at her sideways and a little unaccustomed quiver of pity, cold as ice, touched his desperation. "Um-hum," he muttered, assenting with a thickened throat.

They crawled down the enormous unmarked flat, their wheels crushing the spice from sage-brush and the honey from lupin flowers. Larkspur was in flame across the green-gray billowy stretches. There was passion in the throat of meadow-larks and something more delicate than passion in the blue wings of dancing butterflies. The mighty rocks thousands of feet above spelled out a Titanic rider's romance. Linda longed for a saddle, for spurs, for a man's lean body and venturesome brain. She would ride, she would ride—for love.

But when the dream was followed to its conclusion, that meant love of herself, and even in elastic dreamland she could not satisfactorily be both lover and beloved. It would be perhaps a finer romance if she should wait, patient and thrilled, for the hard and tender arms of the adventuring lover. He would lift her to his saddle. They would gallop to the high heart of the hills . . .

Out of the singing blue, without warning, for her eyes had been abstracted from reality, a man rode towards and up to them and as he rode, graceful and grave and splendidly attired in all the trappings of a romantic West, he looked into Linda's startled vivid face.

Johnnie Lang breathed through his teeth and spat over his near wheel. "Snakes! That was the spittin' likeness of Triggerfinger of Montany—that cowboy there."

"Who was he—Triggerfinger?"

"Never you heard of Triggerfinger, girlie? I seen him once on my way out here with ma and you. He was one of your regular des-per-a-does. There's a heap of stories about him. A gamblin', shootin', drinkin', cussin', bronco-bustin' character who done more kindnesses, I guess, to folks that was down on their luck than any ornery good man I ever seen. Least that's what they always say of him. And that's why he was always helped out of

his little scrapes. Every man and every woman and a half was his friend—or sweetheart."

"But pa, by now he'd be an old man!"

"Say, you kids! You're plumb discouragin'. I reckon you figure me out an old man myself!"

"Ain't you sort of, pa?"

"Forty's not so old. A man begins livin' young in these parts. He ain't held back by any undue education. Triggerfinger must of begun hittin' the high spots when he was about fifteen. And he'd been leadin' what you'd call a full-growed life for about ten years when I sot eyes on him. You was more than a yearling yourself then, girlie. Triggerfinger'd be about forty now, I guess."

"He didn't look to be that old, pa—the man on the horse—not near as old as you."

"Reckonin' by bulk, maybe not, though I'd size up that face of his'n as no colt's neither. It had a plenty of lines."

"What makes you think he was Triggerfinger, pa?"

"Did you see that scar—when he took off his hat and threw out his jaw at us—just the way Triggerfinger us't to?"

"Yes."

"Like a sprawlin' star or a white spider? Never was a second scar like that. Queer mark, put there by a feller that twisted a red-hot cork-screw into his temple."

"Oh, pa, don't tell me about that!"

"It wasn't a pretty experience for Triggerfinger but it made a kind of a pretty scar, though. Of course it put an easy mark on him—if he wanted to go around unnoticed or hit a different sort of trail."

"Tell me about him that time you saw him on your way out here, pa."

"Hump! I haven't forgotten that. They was baitin' a little Eastern kid in the saloon. 'Twas one of these here dirty railroad towns, not decent cattle country like this here, and there was a crowd of ugly toughs that thought they was real cowboys—frontiersmen. Most of 'em had store and counter jobs—"

"Ugh!" shivered Lindy with a contemptuous recollection of the Mercantile Supply Company and its owner.

"They were givin' the poor little chap—a lunger, I guess—some lively help; he was whimperin'—when up from a dark corner to a table-top sprang a big lean feller, pulled a gun from each of his pockets, flung back his hair and brung 'em to the right-about. You see, he had the crowd jest where it had the little Eastern kid—and he played 'em too. There went a kind of whisperin' gasp about the room—'Triggerfinger!' First they knowed him by his scar and then they knowed him by his shootin'. He shot off buttons and the barkeep's cigar from his mouth and figures off the top of the cash register and Mrs.



"I've come for Lindy Lang," said Triggerfinger. "I know you'd like her for

Salfrey's wig. It was some night. I was scared a plenty at the time. But I wouldn't have missed it. You bet yer."

Lindy laughed. "I guess they left the poor kid alone."

"Say, they fitted him out with a new suit of store clothes—he was down on his luck—a six-shooter and some winter underwear and, conducted by Triggerfinger, they took him to the station and got him a ticket. They seen him off on the night train. Afterwards Triggerfinger treated 'em to drinks, and on an accordion loaned him by the druggist he played 'Praise God from Whom All Blessin's Flow.' It was a love feast, Lindy." Forgetful of his present burden, the rancher chuckled. "Great times!" he said.

"A great man," Lindy commented and her tone, grave and final, at once amused and sobered Johnnie. He spent the latter part of the journey thinking about her. He had never done so much for her before.

In front of the Mercantile Supply Company he left her on the high seat, reins in hand, her attention absorbed by town events.

In the store Lang made his proposition to that capitalist, Andrew Gambell.



yourself, but her taste runs different. Come on, boys. Let's rush him."

The storekeeper leaned against a barrel and listened with lowered eyes, slicking down his long plastered parting of black hair while his other hand sifted meal through clever fingers.

"There's no value to your land, Johnnie. It's not worth a nickel to me. Your team's about ready for the glue factory and your wagon for the kindlin' pile. You ain't got any stock."

In his desperation Johnnie muttered something about a "dandy lot of pigs" at which Drew did not even smile. It was his rarest gesture and he had no others.

"Pigs—and kids," said Drew. "Can't borrow money on them two sorts of cattle, can you?"

He meditated or rather seemed to refrain from any of the more apparent forms of thought. Johnnie had placed his bulk in a strong round chair in which he now squirmed uneasily, breathing hard, a look of panic in his eyes.

"I guess," he said in a smothered voice, a mouse of sound from a mountain of a man, "I'll hev to go out over the hill and get me—a job. I guess I can take the stage. And my girl"—the small voice narrowed to a breath—"she can drive back home alone."

In that voice and in that big, scared, pale face Drew read desertion, and he had a quick memory of amber eyes.

"Look here," he said, "I'll give that girl of yours—the one you brought down here last fall—a job in my store and I'll pay her in the stuff you need. She can sleep at Ma Jenkins's the same as the boy did. I fired him this morning. Is she out there?"

Johnnie nodded.

"Will you leave her here? I can fit her out with whatever little fixings she may need. I've got a heap to do today—invoicin'—new stuff in. I need someone pronto to mind the counter. Is it a bargain?"

Johnnie's great smothered face swelled with an infusion of astonished blood. "Say, yes! I'm agoin' out to tell her so."

From her perch Lindy's shining eyes looked down at him. He laid his hand on her little knee and spoke huskily.

"I got you a job, girl. Ain't that just dandy? Mr. Andrew Gambell, he's offered to take you on in his store. Your pay——" Johnnie's eyes turned from hers because there had been a change in their dewy expression as though, in blank incredulity, she saw her fate. "Your pay, he's good enough to take it out in supplies for all of us. Say, we need about everything up there. Ma, she won't never get strong, and Marianna, well, sir, she jest won't never grow up at all unless you kin help us out. It won't be forever, girl."

"Ain't there no other way?" This was spoken in a whisper.

"No, girl—there just—ain't."

"Pa, I can't." She slid over and bent down to him, eating his heart with her eyes, now sharpened to fright and to conviction. "The kids—ma—they couldn't hardly make out with me away."

"They'll hev to. Edie's big enough. When you was her age you——"

"Anyways, pa, I wouldn't be carin' to work for Mr. Gambell in his grocery store."

She had often seen anger in her father's face but never a sudden threat of violence like the threat that now possessed it. She gasped and slid down over the wheel, looking pale.

"Go in there!" he told her and pushed her with a thick hand on her back.

Drew waited for them, still sifting meal. Lindy for the first time really looked at him—with the heart-searching look a sold dog has for his new master. She didn't like him. There was nothing to be got from his face and she hated the way he plastered down that long bang of hair over his left eyebrow and cheek-bone. It gave him a queer meek look, like a hooded hawk tamed. His mouth and eyes were still. He might be a bad man or a good; he

might be a soft man or a hard; there was no possible deduction to be made from his expression except that here was a man who found it more profitable to speak little and to smile not at all.

"Miss Lang," he said, "set." He turned to her father. "Tell me what you need most now, Lang," he said.

Lindy's face burned as her father made his choice. She drooped in her chair like some little sacrificial victim. It seemed to her that she herself was being weighed out and measured, so much oatmeal, so much canned milk, so many dried prunes. Her dream of a rider, his strong arm holding her close while they rode and rode and rode, came back and hurt her throat. She could never be a heroine of any romance now. Oatmeal and dried prunes. The whole countryside would laugh when they heard about Johnnie Lang's bargain. Why hadn't she sprung from pa's wagon into Triggerfinger's arms? He was generous, free-hearted, she had seen an invitation in his eyes.

"Good-by, Lindy," said Lang.

She made some sort of sound, saw the shop door open and shut and heard the wheels of the old wagon cry out a shrill farewell.

"You'll want one of these here flannel nightgowns," said Drew.

"And a brush and comb. Perhaps a print apron. I've got a new line in—some dandy union suits. Step over here and choose."

The store, by diversity of uses, was divided into three parts, as distinct as the Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradise of Dante. In the front, well lighted by the two large windows, was the post-office, center of excitement. In the dark long waist of the room Lindy conducted her sales, candy, groceries, calico, cookies, canned goods, overalls, tobacco, sheepskin coats, leather vests, spades, axes and bucksaws. Here was the cash register, the paper and the twine, and here Drew's stool and his account book in a high railed-in counter desk.

In the back of the room, brighter again because of a dusty window and a door occasionally left open, was Drew's bar and club room—a space filled with chairs and packing boxes about a companionable stove. Here at any hours or all there were held the interminable age-old parliaments of masculine humanity. Lindy liked to sell candy and tobacco because that kept her within ear-shot of the slow and spicy, the masterful and deliberate tongues. Such tales—incredible, true, funny so that she gasped, helpless with startled mirth, gruesome; stories of wild beasts, of sudden violent savage deaths, of being lost and starved and drowned and frozen.

And every now and then—an anecdote of Triggerfinger!

Lindy robbed herself of sleep, staying long after her hours to listen hidden behind her counter and still as a mouse, in the hope of such a tale. Ma Jenkins's quarters had no such lure. Here in the back room of Drew's store, here at last, in spite of dried prunes and oatmeal, romance entered with a name.

Rumor had it that Triggerfinger himself was in the country. Later, his very whereabouts was known. Foreman of Raymond's outfit. Must be the man himself—that scar!

"You seen him?" Drew inquired. He had a sneer always for this hero. Perhaps he had seen the rapt amber eyes.

For this skeptical question he leaned a little forward across the bar, rolling and lighting his perpetual cigaret. The glow of the smoky lantern swayed across him, and Lindy, hating him for his bargain and his silence and his unresponsiveness, had a sudden passionate small-girl desire to slap his cheek so that it stung and reddened and startled into angry humanity. He was looking down, attentive to the occupation of his hands, and his face of a tamed hawk showed lines about the lips. "He must have been a bad man," thought Lindy, "to be so hard and tight and sad lookin'."

"Yes, I seen him, Drew."

"Ever know Triggerfinger?"

"Nope. But this fellow has the scar."

"Tall?"

"Sure—just short of six feet."

"Skinny?"

"Sort of lean—yes, sir."

"Dark?"

"Pretty nigh black. You know Triggerfinger?"

"Used to. Kind of an Indian face?"

"That's him."

Drew straightened and lighted his cigaret. "Have a drink, Shorty."

"Don't care if I do, Drew."

Shorty, the last of the witanagemot, swung himself thereafter out into the cold spring night, and Lindy, looking up, found herself contemplated by Drew.

"Better turn in, Miss Lang. You need your sleep."

She rose hastily and felt for her jacket and her tam.

"What do you set up for, hidden back here? Some of the boys talk pretty rough—cuss words and such. They don't see you back in here."

"I like to listen to them," said the girl softly. "Not the rough words, of course—I can always stop my ears. But sometimes it's like a story."

"Sure enough it is. A kind of a Western saga, eh?"

"What's that?"

"Saga? It's the way folks used to tell history to kids like you before they took to writin' books. You had ought to read instead of settin' up here breathin' cigaret smoke and whisky fumes. I got a heap of books. I've been readin' steady for the past two or three years."

She had got into her jacket and moved past him, weary and heavy-eyed.

"There ain't nothin' in books so fine as—Triggerfinger," she said softly.

Drew laughed.

This was so rare an exhibition that she wheeled round, throwing up her chin and staring at him.

"Oh, you!" he cried out between his deep and hearty "ha's."

"You—Lindy! I hadn't a notion you was so foolish and so young."

She flushed and came towards him down the store aisle in an angry little charge. "Stop that! Don't you dast to laugh at me. You think because I stand for—for food supplies for pa and the rest of them—that I'm just—trash, don't you?—that I got no business to take an interest in—in such a hero as Triggerfinger?"

He stopped his laughter abruptly and just as abruptly came up and put his arm about her.

"Why, Lindy! Does it hurt you, that bargain I made with your father? Does it, now? I didn't think. Look-a here—" He paused only for an instant. "Won't you marry me? I love you. I do love you—hard."

She jerked herself free and her romantic eyes made sawdust of his consolation, of his "hard" loving.

"I'd as soon marry a—a cash-register," she cried. "You don't mean anything to me but oatmeal and dried prunes."

After she had said it she was frightened. The store seemed so very still and so far from home and Drew looked tall standing so close to her. His face too had become dark with blood. She would lose her job and the family would go hungry and pa—would kill her—kill her. She'd have to run away. Anger faded to panic; she grew small and pale.

"You're young," said Drew, "and that makes you kind of—cruel. Forget it, Lindy. I'll keep on bein'—just oatmeal and dried prunes." He added presently, to her enormous and ashamed relief: "Tomorrow we got to make out that invoice on the Salt Lake goods. Better turn in. Good night."

He lifted his lantern to light her to the door and she ran out quickly, grateful for the starry empty coldness of the night.

Life had been cruel to Lindy's spirit but with a sudden turn it made amends. She was alone behind her counter when Triggerfinger came into Drew's store. From her small dirty account book, full of misspelt words and mathematical errors, she looked up, pencil point between her lips, at the sound of the jangling door and saw him. He stood, splendid, hesitating, searching for something. When he caught her eyes he smiled.

"So it's you—Lindy Lang."

He came with a tall swing and spur-jingle down the slow length of the store and paused in front of her. There was only the narrow counter between them. Her eyes perused his face, spelling its enchantments, the scar, the sparkling eyes, the remembered easily moved lips. The thoughts and meditations of her heart scattered like a small fire blown to pieces by the wind.

"You are wantin'—"

"A pair of ridin' gauntlets. But—I'm wantin'—wait!" He rested his bare right hand on one of hers, which trembled under the pressing weight.

"I've been ridin' the range for you. When I passed you 'drivin' down here with yonder fat man it seemed to me like I must have picked you out of your wagon and set you afore me on my horse. All day I kept a-seein' those eyes. I found out who you was, where you lived. I rode down to your father's ranch." Lindy's cheeks burned. "There I learned what they'd done to you." His eyes darted about the dark store. "Made a peon out of you, sellin' stuff for Drew Gambell—you—with that face of your'n." He leaned closer, sat on the counter and lifted her hand closer to his heart. "Maybe you don't believe in lovin' at first sight."



"You don't think a whole lot of Triggerfinger, Mr. Drew," said Lindy. "I sure do not," he replied.

"Oh yes, sir—I do!"

He made a jealous movement. "How do you know? Where'd you find out?"

"I know. I found out—there—on the road—when you come by."

She belonged to him as a feather belongs to a whirlwind. Before he left he had tasted her cool young untouched lips.

He went with ringing spurred steps, his rider's body swinging to some inner music. He said nothing about seeing her again. But she knew that he would soon come back.

When Drew returned he found his assistant in wild and aimless activity. Her eyes had the spokey dazed brilliance of Sirius on

a winter night, but her face was summer, a tumbled, bee-searched rose.

For some time, an agony to her, he watched her misplacing of objects and her absurd undertakings with bales of calico and easily scattered spools; then he began to pry open a box of canned loganberries, whistling softly as he worked.

"Any customers while I was out?"

"Yes, Mr. Gambell. One—Triggerfinger."

She couldn't keep the drama out of her voice.

"Triggerfinger!" Drew hammered his own trigger-finger.

"The devil he was! What'd he come for?"

"A pair of riding gauntlets. But he (Continued on page 128)

Ancient Feastivities

in the

OLD SOAK'S HISTORY

OF THE WORLD

WELL, the trouble of the world today is we ain't got enough old peetryarchs like they had in the erly days of the world, those old birds was the salt of the erth and if you had of said Prohibishin to one of them he would of took the jug right down from his mouth and beaned you with it.

They was big in their idears, those old birds, What in blazes, they says, the world was made for something else besides working and toiling and slaveing all the time, let us be joyful, we ain't going to live more than six or seven hunderd yeers.

And a peetryarch would set on his throne with all his flocks and herds around him and a gold crown on and his beerd hanging down all clothed in purpel and fine linnen and all his wives and concordbynes to administer unto him and he would say to his faithful people, Can annybody think up a reeson to hold a barbecue?

And if nobody couldn't he would say, Well then, can annybody think up any reason why we *shouldn't* hold a barbecue? And nobody ever could.

So they would get the pits reddy and roast the oxen and cool the home brew and the feastivities would start, with rassling matches and wheel-barrow races and climbing the greeced pole and pitching horse-shoes and striking on striking machines and fat men's races and ketching the greeced pig and singing and roarators roarating and dancing and riddles and sheerades and kissing games for the young folks and every now and then, wang! would go the bung starter and another cask would be opened, oh, what in blazes, that was the life.

They kep open house, them old peetryarchs did, and for a hunderd miles around the naybors would come on their mules and cammels to a barbecue and stay till the next barbecue. They lived in tents in them days, What

in blazes, they says, we want to be moving around seeing the world, theyer ain't any use of bldg. houses, you gotto be all ways sweeping the floors or something.

And sometimes over onto the horizon would arise another cloud of dust, and another peetryarch with his mules and his cammels and his wives and concordbynes and all his famblies would heeve into sight, and the two peetryarchs would get together and hold a regular old-fashioned camp-meeting that would make an ordinary barbecue look like thirty cents.

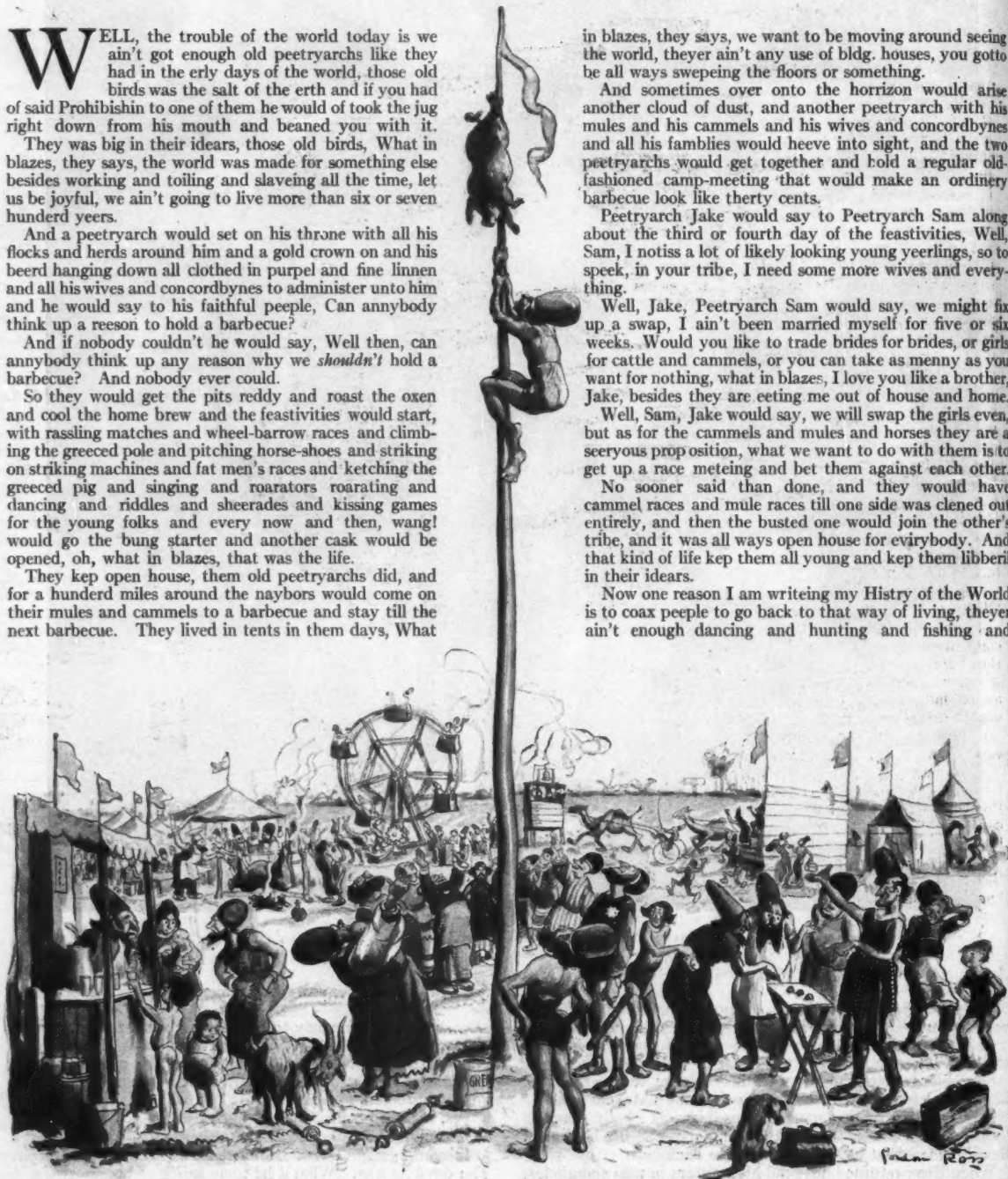
Peetryarch Jake would say to Peetryarch Sam along about the third or fourth day of the feastivities, Well, Sam, I notiss a lot of likely looking young yeerlings, so to speak, in your tribe, I need some more wives and every-thing.

Well, Jake, Peetryarch Sam would say, we might fix up a swap, I ain't been married myself for five or six weeks. Would you like to trade brides for brides, or girls for cattle and cammels, or you can take as menny as you want for nothing, what in blazes, I love you like a brother, Jake, besides they are eeting me out of house and home.

Well, Sam, Jake would say, we will swap the girls even, but as for the cammels and mules and horses they are a seerious proposition, what we want to do with them is to get up a race meteing and bet them against each other.

No sooner said than done, and they would have cammel races and mule races till one side was clenod out entirely, and then the busted one would join the other's tribe, and it was all ways open house for ev'rybody. And that kind of life kep them all young and kep them libberil in their idears.

Now one reason I am writeing my Histry of the World is to coax people to go back to that way of living, theyer ain't enough dancing and hunting and fishing and



By Don MARQUIS

Illustrations
by Gordon Ross

drinking and rassling and raceing going on nowadays, and the ressalt is theyer ain't any wizdom in the world no more like in King Sollyman's time, theyer is too much work.

Some of the riddles and puzzles them old peetryarchs uset to ask ain't been ansered yet because theyer ain't enough wizdom in the world to anser them, what in blazes, evirybody is too busy nowadays to have time to get any wizdom.

I owe my suksess in life to following in the foot-steps of them old peetryarchs as much as I all ways could, I woop her up when I have the oper-tunity and it has kep me young.

The only feller I ever knowed personal who was like one of them old peetryarchs was old Jason Tomlinson. He died when I was a young feller neerly fifty yeers ago, but he was libberil in his idears the same way, he was ninety-six when he died and a tree fell onto him when he was out in the woods courting a young widdler woman or he might be alive yet.

Jason inheritted for an hairloom seven or eight hundred akers of land, it come down to the shore and theyer was timber onto it, and them woods was jest full of Jason's famblies, he never let nobody put an axe into them woods, and when the raleroad came out our way he turned down big money time and again for that land. What in blazes, he would say, I doant want cash, I want a good time, and he kep open house for evirybody.

The onely Gipsies I ever knowed that quit travelin settled into Jason's woods and become one of his famblies, and some of the reemanes of that tribe of Shinnycok Injins come over and become one of Jason's famblies and married into the Gipsies more or less, and Jason's regular angelo-saxton famblies married into both of them, and gosh the good times theyer was all ways going on into them woods! It was open house for evirybody. Some of the meels I have et there! Fish and quails and rabbits and squirls and tirtles and wild pidgins and evirything, that was the lifel

And when they wanted a bari of likker they would bring in some lobsters or clams or rabbits or squirls and get enough credit to buy it with, and they dident need much more.

What I got, says Jason, is my friends as long as I got it, and evirybody that wants to have a good time is my friend. And when he was ninety yeers old he could dance till brekfast-time.

I owe a lot of my suksess in life to follering the ways of old Jason Tomlinson, as fur as I was able.

Steem engines and patent churns is a-goanto be the ruination of the country, Jason uset to say, and coal mines and factries is bad for it, too.

If the people would all ways stick to flocks and herds and a litle eesy agerculture, and not go digging into the bowls of the erth, or bldg. up into the air, or making things into factries, and not fertit to whoop it up and go fishing a-plenty,

theyer wouldn't be no trubble in the world like they is. Eviry time you dig under the surface of the erth you get neerer to Hell.

If they was oil wells or gold mines or iron under my land only four inches down, I wouln't let none of my famblies dig for them; unless mebbly some of the wimmen wanted to prettify up with yeer rings or bracelets offen the gold, for wimmen orter be prettified as long as they can.

What you want into life is to rest and be happy and dance and sing and have a good whoop up time, and you can't do that and be working into mines or factries.

Jason he was a morel man, too, and a religious man. I heern him say to my dad one time when I was just a kid, Hawley, they's been a lot more famblies than theyer has been weddings into my woods the last nine or ten yeers, and I'm kinda worried about it. I do what I darn please about raseing famblies myself, and I know why I do it, and I got my own anser reddy for the jedgment day, but I feel responsible for the morrels of a lot of them younger peepie in the woods; I'm kinda worried about it.

Well, Jason, says my dad, why doant you get a preecher into the woods and marry them?

No sooner said than done. The very next Sunday Jason got Preecher Higgins up there and he says, Now, parson, marry them all.

Two or three hunderd was all gathered into a bunch, and the parson says, Which ones to which?

Marry the whole passel of them in one bunch, says Jason, we ain't got time to waste on seprit cerremories, this afternoon we are a-goanto hold a barbecue and a dance and some rassling matches, marry them in a lump.

So the parson, done it, and then Jason says, Now we will trot 'em all over to the shore and baptize them in a bunch which he done it, with one cerremony.

Now, then, says Jason to his peepie, you are all married, and you are all baptized, all you got to do now is to arrange yourselves into legal famblies and live more or less religious from now on. I done my duty by you.

Hooray, grandpap, they all says, and now are we going to have the dance and barbecue?

Well, Jason was the only peetryarch I ever knowed that had come down to us as an hairloom from the erly days of the world. And if the whole country was filled up with famblies like his'n all having a good time and not working too much and whooping it up, theyer wouldn't be any labor trubbles in the country or annything.

What a country wants to be is happy and it can't be that with work and factries staring it in the face on eviry hand, it's gotto go back to erly days of the world, and in my next chapter I will tell some more about the erly days of the world.



Concluding the New Novel



Illustrations by
John La Gatta

"If you disliked Mr. Ballard
the Prince, "why did you

FLAMES had kindled in Prince Adhikari's eyes. He leaned forward and stared hard at Allison; then he uttered some word of outlandish sound. He took a stride or two and the others watched him, fascinated.

He quieted his working features and exclaimed finally:

"Incredible! I killed him, to be sure, but not in that wise. I did not once arise from that chair. He died here, at my hands, not in yonder. I ask you, can any human being pass a steel dagger through a closed door? Absurd! Listen, and I will tell you what happened. First I did what I intended to do, then I heard something—it was no doubt that shot outside—then cries, running feet, rushing bodies. They were running over the quick of my soul, trampling it, tearing it! I was stabbed with pains, every nerve screamed with agony and as the vital force surged back into my body it was as if blood was being pumped into the stiff veins of a corpse. I had warned you—told you how it would be. When I came to, I was sick, shaken. I was half inside of myself and half outside. I could not breathe, so I went out into the air. I was there when you called. There is nothing

mysterious about what I did. But this knife—I don't understand it. Why should I use a knife?"

Joe Gill appeared at that moment and inquired: "Want me?"

"I sent for you," Morgan told him, "but—I don't know—This man says he killed Mr. Ballard."

"Him?" Gill stared at the Prince. "Rats!"

"He says he did it by—by psychic influence. I agree with you. Rats!"

"He wants to get his name in the papers."

Jack Dunn spoke now for the first time and in a tone of intense irritation: "I don't care who did it or how it was done. I'm fed up on this foolishness. Get your things together, Marge, we're going to the city."

"You ain't going anywhere till I tell you to," Gill asserted positively. "Anybody tries to leave this house and I lock 'em up."

"What's the idea? The man has confessed—he declares he did it. What d'you mean by holding us here any longer?"

"You'd give a good deal to know, wouldn't you?"

"Allison, are you going to permit this rube constable—"

Birds of Prey

By Rex Beach



so heartily," said Allison to keep coming to his house?"

"I don't believe Prince Adhikari any more than he does," Roger declared. "Please step out of the room! I want to talk to him further." While the others were leaving, he drew Gill aside and asked: "What are you driving at, Joe? Have you an idea who did it?"

"Sure! Dunn and Cruickshank. I can't prove it yet, but I will. Gimme a little time and I'll have the goods on 'em. This is more than just a murder, Mr. Allison; this is something big. It's too big to talk about yet. I dassen't tell you what I've discovered. Keep 'em all here and don't send for me again until I get through sleuthin'." With these words Gill hurried out into the night by way of the terrace.

Morgan was speaking to the Prince: "Understand me, I put no faith whatever in your mediumistic powers. Countess Andrieffsky says you are a fake and I agree with her."

"Pardon! She did not call me a fake. She said I was a rogue. She also called me a Gipsy."

"What are you, may I ask?"

"My nationality? I am a Syrian."

"Then you cannot be a prince."

"No more a prince than you are. I took the name Adhikari because I am a seeker of wisdom. That is its meaning."

"And your supernatural powers, of course, are likewise assumed."

"I have never laid claim to supernatural powers. Such elemental forces as I control you too could master. They are natural, not supernatural. It is merely a matter of training, study, application—"

"Bosh! You're talking witchcraft."

"And yet the proof lies in yonder. Oh, the knife indicates nothing except that someone else had reason to hate him as I did! It is unfortunate that whoever used it had so little faith in me as to think it necessary to resort to such means. No doubt you will find him and the law will punish him, for alas, we are not in the Orient! Your laws are barbarous. But it is pity that he spoiled such a satisfactory demonstration."

"By the way," Allison inquired curiously, "if you disliked Mr. Ballard so heartily and he disliked you, why did you keep coming here to

his house? Why didn't you avoid him?"

Adhikari smiled frankly at this. "Now I can speak in words that even the good doctor here will understand. I needed the money. I have a family in Syria, under the Turk. There are many mouths to feed and the pay of a society entertainer is not great. Then, too, I speculate in a small way and usually I lose. I have no knack for business."

After a moment, Roger asked, "Well, Morgan, what shall we do with him?"

"Hanged if I know. In one breath he declares he's genuine, in the next he admits he's a fraud. We can't hold him on his confession, that's sure. I don't want all the doctors in New York laughing at me. He probably thinks he did it, and—it's barely possible that he did, but imagine trying to get an indictment!"

The magician laughed openly now.

Birds of Prey

"You have described the situation very well, but you cannot expect me to sympathize with you in your dilemma, however painful it may seem. I have told you how Mr. Ballard met his death, but you do not believe me and you are still faced with the problem of learning who stabbed the corpse. In that I cannot help you. If you have no further use for me I shall withdraw."

"There's no doubt about that fellow's sincerity," Roger said when Adhikari had gone out, "but if there were any truth in his claim an examination of the body would prove it, would it not?"

"Exactly! But there isn't any truth in it. We were getting somewhere, the trail was getting warmer, until he threw us off the scent with his psychic twaddle. I have suspected one person and one only, from the first—Miss Holland—Mrs. Ballard, we must call her now. The evidence certainly is strong enough to warrant an arrest. Think it over; she had every reason and she had the opportunity. I believe she'll break down and confess if we go after her. If not, we'll have to take her into custody anyhow. It is getting late and—"

There came a movement behind the speaker; Dave Harman stepped in out of the night and said: "I've been listening. I saw the way things were shaping up and I felt sure you suspected Mildred. But you're wrong. You shan't torture her any more. I'm the man you want." He was pale, there were beads of sweat upon his face; nevertheless he held his head up and met unflinchingly the eyes that were turned upon him.

"You mean that you acknowledge the murder?" Roger asked him in frank amazement.

"I do. I tried to throw you off awhile ago but there's no use of trying to get out of it. I'm willing to tell the whole story. I thought I might beat it, but—" He shrugged and shook his head. "I'm not so far gone that I can allow an innocent person to be implicated. It was that insurance. I was in trouble at the office—some bad guessing on my part. A million dollars is a lot of money. I didn't come here with any definite intention in mind but when I saw Mildred on the terrace and warned her to go into the house, it—it came to me then, all of a sudden. It was dark at that end of the terrace. I climbed over the balustrade—and there was nobody in sight. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Was it altogether the money that led you to do it? You and Mr. Ballard quarreled this morning, didn't you?"

"We did."

"What occasioned the quarrel?"

Harman hesitated, his distress deepened. "I don't mind telling you, but I shall deny it later if it comes up, for the real truth would only result in hurting an innocent party. We quarreled over—her. You understand? I was in—I knew her before he did. The way he treated her was more than I could stand. There you have the whole story, gentlemen."

No confession of a heinous crime can be anything but shocking; the matter-of-fact, businesslike manner in which Harman acknowledged his guilt made this one doubly so, and for a moment his hearers found nothing to say. As for Roger, it must be admitted that his first feeling was one of intense relief, for he had tried in every way to shield the girl he loved, to break through the web of circumstantial evidence that was being woven about her. It was with deep thanksgiving, therefore, that he realized that she was out of danger.

"I suppose we'd better reduce this to writing," Morgan said, and Roger nodded.

When Graves did not respond promptly to the bell the Doctor himself went in search of writing materials. He was gone for some little time. When he returned he called Roger aside and announced in a low voice:

"This whole affair seems to be clearing up very rapidly now. I've just learned all about Dunn, Cruickshank and the Eaton woman, and why they're so anxious to get away. One of those New York detectives got hold of me and explained everything. He's outside in the hall now and he wants to see you."

In the open doorway appeared the spokesman for the three Metropolitan officers and when Roger and the Doctor stepped out of the living room, he began: "I've been trying to flag you for half an hour, but that yap chief of police is always in the way. Doctor Morgan says you've got the murderer and he has confessed."

"Right."

"Then if there's nothing more us boys can do, we'll lead our ace."

"I don't understand."

"They came out here to arrest those three people," Morgan explained.

"Indeed? What for?"

"Wire-tapping," said the officer. "We weren't after that little guy at all. We wanted Dunn and the other two, but he's a bad boy and we didn't feel like crashing the place. What did we do but step right into this excitement! We thought of course they must be mixed up in the murder and we didn't dare jim it all up, but if you've landed the right guy, why that settles it."

"What is this wire-tapping affair?"

"You must have read about it. They took a bank cashier at Latonia last week for thirty thousand. That's what they're here for; to lay Ballard! Him getting killed this way knocked 'em for a homer. There's a nice reward and we don't want to split it with this local Hawkshaw. D'you blame us? My gosh! You'd think we killed Ballard, the way he's watching us. If you're all set we'll make our pinch and beat it. Gill can take care of your man and get what credit is coming for the big case. We'll leave that guy in the kitchen for him, too. How about it?"

"I see no objection."

"Thanks! I'll see you before I go." The speaker quietly withdrew.

Harman's confession had been drawn and signed when the three New York officers appeared with their prisoners. They had given Miss Eaton time to slip into a street dress and the two men had likewise changed their clothes. All three of them carried hand luggage.

"So sorry to leave you in this way," the woman said with an unpleasant laugh. "You'll present our excuses to Mrs. Ballard, won't you? Such a charming hostess. She'll look lovely in mourning."

"Can the chatter and let's get out of here," growled Dunn. "See you again soon, Mr. District Attorney. I don't mind saying I'd rather drive these dicks into town in my car than have you drive me over to White Plains in yours. I can beat this thing standing on my head, but a murder charge isn't so pretty. Good-by!" He waved a careless adieu and followed his captors towards the front door.

A moment later there was the sound of a motor leaving.

The chauffeur had scarcely had time to shift into high gear, however, when Joe Gill bounded into the living room. He entered by way of the terrace and he was tremendously excited. He bolted headlong for the library, shouting as he ran:

"Come on, Mr. Allison! Quick! Follow me."

He flung open the door and disappeared inside; when Allison and the coroner followed they discovered him standing before the safe in the far corner. "Come here! Look it!" the chief panted. They approached closer and saw then that the doors of the safe stood partly open, held in that position by a confusion of books, documents and miscellaneous contents which had been tumbled about, dragged out from their pigeonholes and carelessly dropped. There was an inner compartment intended for cash and jewels and this too had evidently been rifled, for it was empty; in the lock stood a key attached to a key-ring and chain.

"I knew it!" Gill cried. "I just wanted to look and make sure. They went through the body and got the combination. I've got 'em now." He made a break towards the hall door, but Allison seized him.

"Wait a minute! What does this mean?"

"Them wasn't policemen. They're Dunn's men, all three of 'em! They've got away with millions! Millions! Them grips is fulla money. Don'tcha understand? They killed him so's to rob the place. I can't explain now. I gotta spring my trap. You wait here—I'll be back." Joe flung the District Attorney's hand from his shoulder and plunged out of the room.

A moment more and there came a succession of staccato explosions as he trod heavily upon his motorcycle and sent it roaring down the driveway.

"Am I—having a nightmare?" Morgan inquired weakly. He passed a hand over his face and sank into a chair. "Things are happening altogether too fast for me. My word! To be snatched away from a case of croup and hurled into the midst of murder, robbery and what-not! It's too much for me."

Neither he nor Roger noticed that Dave Harman had followed them until the latter spoke, saying:

"That's Stuyvie's key-ring yonder, all right. I've seen it a thousand times—he always wore it. They must have taken it and the combination, too, from his body. What in the name of Heaven does it mean?"

Roger was staring at the disorder left by the robbers; he looked up to ask, "Did Mr. Ballard keep any considerable sum of money here?"

"I believe so. Very large amounts."



"Go now," said Roger to Mildred, "and forget for a while. I never have doubted; and I never shall."

"Hm-m! It wasn't money alone they were after. Bogus officers, eh? That means they're not wire-tappers at all, and it was just a trick. A trick to get away quickly—before—ha! What's this?" Roger stooped, fumbled among the tumbled contents of the safe and rose with a package of bank-notes in his hand. "Good Lord! Thousand dollar bills! Fifty in this bundle. And there's more besides—more bundles like it. It wasn't robbery after all. I couldn't believe it was—Dunn's too clever for that. There was something in this safe more valuable than money; something he had to have at any cost." For a moment there was silence, then Allison turned and fixed a gaze of peculiar intentness upon the confessed slayer of Stuyvesant Ballard. He was upon the point of saying something more but changed his mind. Frowning abstractedly, he crossed to the divan and stared down at the body.

After a time Harman spoke faintly. "If you don't mind, I—I'd like to get out of here. I—need a little air. I'll be on the terrace. I'll stay within call."

Without raising his eyes, Roger nodded, waved him away; by and by he stooped lower, gazed more intently at the silent

figure sunk deep into the cushions. He was in that position when a knock sounded at the door, causing him to straighten his back with a jerk.

"Who's there?" he queried sharply.

Graves pushed his way into the room apprehensively and announced in the hushed voice reserved for death chambers:

"A note for you, sir, from Miss Holland. I'm to hand it to you myself. It's very particular."

Allison read the message, then he stood motionless so long that the butler ventured to say:

"She's extremely agitated. Quite hysterical, you might say. Is there an answer?"

"Ask her to come downstairs." Roger spoke in a dry, expressionless tone, and when Graves had gone he called to Morgan, "Come here. Read this."

Morgan did as directed, then he started as if the sheet of paper had been electrically charged.

"Hell's bells!" he exclaimed. "Is this a madhouse, or am I out of my head?"



Mildred spoke in a tone that centered instant attention upon her. "Go!" she

Again he stared at the note, which read:

Dear Mr. Allison:

I cannot endure this any longer. I killed him. Please send the others away—all of them—at once. It will be less painful to me.

Mildred Ballard

"Who's going to confess next, I wonder?" the physician inquired with a nervous, mirthless grimace. "Three of them so far! This would be funny if it wasn't so—strange."

"The strangest part of it all is coming," Roger managed to tell him in a voice that he did not recognize as his own. "I've an idea we're both due for the biggest surprise of the evening. Turn on the rest of those lights, please."

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Roger Allison kept Mildred waiting some time before he opened the door and stepped out of the library. As he crossed the floor towards her he experienced an actual physical dizziness, for it seemed to him that he had never beheld beauty of such poignant appeal as hers. Her eyes were feverishly bright, the pallor of intense emotion emphasized two hectic spots of color upon her cheeks. She had difficulty in speaking, but once she found her voice she plunged straight to the point as if fearful that her courage would ebb if she delayed.

"I did it. I'll pay the penalty. You must have known all the time."

"No. The evidence was confusing."

"I—there's nothing more for me to say, is there? You'll—take me away, of course?" When the District Attorney nodded,



implored. "For pity's sake, go! Everything is explained. They know who—did it."

she flinched, turned away. "Very well! There's no use keeping the others here. Let them go, please."

"Some of them have gone—Miss Eaton, Dunn, Cruickshank—"

"Send the others away too. This clears up everything. The last train has gone but I'll send them in by motor. I—I'm pretty well shaken; I don't want to face them."

Allison eyed her curiously. "You can't imagine what a surprise your note was," he said, "especially inasmuch as another person had already confessed to the crime."

"I know—Prince Adhikari. But his story is too utterly fantastic. I should have spoken sooner, but I was too confused, too horrified to—to know what I was doing or what I ought to do.

I'll tell everything tomorrow when I've had time to collect myself. Don't question me now. Surely it's enough if I admit I did it, isn't it? You see I—hardly know what I'm saying."

"I didn't mean Adhikari. Of course, nobody credits his statement."

"Somebody—else confessed?"

"Yes."

Mildred closed her eyes, swayed; Allison took her by the arm and steadied her. He discovered that she was shaking wretchedly. When she finally looked up at him it was with the wildness of utter panic. "Who?" she gasped. "Tell me—"

"Mr. Harman."

Gradually the woman ceased (Continued on page 118)

The Wrong GIRL Words and

MIDDLETOWN is a medium-sized place where everybody knows what everybody else is doing. A double life in Middletown would be as impossible as a secret Fourth of July celebration.

Consequently the long-drawn-out affair of Jim Wesley and Margaret Bailey had become a town institution. People discussed it as they would the weather and everybody approved.

It began during the war and flowed smoothly on year after year.

Jim was intensely ambitious. He made the most of a war record which did not get him much beyond Paris, but it was the common opinion that Margaret's clever political sense, inherited from her father, an old wheel-horse of the party, was responsible for making him a member of the city council and later prosecuting attorney. Why they did not marry or at least become engaged was a mystery which baffled the social experts as much as it baffled Miss Bailey herself. She devoted much time to wondering about this, but assumed, as did everybody else, that in good time all would end happily. It was woman's place to await man's pleasure, although she sometimes thought this convention a very bad one.

And then, after keeping company with Margaret for eight years, by which time all her other suitors had withdrawn from the contest, Jim suddenly electrified the community by falling heavily for a visiting flapper. The interest of Miss Alys Claire Benson, of New York and Lenox, in James Wesley dated from the moment she heard he was headed straight for the U. S. Senate via the mayoralty and the House of Representatives.

The announcement of his engagement to her came out of a clear sky after a whirlwind courtship conducted during the month that Margaret Bailey was away. The news precipitated a storm of comment ninety percent pro-Bailey.

Miss Bailey received her first intimation of the engagement from the morning paper. She stared blankly at the printed sheet which had such an impersonal way of breaking hearts.

Yes, it was a real tragedy.

She arose and for a long time regarded herself in the mirror. Here she was, at thirty-four, by nature a nest-builder, committed to a life of spinsterhood by the sudden whim—she couldn't believe it more—that had turned Jim's fancy to the Eastern society girl who had dazzled the local Lotharios. To mask her deep hurt, she wrote him a friendly little note of congratulation.

"And now to face my commiserating friends!"

But when Margaret Bailey went out with smiling face to hide her disappointment and humiliation, she was greeted by marked

friendliness on every side. A committee of women approached her at once with an invitation to organize the woman vote of Colfax County.

Margaret considered. She knew she was at a crossroads. She might go on and become an old-fashioned, sour old maid.

But the world had changed. Matrimony was no longer woman's one and only objective. Equality of rights had opened a magic door of opportunity which all the king's horses and all the king's men could never close again. A jilted maiden had weapons to force men to eat out of her hand and pretend they liked it. Margaret Bailey accepted the offer.

After an exclusive wedding in Lenox, a flood of announcement cards descended upon the electorate in Colfax County, and in a few weeks Mr. and Mrs. James Wesley returned and took up their residence in the Grand Hotel. Jim again put on his worn slouch hat and service button and reassuming his democratic pose, embarked on his campaign for mayor. He was conscious of the undercurrent of feeling against him.

"Now, dearest," he said to his wife, "you're going to meet a lot of people you won't care for, but if you love me, treat 'em nice if it gags you. We'll need their help."

One of the first bits of news that filtered out of the Grand Hotel was that Mrs. Wesley always had her breakfast in bed, consumed many cigarets and offered liquor—from mysterious sources—to astounded callers. This was judged smart and metropolitan by the social crust of Middletown, but everybody else frowned.

"The idea! And her the wife of the prosecuting attorney!"

One afternoon Mrs. Murphy, wife of the political boss of Colfax County, accompanied by Mrs. Henson and Mrs. Neubolt, wives of other political powers, called to pay their respects. Mrs. Wesley received them in a smart afternoon gown with a generous dripping of pearls.

"How nice of you to come," she murmured, while inwardly appalled by their costumes. "We must be friends," she added. "Mr. Wesley wants me to be friendly with everybody." The ladies stared and then exchanged glances. "Do you know, I adore this quaint little town. The people are so—so kind of democratic and all. Do you play Mah Jong?" she asked.

"Play what?" asked Mrs. Murphy stiffly.

"Mah Jong. It's all the rage."

"I never heard of it," said Mrs. Murphy. "What is it?"

"It's a Chinese game." Mrs. Wesley then gave a brief history of the game and how it was invented by an emperor who would not allow the common people to play it.

Mrs. Murphy sniffed and again exchanged glances with Mrs. Neubolt, who likewise had not heard of Mah Jong.

"Or shall we play some bridge?" asked Mrs. Wesley. "Of course you play bridge."

The ladies acknowledged their deficiency in that direction. Mrs. Wesley of New York and Lenox then offered them tea, which being declined, she archly asked if they would prefer something stronger.

"It's good stuff," she assured them. "You needn't be afraid of it. Jim just got it at an appallingly high price and it's guaranteed pre-war."

The three wives of the political powers shuffled uneasily.

"I don't drink," said Mrs. Henson.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the young hostess. "I supposed everybody drank these days. In the East you wouldn't know there was such a thing as Prohibition."



Pictures by John T. McCutcheon

Mrs. Wesley, almost despairing of finding a topic in which they were interested, decided they would be able to discuss politics. "How do you think the campaign is going? I do hope Jim is elected mayor, for then he will have a much better chance to go to Congress and the Senate. I'd love to live in Washington. It's the most diverting place. Don't you think so?"

The three ladies confessed they had never been to Washington, after which they solemnly arose and departed.

That night Alys related the details of the call to her husband. "I was just as nice as though they were our own sort of people." He winced. "I'm sure they were pleased as Punch by the democratic way I treated them."

Two evenings later Alys abruptly pointed to a piece in the evening paper. "Who is this Margaret Bailey? I see her name in the papers all the time. Is she one of these dreadful woman politicians?" She watched her husband. Things had begun to reach her ears.

He yawned slightly. "Yes, she's gone in for politics and is organizing the women. A nice sort of girl," he added indifferently. "By the way, a funny thing happened today——"

"Do you know her?" persisted his wife.

"Why, of course. I know everybody in Middletown. Why?"

"Oh, nothing! I just wondered."

He glanced at her sharply. "Has somebody been talking?"

Her lips trembled. "Isn't she an old sweetheart of yours?" she burst out.

He reached for her hand and drew her to his lap. "Now, don't let your imagination run wild. Miss Bailey is an old friend, that's all. I've known her for years. There was never anything between us." With a smother of caresses he effectually headed off further cross-examination.

Wesley's campaign was not progressing satisfactorily. His managers knew the reason but hesitated to tell him. Mr. Murphy finally took the bull by the horns.

"Jim," he said, "I don't want to hurt your feelings but I believe we'd get along better if—if your wife would go away for a while. She is young and doesn't understand our local politics."

Wesley was politician enough to recognize the force of Murphy's suggestion. Just yesterday she had appeared at one of his meetings in the factory district elaborately and expensively gowned. She had a rare genius for saying and doing the wrong thing and yet she thought she was helping her husband in every way.

"It's such fun, electioneering," she exclaimed. "All the wives of English statesmen help their husbands." She clasped her hands beseechingly. "Oh, Jamie, do you suppose I could make some speeches for you?"

He shuddered. He knew she could help him most if she were at least a thousand miles away. But how could he tell her?

"Last night," she went on, "I went to hear that Bailey woman. Such enthusiasm! They cheered everything she said, yet she's no orator. Just plain talk—I'm sure I could do as well."

"Margaret is a smart girl," remarked her husband, thoughtlessly, for it drew upon him a sudden torrent of words which he at last subdued in the usual way.

"Alys," he remarked casually the following morning, "we are now going into the hottest part of the campaign. I'm afraid I'll have to neglect you fearfully. Wouldn't it be a good time for you to run down and see your folks? It'll break my heart to be separated from you even for a moment but——"

"Oh, Jamie, my place is by your side at a time like this!"

"Yes, I know, dearest, but you can't be with me at these deadly conferences. And I'll have to make a house-to-house canvass—it will be a horrible grind and you couldn't help me. Just before the election you can return and be in at the grand finish."

At last she was persuaded and Wesley's managers breathed a sigh of relief as she departed.

"Now, Jim," they said, "the next thing for you to do is make your peace with Margaret Bailey. If she is with you, you win. Try to square yourself with her. You probably know there are a lot of people in this town who think you gave her a raw deal."

"I'll do what I can," answered Wesley sullenly.

It was a terrific blow to his pride to have to go to her for help, but he did it and was received with her old-time friendliness.

"You can elect me, Margaret," he urged. "I want your help."

She was non-committal. Three times he called at her house, pleading for her support. He attended several of her meetings and sought in other ways to convey the impression that there was a complete restoration of their friendly relations.

Middletown sat up. The board of local intelligence buzzed with excitement, and not one but several took it upon themselves to acquaint the absent Alys with all

the details of Jim's revived interest in Margaret Bailey. Alys cut her visit short and returned post-haste. She began an indignant attack on "that Bailey woman" the minute she got off the train.

Mr. Murphy and Mr. Henson and Mr. Neubolt threw up their hands in despair. "Jim," they said unfeelingly, "if you don't muzzle that wife of yours you'll be buried so deep on election day they'll never be able to dig you out."

Miss Bailey did not reply to the reckless innuendoes of Mrs. Wesley. She pursued her way even-tempered and smiling. Never a word against James Wesley—but also never a word in his favor. She had an adroit political sense. She knew the strength of the women's organization which she had built up, and she knew it was solidly behind her.

James Wesley was snowed under at the election. The women's vote crucified him, and as the returns came in he saw his hopes for Congress and higher places collapse.

"I'm glad of it," consoled his wife. "I hate this miserable little town. If you had been elected mayor we would have had to live here. Now you must run for Congress and then we can live in Washington."

Jim looked at her sadly and buried his face in his hands.

His crowning humiliation came the next day when an editorial in the leading paper proposed the name of Miss Margaret Bailey as the next Congressman from the district.



A BRUNO Lapidowitz

IN Love

LAPIDOWITZ, the *Schnorrer*, sat in Milken's Café gazing dreamily out of the window. It was a sunny day; the row of tenement houses across the street was bathed in effulgent light. To Lapidowitz they looked like palaces. The dirty-faced children romping in the streets, in momentary danger of being run over by a truck, seemed like angels at play.

Jake, the sniffing waiter, shuffling along with a tray of food, brushed into the *Schnorrer* by accident and spilled a few drops of hot coffee on Lapidowitz's sleeve. Milken, the proprietor, who had witnessed the incident, hastened forward.

"It ain't his fault," he said quickly, "and you ain't going to collect a drink for damages. You got your feet sticking out all over the place. If you want to bum around here all day you better take a corner table."

Lapidowitz gazed at him in surprise.

"I didn't said it was his fault, did I?" he protested mildly. "Jake is a good fellow. I know he didn't mean it. And I don't want a drink."

For an instant Milken gazed at him, speechless. Then, sinking into a chair, he leaned forward and quite solicitously he asked: "Ain't you feeling good?"

For a moment Lapidowitz stroked his beard and returned the other's gaze. Then: "Milken," he said, "was you ever in love?"

Milken rose to his feet. "A bum like you!" he exclaimed. Then he walked behind the counter and began to check up his outstanding accounts.

Lapidowitz smiled sadly. He was in that chastened mood when if Milken had punched him on the nose he would have regretted that he had not another nose to offer. He felt kindly toward all the world.

"Milken," he said presently, approaching the counter, "could I bring a lady here for supper?"

Milken turned over a few pages of his account book. "Here it is," he said. "Twenty-eight dollars and sixty-three cents."

"Oh, that's the old account!" said Lapidowitz.

"Sure it is," replied Milken testily. "D'ye expect to open a new account when you don't pay the old one? Is that a new finance business?"

"Just once for supper," pleaded Lapidowitz. "Ain't you got a heart?"

Milken stared at him. "Who is she?" he demanded.



Lapidowitz actually blushed. "Mrs. Steinberg," he replied.

Milken's eyes opened wide. "You don't mean old Glue Steinberg's widow?" he asked, and, when Lapidowitz had nodded: "You don't think she'd bother with a *Schnorrer* like you, do you? She got money. How did you ever get to know her, anyway?"

She got a squint in her eye but her money is all right." "But you didn't said yet whether I could have credit for supper," persisted Lapidowitz.

"Oh, I guess I could take a chance!" said Milken somewhat more amiably. "Anyway it don't do no harm to have customers like that seen in here. How did you ever get acquainted with her?"

"Just a accident," replied Lapidowitz eagerly. "I seen a lot of people go into the house next door to Lubarsky's office and as I just happened to be asking Lubarsky to lend me two dollars and he said no, I thought I'd go in and see what was the matter. And they told me that old Glue Steinberg was dead so I went up to his widow and told her how sorry I was. That's how I got a acquaintance with her."

"Did you know old Steinberg?" asked Milken in surprise.

"Me?" exclaimed Lapidowitz. "I never laid eyes on him. But you got to feel sorry for a lady what lost her husband."

There was something of admiration in the look which Milken bestowed upon the *Schnorrer*.

LESSING *Kosher* Comedy



Illustration

by

James

Montgomery

Flagg

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Lapidowitz," he said, "for a bum and a fool you got more cheek than the whole United States with Africa thrown in for a bargain."

Moe Steinberg and his brother Izzy had always been active in the life of the Ghetto and as they looked pretty much alike and had the same habits and the same manners, they came to be distinguished, the one from the other, by the business in which they had made their fortune. Moe had made his money in the glue business while Izzy had devoted himself to a chain of "gents' furnishing" stores. Consequently they had been designated Glue Steinberg and Sox Steinberg. All of which is merely chronicled here to keep the record straight.

Mrs. Glue Steinberg belonged to the mothering type; having no children of her own, she had always mothered her husband. And now that he had been gathered into the bosom of Abraham she was eager to mother someone else. Lapidowitz had appealed to her as one who needed mothering. Had she consulted Milken he would have told her of a dozen other things that Lapidowitz needed. The fact that she had never laid eyes upon the *Schnorrer* before did not weigh with her. A newly bereaved widow of the mothering type feels kindly toward all the world.

The following day Milken was quite impressed to behold Lapidowitz enter his place in company with the rich widow. He ushered them to the best table and took great pains to point out to Mrs. Steinberg the merits of the stuffed cabbage, which was the specialty on his bill of fare that night.

"Don't talk so much about it," said Lapidowitz in his grandest manner. "Just bring it on. I know it's good."

"You ought to," snapped Milken resentfully. "You got about twenty portions on your bill."

The widow laughed merrily and Lapidowitz, unabashed, grinned. When Milken had departed to give the order,

Mrs. Steinberg turned to her host. "Do you really owe him money?" she asked.

"Sure," said Lapidowitz. "I owe lots of people money. I got a lot of hard luck."

"Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Steinberg said it always made him crazy to owe money. It must be a dreadful feeling."

"Oh, you get used to it!" replied Lapidowitz. "But it's all changed with me now. I'm going to work and save up money. And then I'm going to get married and settle down."

"How lovely!" exclaimed the widow. "And could I ask who the lady is?"

Lapidowitz mustered all his soulfulness and tried to project it into his gaze. "Such a question!" he exclaimed. "Could there be two angels in the world?"

The widow blushed becomingly and turned the conversation to the subject of weather. And after that, between mouthfuls of cabbage stuffed with chopped beef and liver, they talked of such matters as were mutually interesting to a kind-hearted widow who did not want to listen to a declaration of affection and a middle-aged *Schnorrer* who mistook a possible prospect of a life of idleness for a feeling of the divine passion.

True to his determination, Lapidowitz set out the next morning to look for work. It was no easy matter for him to find congenial occupation. A Grand Street dry-goods store offered him a post as night watchman but Lapidowitz did not care to work at night. A position with a hardware store as porter and general factotum was out of the question because he did not like to lift heavy packages. He would not dream of doing clerical work because he was too restless to sit at a desk all day long, while the position of waiter or salesman did not appeal to him because he did not like to stand on his feet very long at a time.

The inspiration finally seized him to call upon Mulcahey, the owner of the livery stable on Delancey Street. And here his visit was opportune.

"It's just hoping I was that someone would come along," said Mulcahey. "I ain't promisin' ye a regular job, but if ye'll take out that open barouche with the sorrel team I'll be givin' ye five dollars a day."

"It ain't a bad idea," said Lapidowitz. "What kind of a job is it? A funeral or a wedding?"

"It ain't neither. It's old Appelbaum over on Orchard Street. He's been sick or something or other and his folks want him drove

gentle-like around the Park. Ye'll be taking good care of him and the horses and it's five dollars for ye. If not, ye might be remembering the punch in the jaw I gave you last year and be expecting one or two more just like it."

Between these two, as you can see, there was no misunderstanding. Mulcahey was sympathetic but his sympathy was tempered by a strict sense of justice. And he knew Lapidowitz.

"Old Appelbaum, the rich baker?" asked Lapidowitz.

"That's him," replied Mulcahey. "And if I hear about you asking him for a loan or anything like that, I'll be breaking your neck."

"Could I have a couple of dollars in advance?" asked the *Schnorrer*.

"Sure you could," said Mulcahey with a grin. "When I'm paying ye, I'll give you two dollars in advance of the other three. There won't be one second between them. But you don't get the first penny until you've done a day's work."

At a first glance, Meyer Appelbaum seemed to be a very old and feeble man. Two women whom Lapidowitz judged to be his daughters helped him solicitously into the old-fashioned open barouche. They wrapped rugs around him, buttoned his coat collar and gave Lapidowitz strict orders to be careful, to drive slowly and to minister to his comfort.

"He's a little bit hard of hearing," one of them explained.

A shrewder observer, however, might have suspected that his weakness was merely the result of recent illness. His shoulders were broad, his chest well rounded and in his eyes there was a light and a keenness somewhat out of keeping with the debility of old age. As they drove off, Lapidowitz turned in his seat and spoke to his passenger.

"Fine weather what we got," he said. Appelbaum smiled amiably and cupped his hand behind his ear. "It ain't important enough to yell out," said Lapidowitz, turning his face toward the horses.

He had not driven three blocks when he beheld Mrs. Steinberg walking briskly up the street. He touched the horses with his whip and they started off with a bound which nearly unseated the driver and tilted Mr. Appelbaum's silk hat to a rakish angle. Lapidowitz drove alongside the curb and called to her.

"Wouldn't you like to come for a ride in the Park?" he asked, beaming upon her. "It's such a lovely day." Mrs. Steinberg gazed questioningly at the figure huddled on the rear seat of the barouche. "That's Mr. Appelbaum," explained Lapidowitz with a sweep of his hand. "He's the rich old baker, you know. He's hard of hearing so you don't got to bother about him. Jump right in."

For a moment Mrs. Steinberg stood hesitating. And then just the faintest smile upon Mr. Appelbaum's face and the slightest twinkle in his eyes decided her. She stepped into the carriage.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Appelbaum," she said. "You have been sick, haven't you? You got to be careful of this kind of weather." And as Lapidowitz drove on she began to adjust the old man's rugs comfortably about him.

"It's a nice day, ain't it?" said Mr. Appelbaum.

Lapidowitz turned around. "You got to yell loud if you talk to him," he said. "He don't hear good."

"I had a bad bronchitis," yelled Mr. Appelbaum, "and sometimes it goes to my ears." Like most people afflicted with temporary deafness he felt it necessary to raise his own voice when he spoke.

"I know what it is," yelled Mrs. Steinberg sympathetically. "My husband had the same trouble once." And just then, as Lapidowitz narrowly averted a head-on collision with a truck, Mr. Appelbaum yelled at him:

"Say, you better keep your eyes in front. It's no use driving with the back of your head."

Until they reached the Park Lapidowitz devoted himself to driving, but inasmuch as both his passengers were shouting at the top of their voices he had no difficulty in following their conversation. The helplessness of Mr. Appelbaum appealed to the widow and she urged him to take care of his health.

"My health is all right," he yelled. "It's only the bronchitis what is bothering me."

"Maybe the air isn't good for you," yelled the widow.

"I got to breathe," yelled Mr. Appelbaum in return.

When they entered the Park the barouche began to ride more smoothly on the macadamized road and Lapidowitz, after lighting a cigaret, turned sideways in his seat to take part in the conversation. To his amazement he beheld the two of them conversing in low tones.

Mrs. Steinberg looked up at him and smiled.

"Mr. Appelbaum can hear all right now," she said. "My husband was just like that. It came and went all of a sudden."

"That's funny," said Lapidowitz. "Suppose I stop here so we can all talk. It's hard for me to drive and turn my head around all the time."

Mr. Appelbaum surveyed him long and deliberately. Then, in an icy tone: "Drive on up to that little path up there," he said. "I think I'll get out and take a little walk. The doctor said it would be good for me."

Lapidowitz, somewhat bewildered by the change in the old man's manner, drove to the designated spot and started to climb down from his seat.

"You better stay up there," said Mr. Appelbaum. "The lady will help me out and somebody got to mind the horses. I couldn't walk all the way home."

Mrs. Steinberg carefully assisted him from the carriage, took a rug over one arm and extended the other to Mr. Appelbaum.

"You better lean on me," she said. "You shouldn't exert yourself too much." A moment later they disappeared beyond a turn in the path.

For a long time Lapidowitz sat dumfounded, gazing after them. Then slowly he lighted another cigaret.

"Of all the cheek I ever seen," he said aloud, "that old man got ninety-nine percent."

They were gone nearly half an hour. When they returned Mr. Appelbaum's hand was resting upon the widow's shoulder while her arm was supporting him around the waist.

"You people was gone a good long time," said Lapidowitz sourly.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Appelbaum, holding his hand to his ear.

"It all came back again just now," explained Mrs. Steinberg. "My husband was just like that."

"Maybe it would be safer if it came back and stayed back," remarked Lapidowitz.

The following afternoon Mulcahey again sent Lapidowitz to take Mr. Appelbaum for a ride. This time, the *Schnorrer* observed Mr. Appelbaum was able to enter the barouche without assistance.

"He is much better," said one of the young women who stood beside him. "The ride did him a lot of good."

As they drove off Lapidowitz turned to his passenger. "Is it back yet or is it gone?" he asked.

"What's that?" yelled Mr. Appelbaum, holding his hand behind his ear.

"It's all right," said Lapidowitz. "Only today I guess we don't stop to take on any more passengers." But in this he was mistaken.

"Stop at the lady's house," Mr. Appelbaum shrieked at him. "She is coming with."

Lapidowitz turned and glared at him. "Say, is she my friend or your friend?" he demanded.

"What did you say?" yelled Mr. Appelbaum.

"I was saying," said Lapidowitz, deliberately, "that I got a idea your hearing is pretty good when you want to and pretty rotten when you don't."

Mr. Appelbaum grinned. "It's the bronchitis," he said. "And there's the lady now."

Mrs. Steinberg was waiting in front of her house, dressed for the outing. She greeted Lapidowitz cordially and then inquired solicitously after Mr. Appelbaum's health.

"Did you put on the poultice what I recommended?"

"Sure I did. I feel a hundred percent better already," replied Mr. Appelbaum. "You're better as my doctor."

The barouche came to a stop in front of a tenement house.

"What's the matter now?" demanded Mr. Appelbaum.

"I got to see somebody for a minute," said Lapidowitz, descending from his seat. He entered the house and returned a few minutes later with a red-haired, grinning little boy. "This is my little friend Abie Harris," he explained. "He wants to come along with us."

Mr. Appelbaum and Mrs. Steinberg exchanged glances. As the barouche entered the Park all doubt as to Lapidowitz's motives disappeared. He handed the reins to the boy, clambered over the driver's seat and settled himself opposite his two passengers.

"So long we are having a party," he said, "I might as well join in. Little Abie is a better driver as I am. He sometimes works for Mulcahey."

Mrs. Steinberg burst into a peal of laughter and into Mr. Appelbaum's eyes came a twinkle of amusement.

"That's a good idea," said the latter. He studied the walks on each side of the road for a while and then pointed to a

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bench under a tree. "Let us get out and sit on that bench for a while," he said. "We will send for some lunch and cigars and have a picnic."

From the bench they could see one of the exits of the Park. Mr. Appelbaum called Lapidowitz's attention to it.

"Would you mind going over there on the next block," he said, "and buying a box of cigars and some apples? Here's ten dollars. Get the finest cigars they got."

Lapidowitz departed with alacrity. Making purchases with other people's money always appealed to him. He bought a box of cigars for five dollars and asked the dealer to mark eight dollars on the outside of the package. He purchased only two apples but six pears. He did not care for apples. He then returned to the Park bench.

But Mr. Appelbaum and the widow had vanished. Nor was there any sign of the barouche or of Abie, the red-haired boy.

For quite a long time Lapidowitz stood gazing dumbly first at the unoccupied bench and then at the deserted road. His mind at that moment was a blank. The duplicity that had been practised upon him was too vast to be grasped swiftly. But slowly it dawned upon him. And then, "The dirty loafer!" he cried, at the top of his voice.

As this is a story of Lapidowitz and not of Mr. Appelbaum's love affair, it is needless to repeat the conversation that took place

between the old man and the widow as Abie drove them rapidly down-town. Suffice it that, for his age, the old baker was a wonderful worker. Before they had reached Grand Street he had convinced Mrs. Steinberg that her duty to humankind consisted entirely of taking full charge of him and his health without a moment's delay. And when Abie was about to turn into Grand Street Mr. Appelbaum called to him: "Go straight ahead. Down by the City Hall where they give out them marriage licenses."

Lapidowitz went straight to Abie's home and finding that the boy had not yet returned, left word for him to come to Milken's Café. There the *Schnorrer* sat for three hours at a window table where he could watch the street. Had he seen Mulcahey he was prepared to make his escape through the rear of the building. It was Abie, however, who came first.

"The old man gave me two dollars," he explained, "and a letter for you."

"Where did you leave the carriage?" asked Lapidowitz anxiously.

"In the stable," said the boy. "Mr. Mulcahey says he is going to break your neck."

"And where did the lady go?"

"She is by the old man," he replied. "They went first by the City Hall to get a what-d'ye-callum—a marriage paper—and then they went by a restaurant where they told me to go back. Do you want me for anything else?"

Lapidowitz calmly surveyed the lad's

countenance for a moment. Then: "No, Abie," he said kindly. "You're a little bum what ain't to be trusted, but I guess you're too young to know better. You better go home and don't let me lay eyes on you no more."

He then turned to the letter.

"Dear Mr. Lapidowitz," it ran. "I'm much obliged to you for introducing me to the finest lady I ever met. Please keep the box of cigars and the change with my compliments. The lady also sends regards. You will be glad to know that I am feeling much better already. Yours truly, M. Appelbaum."

"You look kind of bluish," said Milken, the proprietor, who had approached the table. "Did you get bad news?"

Lapidowitz slowly tore the paper into bits. "I guess, Milken," said he slowly, "money always goes to people what got money."

"That ain't nothing new," said Milken.

"I got a box of cigars for a present," the *Schnorrer* went on. "You know I don't smoke cigars—only cigarets. How much will you give for them? They cost eight dollars."

Milken opened the box, sniffed at the cigars and felt them with the touch of an expert.

"Whoever says them cigars cost eight dollars is a liar," he said. "I'll give you two and a half dollars cash or take three dollars off your account."

Lapidowitz gazed at him reproachfully.

"You too," he said. "A heart like a stone. Give me the cash."

Lapidowitz again pursues the gentle art of getting something for nothing in Bruno Lessing's hilarious comedy, "Lapidowitz Witnesses," in COSMOPOLITAN for July. It will come to you automatically, as well as the two other summer issues, if you will follow the simple plan on page 186.

The Man Who Hated His Wife

(Continued from page 59)

Potentate's would be altogether too much, a thoroughly inartistic piece of exaggeration.

"Elp . . ." "Madame!" I exclaimed, "I only wish I could, but you must realize how very difficult my position is in this matter. I know your husband is very little. And besides"—suddenly the ice pail rose before me in the darkness—"besides, I have received nothing but hospitality at his hands. I have drunk his champagne. How can I interfere? How can I take any steps which might end in his incarceration in a lunatic asylum?"

"When you spik I understand no 'ting." I realized that in my excitement I had been talking with voluble rapidity. Now I bent forward in the direction in which I believed Madame to be located—I was beginning to get confused, to lose my bearings, as one easily may in the dark—and said very slowly:

"Your husband has given me champagne, iced champagne. That makes my position very delicate. Champagne! you understand? Cham-pagne!"

That word, pronounced first English, then French fashion, evidently got home to what Madame no doubt thought of as her brain. For she replied with unexpected lucidity:

"Il donne toujours du champagne. 'E give champagne to all. In France 'e give champagne, in Italie, in Japon, dans les Indes. When I say 'Elp! everyone 'e say 'Champagne!'"

This was a veritable heart cry and it did not leave me unmoved.

There was something genuinely pathetic and terrible in the thought of this poor and ineffective lady being whirled about the habitable globe by the extraordinary being she had somehow—how I could not conceive—had somehow married, being whirled about the globe, and when she appealed in all the languages of the nations for help in her doubtless very grave dilemma, being met always by the same very brief remark, "Champagne!" Something terrible in it, but something irresistibly comic, too! And in the dark I saw men of all nations, in all quarters of the world, being caught by the Potentate as they emerged from the restaurant

of hotels de luxe, and held captive by the ice pail, while Madame sat in the office, peeping at them over her upside down newspaper and realizing that yet another possible rescuer was being rendered impotent by the cruel generosity of the Brazilian phenomenon. And the farcical comedy of it struck away the tragedy out of my mind, and I began to laugh.

That was dreadful, but I couldn't help it any more than a man with a keen sense of humor can help laughing in church when anything ridiculous happens there. I laughed. I shook with laughter. My whole body quivered and was convulsed with laughter. And tears of laughter ran out of my eyes and down my laughing face. But through it all I was intent on not making a noise. Some, I hope gentlemanly, instinct prompted the avoidance of the roar. And I believe this praiseworthy endeavor would have been crowned with success if just at the crisis of my convulsion the thin voice out of the darkness had not exclaimed: "Elp me, sair! Aidez moi! Aiutatemi, Signorino!" And then, though she knew surely by this time I didn't understand German: "Helfen Sie mir! Er ist verrückt."

I think it was the German that finished me off. Anyhow, when she said the last words I saw all the nations, represented by their male populations, round the Potentate's ice pail, and I let out one of the biggest bursts of laughter that probably ever broke from the frame of a man.

Long ago in a French farce called "*Les surprises du divorce*" I saw Coquelin aîné in a laughing scene. He began to laugh and he couldn't stop. His laughter escaped entirely from control, like Frankenstein's monster. It dominated him, it devastated him, it ransacked him from top to toe, it reduced him finally to a sort of human jelly, but still he went on laughing. The mind had long since ceased from laughing, but the body couldn't stop laughing. It was doubled up with laughing while the mind looked on shocked.

So I laughed that night in the lift with Madame. I thought of her marriage to the Potentate at the mature age of forty-three, and

laughed. I thought of her traveling three times round the globe with him, doing nothing except read foreign newspapers upside down, and laughed. I thought of the Potentate's gradually going mad under the stress of her impotent companionship, and laughed. I thought of the Potentate's rendering all the knights-errant who might have succored the poor lady innocuous by means of iced champagne, and laughed. I thought of her being kicked on board a ship bound for Brazil, and laughed. I thought of her being strangled by the Potentate in Java, and shrieked with laughter. Yes, I grieve to say it, that final vision of tragedy made me throw back my head in the by then almost suffocating darkness and laugh till my knees gave way.

How long I laughed I shall never know. But at length human nature seemed to go on strike from sheer exhaustion. My mind had long since stopped laughing, or even smiling. Now the last drops of laughter oozed—so I felt it—out of the squeezed sponge of my body. The tears of laughter began to dry on my cheeks, and in another moment I should have returned to my normal self-possession when just at the psychological moment I heard the thin voice say in the darkness, "Why you laugh, sair?"

And that set me off again.

When at last I did finally and permanently stop, stop "for good and all," I felt physically exhausted and mentally very much ashamed of myself. I realized that I must have made a quite tremendous row and wondered whether my terrible outburst of merriment had been carried by the lift shaft, as by a sound conductor, into the farthest corners of the hotel. If so, what would people think? When a man shouts with laughter in a dark lift stuck between two floors the most natural supposition would surely be that he is singularly devoid of proper feeling. And when it is known—as I realized that it must by this time be known in the hotel—that his companion in misfortune is an elderly Brazilian lady, of permanently lugubrious temperament and entirely devoid of all sense of humor, and moreover that this lady is a total stranger to him, how must his conduct



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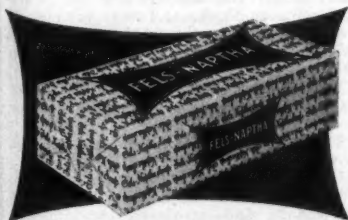
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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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appear to all decent and right-thinking people?

My own laughter had rendered me deaf to any outside happenings, though not to the still, small Brazilian voice enclosed with me in the lift, but now I found myself listening intently for noises from the hotel. Madame, after the question which had renewed my convulsions, had subsided into the death-like silence which had alarmed me at the beginning of our adventure. I conceived of her as finally stricken dumb by my shameless hilarity. But I was now concerned not with her but with the hotel. Our imprisonment could not be permanent. We should presently be enabled to emerge once more into the outer world. How should I be received there after what had just taken place? I listened as I don't think I have ever listened either before or since.

Presently I seemed to become aware of great confusion at a distance, of a confusion manifesting itself in multitudinous noises which were all blended together into an indeterminate something that was neither sound nor silence. And I was obscurely conscious that the hotel must be in an uproar.

Now what could be the cause of an uproar in the hotel? I asked myself the question and I immediately thought of the Potentate.

I had now lost all count of time and really had not the remotest idea how long we had been shut up in the lift. Had we been there for a quarter of an hour, for an hour, for two hours? The Potentate had flung out into the night sometime after ten o'clock, and I had thought to retire to bed almost immediately after his departure. If Madame and I had been in the lift for half an hour or so it must be about eleven o'clock. But it might well be later. Possibly it was near midnight. I began to wonder at what hour the Potentate usually returned from his nocturnal excursions. Beneath us, it seemed to me now, the muffled uproar in the hotel was growing in volume. What could be the cause of such mysterious confusion in a hitherto well-ordered establishment? Had the Potentate—

But I put the ugly thought from me. I realized that I had no definite idea what happened in a first-class hotel when a lift containing an elderly lady from Brazil and a comparatively young Englishman stuck fast in the dark between two floors. The matter was outside my experience of life. I could only guess and imagine. But guess and imagine as I might, the ugly conviction remained with me: "The Potentate has returned and has found out about the lift."

What he was doing in consequence of having found out, of course I couldn't know. But having observed his demonstrations in the restaurant when an omelet was lacking in truffles or when a bottle of Burgundy wasn't warmed to a nicety, I could deduce from them what he might well be capable of if he imagined that his honor was in question. And he wouldn't be reasonable. At all times he was like a thoroughly unreasonable volcano. It would, I knew, be quite useless for me to tell him that I hadn't deliberately arranged for a short-circuit in order that I might secure an undisturbed tête-à-tête with Madame. He wouldn't believe me. I remembered my reiterated refusal to go out with him that night. By Jove, that would look bad too if he suspected anything! He would certainly bring that up against me.

I found myself sweating profusely with heat and apprehension.

"Why you laugh, sair?" said the thin voice. I began to understand in some degree why the Potentate had at any rate thought of strangling my companion. Why will women go back upon the past? Why will they rake up memories which are far best forgotten? It seemed to me now incredible that I had ever laughed, and I was intensely irritated by this cross-examination upon a matter which was, as

I recognized, very little to my credit, and which it was quite impossible for me to explain to anyone, least of all to Madame. For how could I possibly tell her the simple truth, which was that I had nearly died of laughing because I had been visualizing her assassination at the hands of the Potentate in Java?

"I can't explain, Madame," I said. "Please don't ask me. Please forget all about it. And now I beg you to tell me something. At what time does your husband usually come back?"

"Sair?"
"At what hour does your husband generally come in to go to bed?"

"Sair?"
I clenched my hands. "A quelle heure votre mari—votre mari! Comprenez vous?—à quelle heure se couche-t-il généralement?"

"Sair?"
I raised my fists, as the Potentate had raised his in the pantomime of the exportation to Brazil. "Vostro marito—capisce Lei? Vostro marito—a che ora va a letto?"

"Sair?"
"At what o'clock—à quelle heure—a che ora—"

"I understand no t'ing!"
"But you told me that you spoke English—I mean English—French, Italian and even German. But you assured me—mais vous m'avez assuré que—ma Lei mi ha detto che Lei parlava quattro lingue, *quattro lingue*—"

"When you spik I understand no t'ing."
The perspiration was dropping from me. I was bathed in it, partly on account of the intense heat generated in the lift shaft, but partly also, I am certain, on account of my mental exasperation, my fear of the immediate future and my inability to induce my extraordinary companion to comprehend any mortal thing I said. That was it, then! She was one of those intolerable women who can't comprehend one word of any language spoken to them. And I remembered that the Potentate had told me that Portuguese was the only language she understood, not that Portuguese was the only language she spoke. For all I knew she might be able to speak badly in all the living languages extant. But it was quite certain that she was totally incapable of grasping the meaning of the simplest sentence in any one of them, however carefully spoken to her.

Suddenly desperation rose in me. I resolved that somehow I would make this extraordinary being understand me. And I recollected having been told that the best way to force a very stupid or very ignorant or very obstinate person into comprehension of your meaning is to speak of something which vitally affects his, or her, comfort, safety or happiness—of money owed, for instance, or of food long overdue, or of personal insecurity—such as danger to life or limb.

I therefore crouched forward in the darkness towards where I supposed Madame to be and said in a penetrating voice: "If you value your life on no account go to Java!"

"Sair?" came, to my great surprise, from immediately behind me.

I spun round. "N'allez pas à Java, je vous en prie, Madame! N'allez jamais à Java!"

"Elp me, sair!"

"I'm trying to help you. Lei non deve andare a Java! Ha capito?"

"When you spik I understand no t'ing."
"Don't go to Java!" I roared.

"Elp me, sair!"

"I'm telling you—"

My voice failed me. "Aiutatemi, Signorino! Helfen Sie mir!"

"I don't understand Ger—"

"Er ist verrückt! 'E ave give you champagne but 'e is mad. E pazzo. E pazzissimo! Monsieur, c'est un grand fou! Ich fürchte mich vor ihm. Aber was soll ich thun? Niemand hilft mir, weil Sie alle zusammen von seinem Champagner getrunken haben. Ich bitte Sie—"

"Madame, how many times must I tell you that I don't under—"

"Wenn mir niemand helfen will weiss ich wirklich nicht was ich thun soll. Er ist mein Mann aber er hat mich nicht lieb. Wenn Sie nur—"

But at this point in our conversation a diversion occurred. The electric light gleamed out once more, and I found that I was standing up in the lift with my back to Madame and my face to the folding doors. I was about to turn round when the lift moved upwards and stopped with a jerk. Concluding that at last we had reached floor number three I pulled the door inwards and was confronted by a wall. We had stuck again.

But something—it seemed fatally—drew my glance upwards and I saw above the wall, through the bottom of a grille, a pair of enormous feet and the beginnings of two mighty legs. They were immovable, like things put outside a bedroom door at night to be cleaned. Despite the bars which partially concealed them, I knew them for what they were—the Potentate's feet and ankles—and I looked round at Madame.

"For mercy's sake," I whispered, "don't—"

The lift moved with a jerk and stuck again. I was now confronted by a mountainous protuberance decorated with a cable chain of gold and a whole family of seals of various shapes and sizes. Again I turned my head.

"For heaven's sake!" I whispered urgently, "mind you don't—"

"Sair?"
"Dites lui que—spiegate che quando voi siete venuto—"

The lift glided smoothly upward, stopped gently, blandly almost, and I was face to face with the Potentate. His enormous black eyes were staring into mine. His Assyrian beard was thrust out towards me. He still wore the vast overcoat and enormous hat in which he had passed out into the night.

"It isn't my fault!" I began through the bars. "I assure you solemnly that—"

He flung open the lift gate. I thought of course that he was going to assault me, but his eyes traveled fiercely beyond me to Madame, who was still seated in the corner and who now peeped out into the regained world exactly as she peeped over her newspapers.

The Potentate looked at her and then at me in deadly silence.

"I positively assure you," I began again, "I solemnly swear on my honor that—"

He swept aside my excuses with a gesture. I stepped meekly out onto the landing. Exactly what happened then I don't know. But I suppose Madame must have summoned courage to get out of the lift of her own accord, for the next thing I remember was seeing her thin back and scratchy head of hair disappearing in the distance of the corridor. She seemed to creep round the corner and was gone. I was alone with the Potentate.

He took out an immense gold watch and looked at it. "The electric light and power failed all over Naples at twenty minutes to eleven," he said in the "Aida" bass. "It's twelve o'clock now. You've been shut in there alone with her for an hour and twenty minutes."

"It wasn't my fault! I positively assure you, I swear on my sacred honor, that it wasn't my—"

"For an hour and twenty minutes—and you haven't strangled her!"

He stared into my eyes like one who regards a phenomenon, something which he sees but in which he finds it almost impossible to believe.

Then without another word he turned and walking as it seemed to me with majestic contempt, disappeared round the corner of the corridor.

I kept my room all next day. On the following morning when I ventured out I learned from the polite young man at the bureau that the Potentate and Madame had just set sail for Java.

We speak of love at first sight. Will love die just as suddenly if, for instance, the loved one commits some despicable act? That is the question answered in Robert Hichens's next dramatic story, in an early COSMOPOLITAN

"With a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion"—The rest of this treatment is given in the second column below.



Blackheads can be overcome by the right cleansing method

TWO BOYS, just out of college, were riding down Fifth Avenue on a bus top. They were watching the stream of women—women of every age, every type of costume and appearance, who fill that brilliant thoroughfare at four o'clock in the afternoon—the fashionable hour.

"They look all right from up here," remarked one of the boys, "but get down on the sidewalk, and just about one woman in ten really has a good complexion. With the rest it's a matter of make-up."

These were real boys—and a real conversation.

THERE is no way of successfully disguising a poor complexion.

But by using the right hygienic methods, you can overcome its faults!

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. If you give this new skin

the right treatment, you can gain a complexion so fresh, clear, radiant, that there will be nothing you need to conceal.

To free your skin from blackheads

Blackheads are a confession that you are not using the right cleansing method for your skin. Use this treatment, and see how quickly blackheads will disappear—

EVERY night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and find, in this booklet, the right treatment for your skin. See what a difference even a week or ten days of this special care will make.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three famous Woodbury skin preparations —guest size—for 10 cents

The Andrew Jergens Co.
1606 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1606 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name.....
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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

A Crown Prince in Banishment

(Continued from page 53)

not used to layin' out nights, I reckon maybe the chief engineer might let you curl up on an old sack on the engine room floor where it's warm; that's what the firemen do when they're off watch.

"There's one consolation—you won't get to do much sleepin'. After we get out of the Ohio, Hara or the other mate'll be roustin' you out every few minutes all through the night on account of us havin' to make a landin' every little while. We can't have you eatin' with the darkies, neither. I'll tell you what—whenever I happen to think of it I'll send you down your share of the leavin's in a separate tin pan and you can squat down anywhere and eat. Well, that's settled, then; and let me tell you this, son, I'm mighty glad to be able to lend you a helpin' hand." With a pleased beam upon his face, Cap'n Goddard thrust out a broad palm. "Just shake on it once and the bargain's sealed. There—that's it. Now you're a member of my crew. Ain't that bully?"

The applicant recaptured a somewhat limp hand from the congratulatory grip of the Rapidan's master. He seemed to experience a slight difficulty in finding language fitted to express his gratitude. All he could say was "Much obliged, suh," and that much he got out with a sort of stiff gulp. He gulped again and wriggled his body and diffidently, almost with a touch of timidity, advanced a tentative counter-suggestion: "Mebbe—mebbe it'd be better, rather than my puttin' anybody out, ef—I just paid fur my ticket, suh?"

"Oh no, you don't want to be doin' that! The way I'm fixin' it up for you, your trip over to St. Louie won't cost you a red cent—won't cost you anything but a lot of work and some loss of sleep and maybe a few bruises and one thing and another, that's all. Anyhow, we're full up on the passenger list. Couldn't jam another man, woman or child in if I tried. Don't be so bashful, son. I can just look at you and tell you're crazy to have Tip Hara for your boss. You better run on down now and report to him for duty. Right away he'll probably start in cussin' you. But don't let that bother you; you'll get used to it in no time. Cussin' is just Tip's regular way of talkin'."

"Yes, suh. But please, suh, ef you don't mind, I just remembered somethin' I forgot about. I 'spect I'd better run back up-town first and see about it."

"What was it you forgot?" A crispness crept into Cap'n Goddard's voice. There was revealed a harder side to his nature.

"Just—just somethin'."

"So? Well, you can go, but don't you be gone long. Remember, a man's word is his bond in this business; that's the steamboat law. You be back here, mind, in not more than fifteen minutes from now at the outside. Because we'll be pulling out just as soon as they can get that last jag of tobacco and peanuts on board. Where was it you said you had to go on that private errand of yours?"

"Just—just up the street here a little piece." The new helper waved an arm with a curve which included the shoreward horizon from northeast to southwest.

"Get along then, but stir your stumps. I don't want to have to be sending the second mate out to look for you at the last minute. He won't like it either, bein' sort of quick-tempered and—"

Cap'n Goddard realized that he was addressing this last sentence to void space. He no longer had a listener. He felt he needed one, though. He turned and from where he stood on the guards he called in at the open cabin door. "Oh, Bill—Bill Pell, come along out here, will you? Come quick because the party I want to show you will be out of sight in a couple of minutes, the rate he's hustlin' up the hill." He chuckled happily. "I'm goin' to give you a good laugh, I'll swear to that."

At eleven o'clock the Rapidan sent a roaring

signal up the wharf and the familiar clamor of it scattered the pigeons feeding on scattered grain upon the graveled incline. It roused five or six persons of the leisure class, one of them plain, the rest colored, who had been drowsing in sunny spots behind bales and hogsheads awaiting shipment, and it brought tardy travelers hurrying down the slope. At eleven, to an accompaniment of starting bells jangling in the engine room and the scrape of gangplanks being drawn in, she whistled once again in final warning.

From a hastily tunneled retreat well back in the sawdust pile of Langstock's mill a quarter of a mile away, the refugee did not stir. He had been there for quite a while; he would continue patiently to bide there until all peril had passed. Better to be slow and safe than to be precipitate and sorry. He waited until the diminishing *bucketty-bucketty* of paddle-wheels and the sighing, tired-sounding exhalations of her 'scape pipes told him the steamer had swung out into the current and was really off, beyond possibility of recall. Even so, his manner of emerging from his fastness showed caution.

He sat on a saw-log in the shelter of the planing shed to dig itchy particles out of his neck-band and his ears and to take stock of matters in general. One thing was sure—the glamorous aspect of packet-boat apprenticeship had been exposed for a false and a misleading thing. Well, there remained the highway, did one elect to make an exit from local parts on foot; and there remained the railroad. He arose and shook himself and reclaimed his luggage from where he had cached it in the burrow and headed westward, stepping rather slowly, almost reluctantly, a spectator might have thought.

A voice speaking his name brought him out of himself and halted his abstracted plodding. Mr. Gabriel Buckley, a middle-aged friend of the family, was hailing him from a buggy drawn up at the gutter edge of the street.

"Hello, Junior," he said. "I didn't expect to see you still around here this late in the day. No, sir. I was given to understand that you'd pulled out this morning and left the old town to worry along the best way it could without you. I'm sorry if anything detained you. Could I give you a lift?"

Juney shook his head. Meanwhile scoring a little furrow in the earth with his toe, he put then a muffled query. He had to put it a second time, in response to Mr. Buckley's request, before the latter caught it.

"How did I find out?" repeated Mr. Buckley. "Oh, it's all over town by now, I guess—the news about your quitting this part of the country. I can't seem to remember who told me first, but it seems like several people spoke to me about it. And everybody says you're showing a lot of spunk, cutting loose for yourself. That's the way I feel about it myself. You're a little dandy—that's what I say for you!"

"Well, if you don't care to ride a ways with me I'd better be getting along. It's likely we'll both be a whole lot older before we meet up with each other again—if we ever do. So good-by—and good luck to you, old rambler."

Was the whole community, acquaintance and stranger alike, in a conspiracy to banish him on into the unknown? It would seem so. It was beginning to amount to a strong suspicion. An hour or so later, in the shadow of a red water-tank where it stood at the outer fringes of the P. T. & A. yards, this suspicion ripened into an absolute conviction.

It was the taller of the two tramps—the taller and also the hairier and the greasier one—who took over direction of the division of proceeds. Having himself suggested this step, it was perhaps only proper that he should supervise the allotment of portions. He had the makings of a true communist in him; that is, the more valued spoils fell to him.

"I'll take this here shiny new knife," he said—and took it. "Now, let's see wot about this nice little cast-iron bank that rattles so sweet." Under his heel he cracked the small strong box so that it gaped at its seams like an opening oyster, then sifted its hoard out upon his soiled palm and counted the pieces with a deft finger. "Um—comes to two-eighty-five, even. Well, I'll keep the two dollars fur the time bein' anyhow, and Cozy here'll look after the eighty-five. That's his bit. And Cozy, you better take one of these two handkerchiefs and that'll leave me the other one, and while I'm at it I'll just stick the fishin' tackle in my pocket—yes, and this here cravat and the silver cuff buttons. Don't use such things as cuff buttons and fancy neckties myself but there'll be a chance to trade 'em off fur something useful one of these days. But Cozy, the juice-harp goes to you ef you want it. You ain't very musical now, but it ain't never too late to learn, ez the feller sez." He turned in explanation to the third person present.

"You see, bo, it's the rule of the road that a new pal turns in what he's got and after that it's a split, sheer and sheer alike, to everybody in the mob. But I'm givin' you a little the best of it, seein' you only just joined up with us. All wot's left goes right back to you—the busted toy pistol and the fly cop's badge and both them books—no, I better keep the books to look at the pictures in 'em—and these here personal souvenirs and all." With a generous gesture he gathered up such part as remained of the pawed-over store and pushed it toward him who a bit earlier had been divested of it. "Hold on, though!" A crafty gleam came into his eye—he had only one. "I didn't frisk you any too good a minute ago when I was goin' through you." This was a true admission, for the bill, wadded at the bottom of one of Juney's pockets, had escaped those swiftly searching fingers. "Got anythin' else on you that might be of general interest?"

"Only—only that there letter from my father that I was tellin' you about," faltered Juney.

"That's right, you did mention somethin' about a letter, didn't you?" said Cyclops. "But in the job of makin' you welcome I clean forgot about it. Let's see this here now document."

For the second time that day the despoiled Juney presented his official release from domestic allegiance. The tall tramp unfolded the single sheet and squinted.

"I read readin', ez the feller sez, but I don't read writin' so very well," he said. "Quit school too early, I guess, before my education wuz complete." He tossed the paper across the rails to his stubby auxiliary. "You can it out, Cozy, and tell us wot she sez."

The literate spelled the words aloud.

"Well, that does make ever'thing o.k.," stated the one-eyed man heartily. "Now they can't no town bull come buttin' in claimin' we kidnaped the kid. Why, he practically belongs to us, ez you might say. Eh, Cozy?"

"You said it, Slim," assented the other. He appraised the proportions of the adopted member. "Jest about the right size, too, fur doin' wot we'll mostly need him fur," he commented, and under cover of his tilted hat brim flashed a wink at the one-eyed man.

"Meanin'?"

The second freebooter made eloquent motions, at the same time speaking darkly in an argot unintelligible to Juney's burning and apprehensive ears.

"Oh, now I git you!" exclaimed his superior, and grinned. He cupped his hands over his ragged knees and rocked himself back and forth upon the cross-tie butt whereon he was seated. "That's a right clever idea of yours, Cozy—funny I didn't think of it myself." He beckoned the stricken disciple to draw nearer. "Little bo, you didn't make no mistake when you come up just now and throwed in with us, and we ain't made no mistake neither by takin' you in." He recapitulated details previously

How the younger women are caring for their skin



On her dressing table the sure means of skin perfection



Out in the wind for hours, yet her skin hasn't coarsened

SHE whirls gaily through a crowded day, yet there is no end to her buoyant enthusiasm, her electric energy.

Look at her smiling over her morning coffee. She played eighteen holes of golf in yesterday afternoon's wind and danced until four on top of it.

But her creamy skin hasn't a trace of roughness or coarsening. There's not a line at the corner of her mouth or eyes—no lifeless look to tell of a skin improperly cared for.

For these lighthearted girls know how important a clear, fresh, smooth skin is, and they realize that their strenuous manner of life seriously threatens to destroy its fragile loveliness.

So everywhere they have now definitely adopted the new method of skin care—the method devised by Pond's and based upon the two fundamentals of skin perfection—Rejuvenating Cleansing and a delicate Protective Finish.

How the Younger Women Stay So

First—the all important cleansing that leaves the skin immaculate, supple, lustrous. For this, Pond's Cold Cream on the face and neck every night, and after any exposure. Rub it in generously, with the tips of the fingers, or on a piece of moistened cotton. The fine oil sinks deep into the pores to remove the impurities, the tiny particles of dust and powder that clog them.

With a soft cloth wipe off the cream—you will marvel at the dust and dirt that come with it. Your skin is deliciously clean and supple—and the tiny cells have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Next—the delicate finish that protects. Smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face after every cleansing—just enough to rub in easily. This exquisite, pure soft cream is absorbed in-



THE younger woman of today does not permit fatigue to mark her skin with tiny lines, or exposure to redden and coarsen it. She knows how tremendously important is a clear, smooth skin and the fragile loveliness that withstands her exceedingly strenuous way of life.



**POND'S TWO CREAMS
USED BY WOMEN WHO TAX
THEIR SKIN MOST AND
KEEP IT LOVELIEST**

stantly, giving a fine, normal texture, a smoothness and an enchanting pearly tone. Now with this perfect foundation, notice how evenly your powder goes on—and it will cling for hours.

After any exposure Pond's Cold Cream is especially soothing. Just feel your face relax as you rub the soft delicate cream in after a long drive or a morning of golf or tennis. The hungry cells drink up the oil they lack, the feeling of strain disappears, and the skin is soft and supple again. Follow this, of course, with Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering.

If you are entertaining or going out in the evening, use Pond's Cold Cream followed by Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smooth, clear loveliness.

Try the Famous Method that Keeps the Skin Young

With Pond's Two Creams and a little care every day, you will be astonished to see how clear and smooth, how soft and velvety your skin looks. And it will keep this charm of freshness and youthfulness for years longer than one would suppose possible. Buy Pond's Two Creams in jars or tubes from any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous tubes—mail coupon with 10 cents today

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. F
141 Hudson Street, New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every skin needs.

Name

Street

City State

When did you find your ideal tobacco?

Sooner or later we all choose the perfect smoke partner—

Here is an interesting letter from Mr. Charles H. Bishop of Chicago. It confirms the truth of an old proverb—"better late than never."

We hope that reading it may show some misguided pipe smoker the path to smoke satisfaction.

Chicago, Ill.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I am glad to write you that I have convinced a man of fifty years' smoking experience that "it's never too late to change." The new convert to Edgeworth is my father-in-law, now approaching seventy. Year after year at Christmas I had bought him, among other things, a large jar of tobacco; but until this year my heart was never wholly in the selection.

But this Christmas I purchased Edgeworth, which he had tried after constant urging on my part—and he's satisfied!

Yours sincerely,

Charles H. Bishop.

We are glad Mr. Bishop induced his father-in-law to try Edgeworth, and we hope that the old gentleman will derive much pleasure and comfort from his pipe for many years to come.

But it seems to us a shame that he didn't become acquainted with Edgeworth many years ago.

We try to make Edgeworth a tobacco that most men will like regardless of age, and the evidence would seem to

show that we do.

Of course, we don't hope to suit every man's taste, but a great many smokers have found Edgeworth "just right."

Why not let us send you a free sample of Edgeworth? Maybe it's just the smoke you've been looking for.

Your name and address on a postal to Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you generous samples of Edgeworth with our compliments.

If you care to include your dealer's name and whereabouts we will appreciate the courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



touched on: "Lemme see now, you've cut loose from your folks? And you're countin' on goin' out West? That's wot you told us, wuzn't it? Say, kid, you put me in mind of my own case. I hit the grit when I wuzn't much older'n you. And wot would I have amounted to, I ask you, ef I hadn't? Nothin'—just nothin' at all. And now look at me! You foller in my footsteps and I'll make somethin' out of you before I'm done with you."

"Here's the layout," he continued confidentially. "We'll work west by degrees—us three. We'll make fur Chi first, though—we're hangin' out here now waitin' to hop the first through freight goin' north. Why, we'll have you ridin' rods or the blind baggage in no time. Bummin' your way beats travelin' with the payin' suckers every pop. Course, if your grip slips and you fall off you git ground up fine under the wheels. But what's that to worry about?—don't never slip, that's all."

"But we're goin' to make somethin' more out of you than just a plain gay-cat. That wuz the big idee that Cozy here had just now. When we hit a town we'll send you round to the back doors panhandlin' fur cold vittles. But that'll only be fur a stall. Unbeknownst, you'll be sizin' up the layout of a likely house—the winders and the door fastenin's and all. And then that night the three of us'll come slippin' back there and we'll prize open a window and we'll boost you in. If the openin's kind of small we may have to jam you through, but then you're young and limber and your bones ought to give easy."

"And then, soon as you're inside, you'll unlock a door fur us and we'll just naturally clean out that dump fur all the money and jewelry and silverware that's in it. Git the point? And then, ef we don't git shot or pinched or you don't git chewed up by a watch-dog, we'll move on to the next town and do the same thing all over again. How could you beat that fur a good plant?" He twisted about, this froissy fictionist, to grimace behind a sheltering hand at the entranced Cozy, and at that his hypnotized pupil, freed from the spell of that evilly glinting lone eye, remembered he had legs and remembered what legs were for.

Behind him he heard the vast roar of two commingled husky voices. To him it seemed a roaring of malignant and thwarted rage. But he did not look back. This was no time for looking back. This was a time made for going on and on and on.

The current calendar might claim for a certain date in midsummer that it would be the longest day of the 365 and a fourth. Here stood one witness ready to debate that the longest day of any year since the Christian era began had projected itself into the latter part of the present month of March.

He stood on sagged legs with his head bent and thought back on the breakfast hour of the morning of this incredibly lengthened day. In retrospect it seemed to recede months and yet other months on back into a lagging past. Could it really have been that morning? Had all these weary weeks of being a derelict intervened since eight A.M.?

That way lay madness, or if not madness, melancholia at the very least. So he lifted his head and looked about him into a landscape grown altogether barren of cheer. The sun, altered into a large red-hot pie pan, was sinking to rest at a point apparently about a quarter of a mile beyond the Clark's River trestle. Even the sun had somewhere to go when darkness closed in on a lonesome world! Everything—nearly—had somewhere to go!

There was manifest proof of it. The homing impulse had laid hold on practically all of nature that was visible. On the hickories alongside the right of way the tender green leaf shoots were losing their semblance to the cocked ears of very young squirrels; they were making ready for sleep by folding themselves up into tight little bulbs. Robins, not yet mated off to disperse in pairs, were flocking past overhead to settle in a thicket dormitory at the farther side of a slough. Cows, drift-

Cosmopolitan for June, 1924

ing along a wood road through a narrow vista which seemed to fold in protectingly behind them, gave vent to moos of satisfaction on nearing supper and bed. Only a chilly damp little breeze which had sprung up out of the bottoms lacked a retiring place. It moaned its nostalgic longings among the telegraph wires along the right of way, and moaned again.

It was that keening note of homesickness borne on the orphaned wind that settled a question which the footsore pedestrian for some hours past—or was it days?—had been debating within himself. Now all at once the ayes had it by acclamation. It was one thing to show a proper pride. It was another to destroy the happiness of a whole household by sheer obstinacy, by cruel headstrongness.

Why not let bygones be bygones? A fellow could not forever be thinking of his own ambitions—that was selfishness. To be magnanimous, to stand ready to forgive and forget, to meet overtures for reconciliation half-way—that after all was the spirit. And to meet them half-way meant that one must go back all the way. Very well, then, so be it; the die was cast. He swallowed and lo, the persisting lumpiness at the base of his throat was gone. An ache of emptiness which seemed to fill his entire being had succeeded it.

For all that he was so weary, the returning traveler's speed, measured by the mile—and there were four of the miles, about—would undoubtedly have been shown to exceed the average rate marking his departure. En route through the gathering darkness he took counsel with himself concerning the manner fittest to commemorate his reappearance at the family fireside. By progression he arrived at a compromise decision; he would be governed by surface conditions as they revealed themselves.

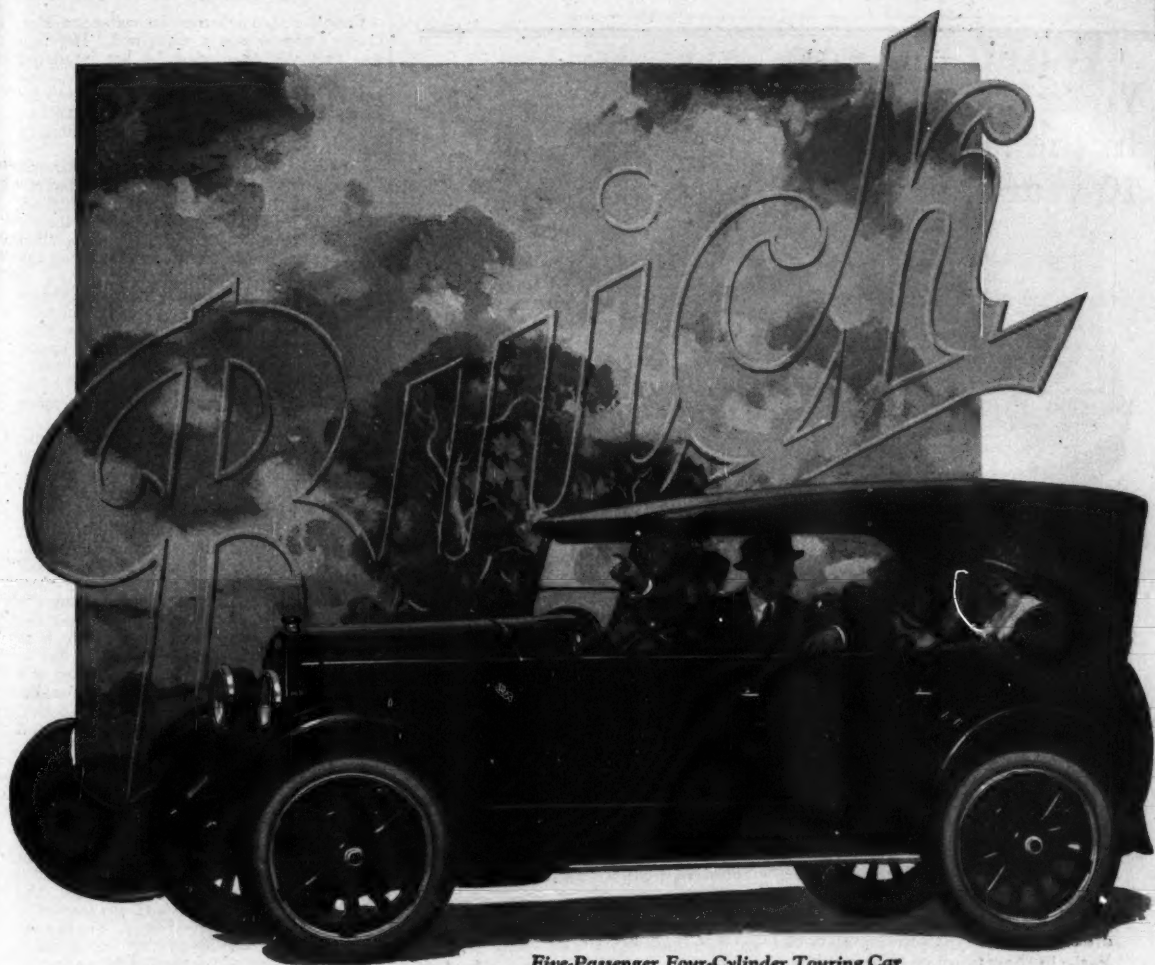
If his seniors still carried on the pose of indifference which they had assumed when the discarded project first came up—and of course, it must have been a counterfeit complacency painfully devised to mask their secret fears—why, then, his cue would be a cue for laughter and whimsicalities; the whole affair to be dismissed as a good joke played by them on him and by him, in turn, on them. But did their real grief betray them, did he enter in upon a household sunken to the lowermost depths of despondency, did their broken cries of relief and contrition well forth on sight of him as all seemed more likely—well, in that case he might behave differently, and probably would. A cold dignity at the outset, followed by degrees of unbending and eventually by a complete relenting—this perhaps would be the indicated line for one holding the whip-hand to take.

He went in through the alley gate; that saved him a minute, say. He ran up the back porch steps, which saved seconds. Seconds, even, were to be counted now as valuable. There were lights shining in the kitchen as he sped past it. How jolly a thing was a lighted kitchen window with its beaming promises of food, piping hot and savory!

He was in the rear hall. He was at the dining room door. He spun on an agile toe and thrust the dining room door open and paused, his figure framed in the opening. Now for the welcome!

Mr. Custer sat in his place at the head of the table. With the air of being mildly puzzled and just the least bit irritated by an inconsequential botherment he cast the briefest of all possible looks toward the door and then, bringing his lifted eyebrows back where they belonged, he spoke to Mrs. Custer, apparently resuming reference to a topic which had been under discussion before this trifling interruption occurred.

"Yes," he went on, "Chief Bailey was telling me that the police never knew a time when there were more suspicious strangers hanging about town. Well, springtime always does bring the vags back, you know. You'd better keep the bolts fast on the outside doors—especially the back hall door. There's no telling when one of these prowlers might walk right in on us without knocking."



Five-Passenger Four-Cylinder Touring Car

Driving Sixth Buick

On October 10th I purchased a Model 1924-54 Buick. This car I have used constantly in my practice and under some very unfavorable road conditions as the roads have been muddy continually since I purchased the car. This is my sixth Buick.

I consider the four-wheel brakes indeed very fine. In fact, one does not know their real value until used. The car has a world of pep and power and I am well pleased with it.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) S. S. McGinnis, M. D.
Scott City, Kansas

DIFFERENT Buick owners give different reasons for the genuine affection which they hold for their cars. Some say it is because of Buick's extraordinary dependability; others, the many years that their Buicks have continued to give the same sterling performance. Still others maintain that it is because of Buick's safety and driving comfort. But in the end they agree that it is exceedingly difficult to place one Buick point of excellence above another—that after all, their regard for Buick is based on that all-inclusive quality which they like to call Buick character.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.

Division of General Motors Corporation

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Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal
Cities—Dealers Everywhere

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Your 12,000 meals in the last 10 years



THE TROUBLE you have with your teeth and your gums can be traced directly to the food you eat.

Three times a day, thirty days a month, all year 'round, you eat the soft food of civilization—rich, creamy and over-refined.

People who eat rough, coarse food never in their lives suffer from pyorrhea. Coarse food is good for gums and teeth. It keeps them in condi-

tion, for it stimulates blood circulation in the gums.

How soft food weakens gums and ruins teeth

But the trouble with present day food and with ordinary brushing is one and the same. Neither stirs up the gums to healthy circulation. That's why you need Ipana, a tooth paste which stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth.

Use Ipana Tooth Paste—good for tender gums

IT is because of the increasing prevalence of troubles from the *gingiva* (gum structure) that thousands of dentists have adopted Ipana Tooth Paste in their practice and prescribe it to their patients. Many dentists, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Because of the presence of ziralto, a well-known and valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, Ipana has a direct tonic effect on soft and bleeding gums. Indeed, Ipana has become known as the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush, and the

friend of healthy gums and teeth.

So that you may judge for yourself its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and clean taste, we shall be delighted to send you a trial sample of Ipana.

Try a tube of Ipana today

But the effects of years are not to be repaired in ten days of good care, and the sample tube will be only the start of good work. So, if your toothbrush "shows pink," or if your gums are tender, go to your druggist and get your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference, the improvement. Let it start its good work today.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers
of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERSCO., Dept. H-6
42 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

From her station behind the coffee urn Mrs. Custer's answer was a slight nod. Her face was protected from view by her interlaced fingers. She had glanced aside once, very swiftly. Now, as well as might be told by someone transfixed at the threshold, she had her eyes fixed on her plate. Presumably things there deeply interested her.

Custer Junior cleared his throat, then cleared it again, more loudly. Mr. Custer passed his coffee cup for replenishment and his wife filled it and handed it back and regained her former pose—a pose which amplified the supposition that she was aware of no intrusion upon the privacy of their supper hour.

"Lovely sunset tonight," said Mr. Custer placidly. "Did you happen to see it, Helena?"

Again the reply was made with a little motion of the head behind her cupped hands.

The late rover took a step into the room, closing the door behind him with a smart rattle of the knob. His father frowned a preoccupied little frown.

"That latch must need fixing," he said with just a trace of annoyance. "Funny that it keeps clicking without any reason. Remind me to give it a look after supper, will you?"

His son advanced slowly to the table, moving with the dragging gait of a semi-paralytic, and stopped within arm's reach of the seated pair. He brought a crumpled five-dollar bill from his pocket and spread it upon the cloth at the man's elbow and smoothed out the creases in it with a very careful forefinger and once more gave vent to an *ahem*. That is to say, the utterance in question started out to be an authentic *ahem*. But it terminated as a snuffle, an unmistakable, a misery-laden snuffle. Speaking on past him and beyond him, in fact, practically through him, his father addressed the cook:

"Pass the biscuits, will you please, Auntie? Maybe Mrs. Custer will have one, too."

Aunt Mallie, who had been standing near the pantry entrance with her arms folded in her apron and her rigid gaze directed in studious contemplation of a crack in the plastering of the ceiling, stepped forward. Her ample skirts brushed the shrunken and abashed shape. She gave no heed, though. Indeed, she seemed in no wise cognizant of a newcomer. For her too a veil of complete invisibility encompassed him. Having served the biscuits she reassumed an aloof and immobile attitude, becoming again a graven image in toned ebony.

The boy's own eyes drooped abjectly. They fell upon the family cat where she was couched on the hearth-rug almost at his feet. She was no friend to him—this sleek black mouser. Months before, with the best intentions in the world, he unwittingly had done her a bad turn, as may be remembered; and when, days later, she reappeared at home, which sooner or later is what her sort nearly always do, she made no secret of her abiding distrust for him. Blinking hard he stared down at her, seeing her waveringly as through a mist, and unblinkingly she stared back. So far as she personally was concerned he might remain in coventry forever; her manner proved that. Still, she did not absolutely ignore him. Her long tail, beginning suddenly to twitch to and fro, advertised that she had at least a casual knowledge of the outcast's presence. In the direness of a great distress almost any one of us is grateful for even the smallest of favors. This returned prodigal spoke up:

"Well," he said, and fought to make his voice not too timorous and to keep the tremolos out of it, but failed, "well, I see you've still got the same old cat!"

The next instant his mother's arms were about him and his head was on her breast and his tears were making the front of her frock all wet.

Irvin Cobb takes June through another of boyhood's greatest trials in "Little Short Pants-leroy," a humorous epic of 14, in COSMOPOLITAN for July

The creams that your complexion needs

By MME. JEANNETTE

ANY woman's skin is improved by the consistent use of creams. Many skins need two creams; others need one cream—but to use no cream at all is to neglect an essential duty to your complexion.



A DRY SKIN

needs this cream only

A too-dry skin wrinkles soon, and it should be given extra oil. Pompeian Night Cream has a smooth, creamy consistency that melts into a soothing oil when applied to the skin.

It has a twofold value—in the fact that it cleans the skin thoroughly, and that it also has nourishing qualities of rare value. Certain properties in this cream feed the dry tissues and add the amount of oil necessary to restore normal softness.

For Cleansing: Rub Pompeian Night Cream over the skin till it reduces into an oily consistency. Remove with a soft cloth, and note the soiled condition of your cloth. Repeat this cream-cleansing application till the cloth shows no sign of dirt.

As a Powder Base: A vanishing cream should not be used on a very dry skin, as its effect is to intensify the dryness. Pompeian Night Cream forms the ideal powder-base for this kind of skin. Use small quantities, rubbing it in lightly till most of it is absorbed, then wipe off thoroughly and apply your powder.

MME. JEANNETTE OFFERS A NEW BEAUTY BOX

This unique Beauty Box contains trial quantities of four Pompeian preparations: a tube of Day Cream, a tube of Night Cream, a box of Beauty Powder, a box of Bloom (rouge). With them

Eventually, if your skin is too oily, it becomes flaccid, and the muscles relax and the face and neck become flabby and unsightly.

Pompeian Day Cream tightens the skin, and removes enough of the superfluous oil to make the skin normal. Its mild, astringent quality also stimulates healthy circulation and gives the skin the desired glow of health.

Pompeian Day Cream should be used every morning after the customary cleansing with Pompeian Night Cream, distributing it over face and neck till the entire surface has been covered. It is a disappearing cream and will vanish as you apply it, leaving the skin firm and cool to the touch. This treatment is a healthy tonic to an oily skin and gives a pleasant, smooth finish to your skin, without shine, even if you don't use powder.

But the wise woman will use her Pompeian Beauty Powder immediately after applying Pompeian Day Cream, and will find that the powder goes on more smoothly, and that it will adhere for hours at a time.

comes a valuable booklet by Mme. Jeannette on the care and improvement of the complexion. All are included in a highly artistic box for the dressing table. Send 25c with the coupon below.

POMPEIAN

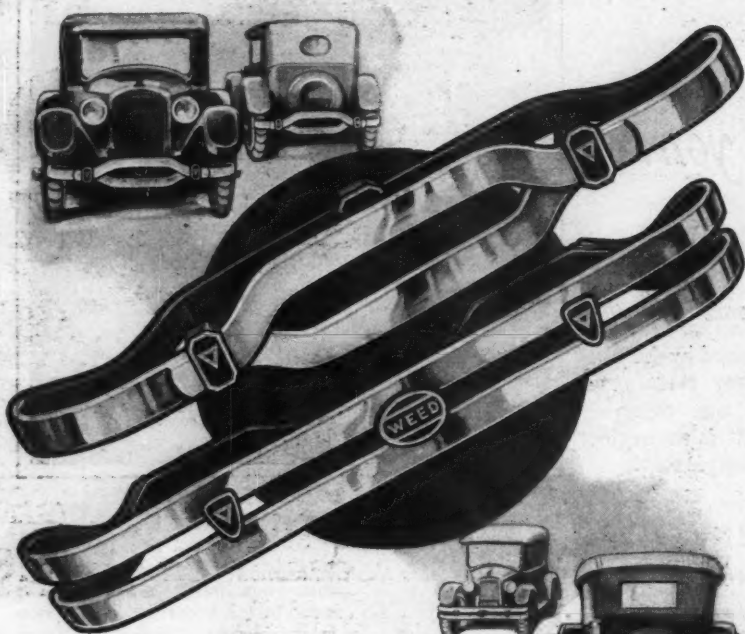
Night
Cream
(CLEANSING AND SKIN-NOURISHING)



MME. JEANNETTE Pompeian Laboratories 2036 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio		Name <input type="text"/>
Address <input type="text"/>		
City <input type="text"/> State <input type="text"/>		
Shade face powder wanted? <input type="text"/>		
Dear Madame: I enclose 25c (silver preferred) for your new Beauty Box, and booklet. <small>© 1924, The Pompeian Co.</small>		

Day
Cream
(VANISHING)





Integrity is built into **WEED** Bumpers

HIGH-GRADE steel only is used for Weed Bumpers to protect your car and its occupants.

Every precaution and the best methods known in electro plating and enameling are used to obtain the beautiful and durable finish on Weed Bumpers. And the Weed fittings are so skilfully and carefully made that they "stay put"—are rattle-proof.

Write for our new 1924 folder picturing and describing the complete line of Weed Bumpers—eight styles in addition to the Weed Spring-Bar and Weed Sentry Bumpers shown above—every one worthy of the name **WEED**. Priced from \$11.00 to \$28.00.

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The World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for all Purposes



Birds of Prey

(Continued from page 101)

trembling; she managed to take hold of herself; finally she spoke in a more natural voice: "Poor Dave! He has always been ready to lay down his life for me. No woman ever had a truer friend."

"So? He took the blame to save you? Is that it?"

Mildred undertook to answer affirmatively but her throat swelled, tears wet her lashes. Silently she nodded.

"It was an unselfish act. Rather a handsome thing to attempt. Emotion prompts people to do unselfish, impossible things like that. I've just been thinking that a woman who cared for him, and who feared the chain of circumstantial evidence against him was too strong, might feel the same generous impulse and—and offer to sacrifice herself."

"You are trying to help me, Mr. Allison, but it's no use. Besides, I never cared for Dave in that way. He knows it. That's why I'm so deeply touched. No. He and—and you must forget there ever was such a person as I. I'm very tired. You'll have to arrest me, of course. I'll go now and get ready. Meanwhile you'll send the others away, won't you?"

Roger felt an overwhelming pity for this unhappy creature. He longed to take her in his arms and comfort her, banish her fears, but under the circumstances he dared not even hint at what was in his heart. He still had something very important to disclose; whatever message of a personal nature that disclosure carried she must read in his eyes, in the tone of his voice.

He was hesitating how to begin when the faint sound of an approaching motor-cycle came to his ears; that sound grew rapidly louder until, with a rattle of musketry, the machine rushed in under the porte-cochère and stopped. Followed loud voices pitched in a key of excitement, then a stir inside the house, the noise of running feet, the opening and closing of doors. A moment later Joe Gill strode into the room. At his heels came Prince Adhikari, Colonel Andrews, Graves and—Allison looked twice—the prowler who had fallen into the hands of Dunn's bogus detectives earlier in the evening.

This stranger evidently still suffered severely from the results of his rough treatment, for he limped painfully and his face, which had been bruised and cut by the knuckles of his assailants, had swollen and was already far along in the process of discoloration. Oddly enough, he did not have the bearing of a culprit now; on the contrary, he was snapping sharp and decisive questions at the chief of police, and the latter was answering them.

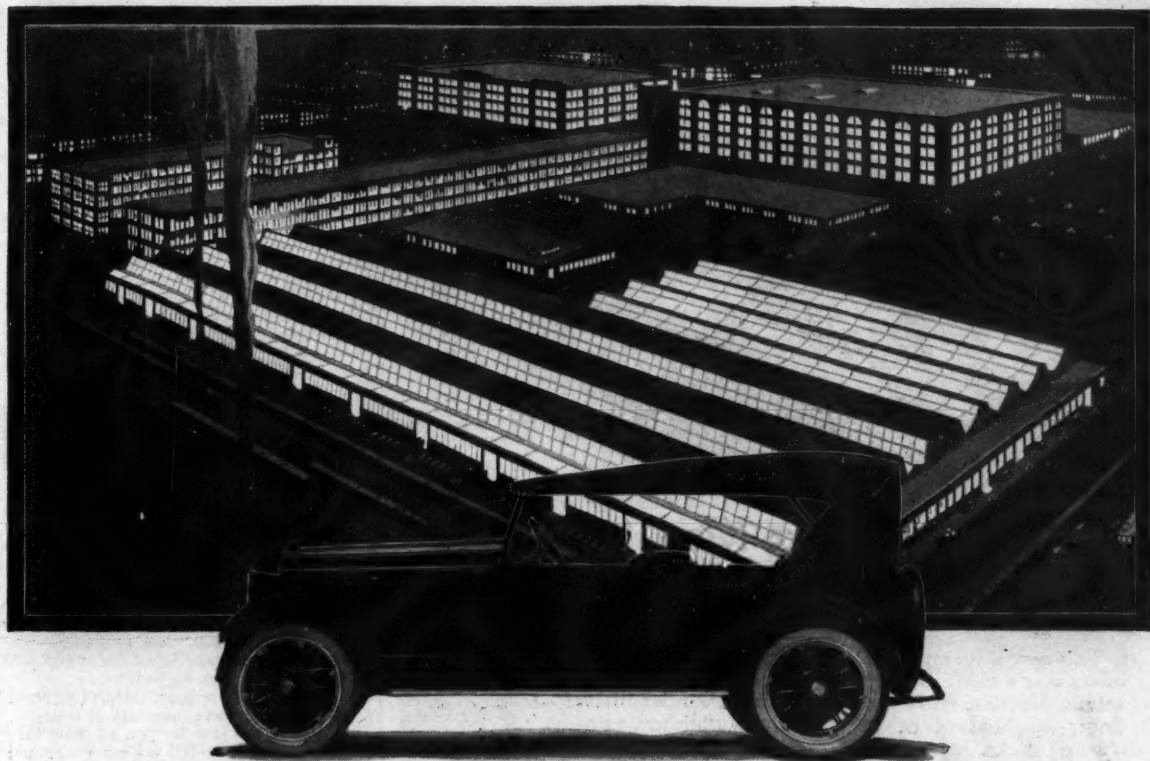
"Well, I landed 'em!" Gill announced to the District Attorney. "They're in the jug, all six of 'em."

Morgan and Harman, who had been attracted by the sounds accompanying Gill's arrival, entered from the terrace in time to see him indicate with a dramatic gesture the battered object at his side and to hear him announce: "Lemme make you acquainted with a friend of mine—Mr. Rowland. He's a government man—special enforcement officer. Him and me have kinda had our hands full tonight, but I guess we've done a pretty good job. Remember me telling you about a friend I had in the revenue service, Mr. Allison? This is him. He's the one told me about Dunn."

"Yes, yes. Of course."

"I knew there was some sculduggery afoot when I seen him all beat up by them yeggs, but I couldn't make it out. Comin' right on top of the murder I couldn't make head nor tail of it and I was afraid to let on I knew him. That's why I tried to get 'em to turn him over to me. Yeah, and they watched us so close I couldn't get a word alone with him for quite a spell, either."

"If they had suspected who I am I dare say they'd have done away with me entirely," Rowland volunteered, speaking thickly by



Was \$2450 - Now \$1795

Increased Production Makes Finer Paige Possible at Lower Price

YOU have known Paige for years as a marvelous performer—a big, comfortable car—long lived. Now consider the New Paige—with added refinements, improved performance, smarter appearance. Yes—all this and at a much lower price!

Here's the story: Last year Paige production was limited to 25 cars a day because Jewett production used the entire main plant. This gave us the opportunity to further develop Paige quality methods of construction. The 25 cars a day were practically built by hand. The greatest precision was used in every manufacturing step. The result was a finer Paige than ever.

Now—our manufacturing facilities are greatly increased. Paige again occupies its own plant exclusively. And the quality construction methods developed with a

production of only 25 cars a day are now being rigidly applied to the production of 100 New Paiges a day.

Such an increase in production means savings in overhead, savings through increased purchases. These savings we have applied to bettering the Paige—and reducing the price. That's how it is possible to sell the finely constructed New Paige Phaeton—an even better car than last year's \$2450 Paige—for only \$1795.

Compare the New Paige point by point with cars which you consider the finest. Test its marvelous performance, comfort, handling ease. Then consider the remarkably low price. You'll agree it breaks all value records! Make an appointment with the nearby Paige dealer to see and drive the New Paige.

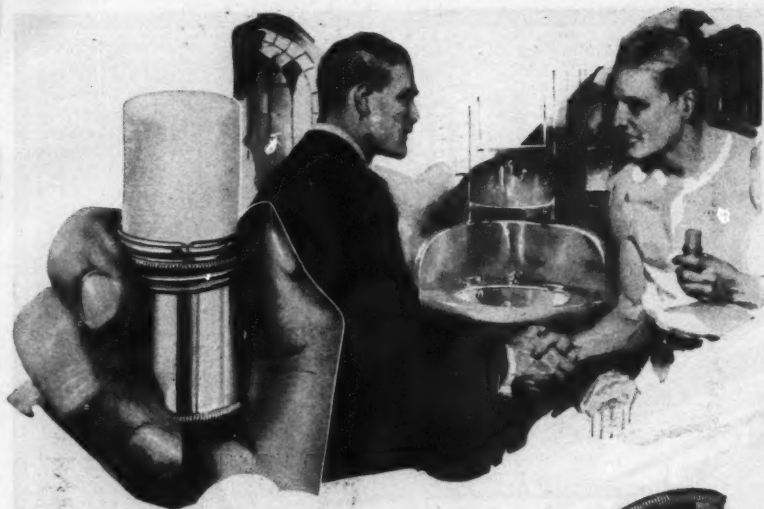
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STANDARD MODELS
 7-Passenger Phaeton \$1795
 4-Passenger Phaeton \$1795
 5-Passenger Brougham \$2150
 5 or 7-Passenger Sedan \$2595
 Prices at Detroit. Tax extra

PAIGE

DE LUXE MODELS
 7-Passenger Phaeton \$1995
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 5-Passenger Sedan \$2770
 7-Passenger Sedan \$2770
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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA



Shaving Sticks, Like Men, Differ in the Grasp They Offer

This new Williams stick offers you a man's grasp—totally different from the finger-tip hold of other shaving sticks.

You'll make friends with Doublecap from the first. The metal holder goes clear to the middle of this stick. There's plenty of room for your fingers. And the big hold stays the same from first to last! When one end of the stick is worn down, start on the other. And when both are used, the remaining thin wafer of soap fits nicely on a Williams Re-Load.

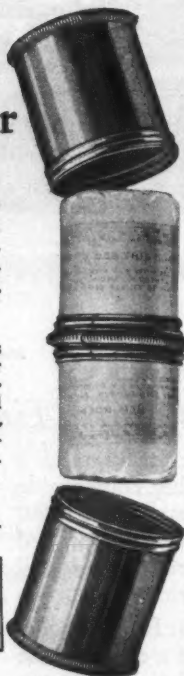
Williams Re-Loads cost

less than the original package. The metal Doublecap container lasts indefinitely. It is highly polished, non-corrosive, a fit neighbor for your handsomest silver toilet articles.

The soap in Doublecap gives that same famous shave for which Williams is noted—heavier, "never-say-dry" lather, and delightful after-care of the skin. You'll find Doublecap the perfect stick in the perfect container.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.
The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd.
St. Patrick Street, Montreal

We've scored again! Aqua Velva is the new product—a scientific preparation for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Department 96.



Williams Doublecap Shaving Stick

By the makers of the famous Williams Holder Top Stick, and Williams Shaving Cream with the Hinge-Cap

Lustrous furniture

Safest, easiest and most
beautiful results assured
by using genuine

O-Cedar Polish

Fascinating New Way to
EARN MONEY
AT HOME

\$5 to \$10 a day and more earned right in your own home, decorating Art Novelties. Most delightful work imaginable. Openings for new members now in national organization of Fireside Industries.

Send for FREE Book
No experience necessary. Complete plan of operation guarantees your success. Outline furnished to members. Write today, enclosing 2c stamp, for Book, free, explaining this wonderful opportunity.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 234 Adrian, Mich.

reason of his cut and swollen lips. "As it is, I'm due for a hospital."

"How did you fall into their hands?" Roger demanded.

"Why, I've been on this case for six months, and—"

"What case? This is Greek to us, and I think we're all about fed up on mystery. I know I've had enough for one night."

"We've known for a long time, down at headquarters, that a small group of men with unlimited backing have been financing big liquor shipments from abroad. They operate steamers and wholesale the stuff to the trade. We knew pretty well who they were, but proving it was another matter."

Joe Gill was bursting with the desire to talk and he could no longer withstand the pressure. He broke out excitedly: "Everybody wondered how Mr. Ballard got so rich, didn't they? Well, he didn't make his money playin' golf. Him and Dunn and Cruickshank and a few others have cleaned up millions out of Prohibition. They ain't the only bunch, either. They lay their ships off the three-mile limit and lighter it in. They've got revenue men riding their tugs and guarding their warehouses. They've got policemen on their trucks. They've corrupted the whole force. Big? I'll say so! Them suitcases they walked out of here with are full of bills of lading and manifests and warehouse receipts and such things. Rowland's got all the proof he wants now. I ain't found the money yet, but—"

"They didn't touch the money. It's all here. I found it after you left." Roger turned to the woman at his side and asked her, "Did you know about this, Mrs. Ballard?"

"I suspected. I overheard things; I gathered a hint here and there; saw bits of evidence. That was why I sent for you to come here tonight. I wanted to tell you everything and ask your advice, your help. Mr. Ballard had changed dreadfully. This thing made a— a monster of him."

Countess Mira had followed the new arrivals into the living room and had listened to all that had been said. She made herself heard now: "What is so monstrous about this? Somebody must import the liquor, otherwise there is none. You arrest all of them and by and by there will be nothing whatever for nice pipples to drink. Nothing but poison! What then? Everybody will get sick; the whole country will go to the Devil."

Nobody made rejoinder to this argument. Gill, whose mind was full of his exploits, ran on: "Soon as ever I got the dope from Rowland, it was clear to me who killed Mr. Ballard. I saw enough and heard enough goin' on between Dunn and his 'detectives' to convince me they was dyin' to get away but was waitin' for something. You see, they committed the murder but there wasn't time to go through the safe. Well, I watched 'em until I saw 'em slip into the library with a coupla suitcases and come out again, then I chased over to the gardener's house and phoned to my nephew Jerry. I told him to get help quick from Hastings or to call the State troopers and lay in wait at the foot of the hill and stop anybody that came through. It worked like a charm. We've got the proof of the bootleggin', and we'll sweat out the story of the murder before morning. I dunno's this Sherlock Holmes had much on me."

This was Joe Gill's hour; naturally enough, he was eager to make the most of it and to hear some word of praise. He scanned the faces of first one, then another of his hearers until his eyes met those of Colonel Andrews. His gaze wandered on, then returned to the elderly man's face; a frown gradually wrinkled his sunburned brow. He looked up with a start as Roger Allison said:

"It's a nice theory, Chief, but you'll waste time by sweating them. They had nothing to do with the murder. All they wanted was to get possession of those papers before they fell into other hands. Doctor Morgan and I know exactly how Mr. Ballard met his death. There is no necessity for any of you to remain longer."

"I FELT 'fagged' in the morning when I went to the office. At luncheon I ate my food with a growing resentment at the necessity of eating. At dinner I merely nibbled at morsels of food. I was nervous and irritable. Then I began eating yeast—Fleischmann's—and noticed my appetite returning. My face lost its sallowness, and the pimples on my skin disappeared; my grouch went the way of the eruptions."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. A. F. Lockhart, of St. Louis, Mo.)



"Five years ago as an office worker in Milwaukee, I could answer to the description of the 'run-down, nervous, suffering woman' in the patent medicine ads. My sallow complexion was my greatest worry and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years; but the doctor said that drugs could not effect a permanent cure. Two years ago I learned from the girls in the office to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald of Ypsilanti, Mich.)

"We restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomach in a hurry. No wonder it gets sluggish and refuses to perform its duties. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. It must soon stop functioning and instead of taking nourishment and health out of our food, it becomes semi-active and just passes it on."

"On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(Mr. Thomas Lryden, of Elizabeth, N. J.)



You may not realize its amazing power —Put this familiar food to work for you

These remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple, natural

food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health* is yours once more.



"A PHYSICAL wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried the rest cure, the milk diet, and nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. In a week's time, after using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality. Is it any wonder that I am a convert to the curative qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast?"

(Extract from a letter of Mr. Clair C. Cook of Los Angeles, California)

**Dissolve one cake in a glass of water
(just hot enough to drink)**



—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package



—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in your ice box as well as in the grocer's.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. K-5, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



The Road to Home

Though written faithfully, his letters from home seemed to have had a way of arriving at his hotel in one city just after he had left for the next—and of never catching up.

Three weeks passed—business conferences, long night journeyings on sleepers, more conferences—with all too little news from home.

Then he turned eastward. In his hotel room in Chicago he still seemed a long way from that fireside in a New York suburb. He reached for the telephone—asked for his home number.

The bell tinkled cheerfully. His wife's voice greeted him. Its tone and inflection told him all was right with the world. She hardly needed to say, "Yes, they are well—dancing right here by the telephone. . . . Father and mother came yesterday. . . . Oh, we'll be glad to see you!"

* * *

Across the breadth of a continent the telephone is ready to carry your greetings with all the conviction of the human voice. Used for social or business purposes, "long distance" does more than communicate. It projects you—thought, mood, personality—to the person to whom you talk.



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Leading physicians agree that every person should have periodical Health Surveys—and that those over 40 should have a physical examination at least once a year. The information thus gained enables one to determine the proper steps to take to improve chronic conditions and to keep health at its highest possible level.

The latest scientific methods for making a complete "physical inventory" are thoroughly explained and illustrated in the booklet, "The Measure of a Man." This booklet will be sent free upon request.



HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
2221 Good Health Bldg.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

"I can go? I can leave this house?" the Countess eagerly inquired.

"You may. Also Prince Adhikari and Colonel Andrews."

"Andrews?" Gill stared once again at the elderly man. "Is your name— Wait a minute! It wasn't Andrews when I saw you the last time. You was—"

Mildred Holland—the others still thought of her by that name—spoke in a tone that centered instant attention upon her. She had grown deathly white again, she clutched at a chair for support. "Go!" she implored. "For pity's sake, go! Everything is explained. They know who—did it."

"Who?" Andrews flung the question at her. He, too, was deeply moved.

It was Allison who answered him: "Miss Holland—Mrs. Ballard—has confessed."

From Dave Harman there came an exclamation, a cry of protest and of reproach. He sank weakly into a chair and took his head between his hands. Colonel Andrews at the same time did a curious and an unexpected thing; he stepped forward and placed his arm gently about Mildred's shoulder, then drew her into a protecting embrace, murmuring the while:

"My dear! My dear!"

Mildred drooped, relaxed; she hid her face upon his shoulder and clung to him. Over her bowed head he went on: "She has taken my crime upon herself. I am Henry Holland, her father." After a moment of silence the old man met Roger Allison's eyes; very simply he explained, "I didn't know Mr. Ballard had married her."

"I thought I reco'gnized him!" Gill exclaimed. "He's a druggist from Newark, or he was. He had a big store on Market Street."

"Exactly. I have been trying for a long time to meet Mr. Ballard, but the opportunity was slow in coming. I sold out my business and speculated with the money in order to become a customer of his firm and thus make his acquaintance. I had only one purpose in mind and tonight I carried it out. While you were all out in the grounds I reentered this room and snatched the first weapon I saw. It happened to be a knife from that table yonder. There was nobody in the library. He neither saw me nor heard me. It was over in an instant. Too late I learned from Mildred's own lips that—I had made a terrible mistake. You can imagine my feelings ever since."

"Bravo!" Prince Adhikari clapped his hands with the sound of a pistol shot. "A man after my own heart! A man of spirit! But, my dear sir, why feel remorse? The wrong he actually put upon your daughter was even greater than the wrong you imagined, for he marked her with a bogus brand of shame. What father could do less than you did? In any civilized land you would pay no penalty whatever, but you Americans are a savage people. Your law is rigid; it has a heart of stone. You blindfold justice when as a matter of fact she needs eyes that can see deep and a heart that can bleed. You give her a sword and yet you will not let her strike. It is a great pity that you did not believe in me, Mr. Holland, and that you did not wait, even a few minutes. All this would have been spared."

Allison and Morgan had exchanged glances of peculiar significance at the conclusion of Henry Holland's statement; they drew aside now and talked for a moment or two with their heads together. The others strained their ears to catch the drift of what they were saying but they could make out nothing. There was more than a suggestion of relief in Roger's bearing when finally he announced for their ears:

"This has all been very unusual, very bewildering. Neither Morgan nor I are expert criminal investigators; therefore we may have been stupid and slow. We found ourselves swept round and round in a—well, a sort of whirlpool of contending currents, and it took us some time to swim out. I'm glad now, however, that we took our time and followed the course we did, even though we rather bungled things, for we have saved more than



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Yet the car owner pays much less for Champions.

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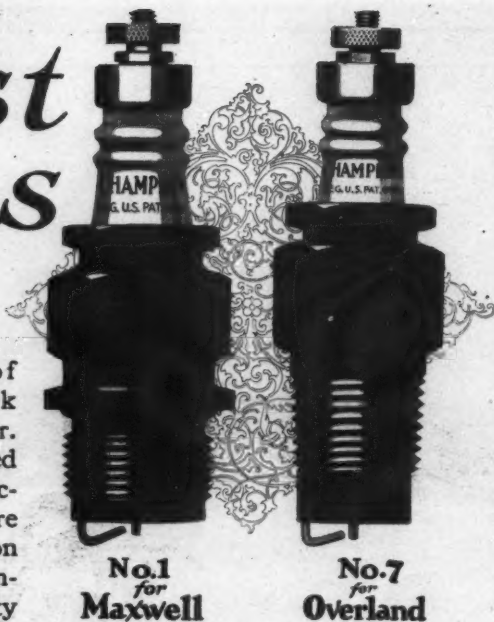
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Dependable for Every Engine



Harlan Fongler in establishing a new world's record of 118 miles per hour at Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, on February 21, drove the entire 500 miles without changing a Champion Spark Plug. The ten drivers who finished first in this great speedway race used dependable Champions and not one changed a spark plug.

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one of you from a lot of useless pain, humiliation, notoriety. One of the most astonishing circumstances about the whole affair is that four people have confessed to a crime which only one person could have committed. Are there any more confessions? If not, Morgan and I want to confess—to a deception.

"After Joe Gill left us to go in pursuit of Dunn I noticed something peculiar about the body. Morgan and I examined it as carefully as possible and he assures me that Mr. Ballard did not meet his death from that dagger after all, but that the life had left him before it was used."

Above the murmurs of incredulity evoked by this statement came a loud exclamation from Prince Adhikari. It was a cry of triumph.

Morgan hastened to explain for the good of his reputation. "You see, when I arrived Allison insisted that nothing be touched, nothing be disturbed for the moment, and he was right in that. Gill came a few moments later, and then on top of that Mr. Rowland was dragged in—so about all I had time to determine was that the man was actually dead. Upon my second examination, however, there was no mistaking the facts. They will be fully disclosed later, of course, but so far as I can ascertain now, death resulted from something like alcoholic poisoning. Whatever the precise nature of the immediate cause, I'm sure the autopsy will confirm my diagnosis."

Mildred left her father's side and came close to Allison; color was returning to her cheeks, but her eyes were wide, imploring, as she gasped: "If this is true, it will mean—What will it mean?"

"It will mean, in all probability, that your father will suffer nothing more than a formal arrest, pending final determination of the truth. That won't take long. We may be a savage, uncivilized people; our laws may be rigid and heartless, but I don't know of anything they can do to him." He smiled down at her. "Will you forgive me for the pain I allowed you to suffer after we had learned the truth? You see, neither your note nor your words entirely satisfied me. You asked me once to believe in you. I did, in spite of what you said."

"So there is no doubt in your mind, Doctor Morgan, as to how he died?" It was Adhikari speaking.

"None whatever."

The Oriental shrugged, his teeth gleamed in a crooked smile. "Very well. 'Alcoholic poisoning'! It has a scientific sound. Oh, star-eyed science! How blind, how dumb!

'Twas she discovered that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue;
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
And made old knowledge pale before the new.

If I brought him back to life it would be the same."

A half-hour later Countess Mira Andrieffsky, dressed for the street, descended the stairs, carrying her jewel case and a fluffy, pop-eyed Pekingese. Behind her came Graves with her bags. Spying Allison near the front door, she hastened to him and held out her hand.

"It is truly wonderful how you have conducted this terrible affair and made the truth come out, but"—she hesitated, her eyes glowed into his, her lids lowered—"you are a wonderful man! Listen! In the worst of my terror when I am dying of fright and suspense I told myself: 'No! Be brave! That dear Mr. Allison, he is your friend. He likes you. We are—there is—something between us of which these others can know nothing. He will permit no hurt to you!' I was right, eh?"

"So it seems. Anyhow, you weren't hurt. were you?"

"Oh, but yes! In here." The speaker laid a small hand upon her bosom, the swelling curves of which were becomingly suggested by the fit of her thin silken gown. "In here I was deeply wounded."



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The attractions of a more beautiful and comfortable body, with the greatest Super-Six chassis ever built are combined in the new Hudson Coach.

Also unmatched price advantage. At \$1550 it costs but little more than open models. Yet it provides the wanted comforts, distinction and all-season utility of a fine closed car.

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H U D S O N

Where does
the ice
come from?

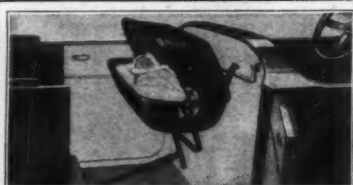


One advantage of a big organization is that it includes men who have specialized along many different lines. Thus, no matter what your electrical problem may be, there is someone among the 100,000 men and women of the General Electric Company who knows and is at your service.

Ice used to come from lakes and ponds—sometimes clean and sometimes not.

Today it comes from an artificial ice plant where electric hoists and ammonia compressors are operated by G-E motors. Jack Frost worked cheaply, but so does the G-E motor; and it works every day.

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O-Cedar Polish

"Indeed? I'm sorry. How did I wound you?"
"Naughty! You force me to confess—to bare my heart? Did I not say you are cruel? That cruelty is the secret of your power, I suppose. Well, I am one of those unfortunate women who endure gladly, eagerly, if—when—" The words ended in a deep sigh, the speaker drew closer and looked up with a tremulous smile that was havoc-making at such close range. "What is it about you that moves me so? Your strength, perhaps. You are coming to see me, what?"

"I thank you," Allison bowed.
"Biffore long, too? I am so lonely in this strange country. No friends whatever. And this hideous experience has so frightened me that I must cling to someone. You are going with me in the car?"

"No. Prince Adhikari is going in to the city with you."

"What? You send that black devil with me?" The Countess grew suddenly purple with fury.

"There is only one car available. Harman and Mr. Holland must stay here, of course. After all, Adhikari is a very pleasant sort of devil when you come to know him."

"He shall walk. He cannot ride with me." But Allison said firmly, "I'm afraid you'll have to put up with him."

"Bah! You, a man of feeling? No, you are a bully! You give me pains!" Countess Mira swept out of the door and into the waiting limousine; she settled herself in the center of the rear seat, then she turned and through the glass she made a face at the District Attorney.

When Adhikari appeared he shook Allison's hand warmly and expressed the hope that they would soon meet again, under circumstances less trying. "But not much chance of that, I fancy," said he. "There is a new interest in your life now and perhaps I would serve only as a reminder of something unpleasant, something that must be forgotten. By and by, however, she may be willing that I come and see you. A year, two years, five years from now, send for Adhikari and he will come and amuse you. He will tell your fortunes, make magic, forecast your futures and—do tricks for the little ones. Goody-by! Much happiness is coming to you and to her."

"Good-by, Adhikari! I like you." Roger laid a hand upon the fellow's shoulder.

"And you believe in me, too. 'Alcoholic poisoning! Ha! We know who killed Stuyvesant Ballard, don't we?' With these words he ran down the steps to the car. Spying the Countess sitting bolt upright inside of it he halted abruptly, then with a grimace he climbed upon the seat with the chauffeur and the machine rolled away.

Mildred found Roger Allison pacing the terrace and smoking. The house had grown still, it was not many hours before the dawn. "There is no reason for you to stay longer," she told him. "You have been very kind, very thoughtful. Can I ever thank you enough?"

"I shan't leave until it is all over and there is no chance that you will be harassed. I shall attend to the formalities, to the newspaper men, to everything, if you will permit me to do so. I shall undertake to minimize the publicity, so don't worry even about that. It is you who need rest. Go now, and forget for a while."

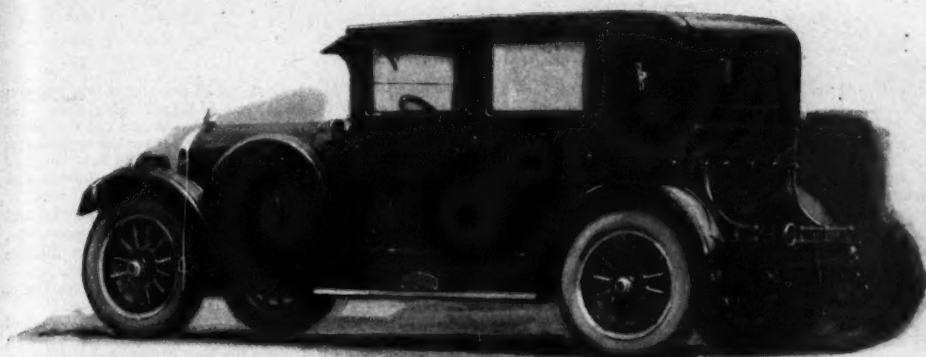
Mildred laid her hand in his; silently she regarded him. After a moment she inquired in a low voice, "Did you mean it when you said you had never doubted me?"

"I did. I never have doubted; and I never shall."

She smiled and nodded; she spoke still more softly—as if to herself. "I was right. It was indeed a true knight who rode to me out of the forest that morning. Good night, Sir Roger."

"Good night," he cried huskily.
He watched her as she went into the house; then when he was alone under the stars he lifted his palm and kissed it where her hand had lain.

THE END



The Brougham
\$1795 f. o. b. Detroit
tax extra

Only the Chrysler Six Produces Such Results As These

It was inevitable that the Chrysler Six should attract a degree of scientific and professional interest accorded no other car in the past fifteen years.

Engineers were naturally the first to appreciate that the Chrysler, while adhering strictly to soundest design, is a distinct departure from previous motor practice and performance.

They instantly recognized in the

Chrysler Six an advance in automobile engineering as revolutionary as the development of the X-ray in medicine.

Professional acclaim has already given the Chrysler Six the name, "the engineers' car."

For the Chrysler is literally the crystallization of all past experience in the design and manufacture of motor cars.

As a result, the Chrysler Six becomes in very fact a new measure of motor car efficiency—in engineering, in workmanship, in performance, in balance of proportion.

Engineering experts find conclusive proof of these facts in a three-inch motor so efficient that it gives a high-gear speed range of 2 to over 70 miles per hour, combined with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles per gallon.

That this amazing power is delivered without vibration demonstrates a smoothness of operation unknown in earlier motor car production.

In riding comfort, solidity and roadability, the Chrysler Six is as

great a forward step over previous design as is the steel Pullman coach over the first wooden "rattlers."

The Chrysler Six Touring Car weighs 2705 pounds, ready for the road.

Yet it rides as solidly as a two-ton car, and can be driven in comfort at 60 miles an hour and upward on a cobbled street or rutted road.

This is due to scientifically distributed weight and a center of gravity lower than ever before; to perfect spring balance and to a new type of spring mounting. Chrysler springs are close to the hubs and parallel to the wheels. Side-sway and road weaving are eliminated.

Never has there been a car so easy to handle as the Chrysler Six. Pivotal steering, with ball thrust bearings on the king pins, and the perfect hydraulic equalization of Chrysler-Lockheed four-wheel brakes, make Chrysler control sure and simple under all conditions.

The compactness of the Chrysler (160 inches overall length) makes it extraordinarily convenient to manipulate into the ordinary city parking space. Yet so scientifically are its proportions utilized that it is liberally roomy for five large adults.

Any Chrysler dealer will gladly give you full proof of its advanced design, the perfection of its workmanship, the fineness of its materials, and its revolutionary performance ability.

The Touring Car, \$1335; The Phaeton, \$1395; The Roadster, \$1525; The Sedan, \$1625; The Brougham, \$1795; The Imperial, \$1895. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled, Crysler

Triggerfinger

(Continued from page 93)

went off without choosin' a pair. I reckon he'll come back."

"I reckon," said Drew. And Lindy laughed excitedly and with considerable malice.

"You don't think a whole lot of Triggerfinger, do you, Mr. Drew?"

"I sure do not. A swearin', whisky-breathin', card-playin', shootin', murderin' son of—"

"Sh! I thought you didn't like me to hear bad language!"

"Excuse me!" Drew climbed up to his stool and figured closely. He stroked the plastered lock of hair until it reached almost to the tip of his nose. Lindy wanted to laugh at it and him.

Triggerfinger came once again on a June night and he and Lindy walked out, his pony trailing after him, and stood on the bridge while they discussed the symptoms and results of love at first sight. Next week there came a letter to Lindy.

"I got to leave the country," wrote Triggerfinger with evidence of haste. "And I sure want to take you with me. I'll ride up to the store tomorrow evening at about three o'clock. Have your stuff ready in a smallish bundle. I'll fetch an extra pony for you and we can get away over the pass. Be ready for me, Lindy."

Lindy had no thought but of compliance. Even her family had become vague half remembered faces, voices that hummed meaninglessly in a memory made blank by passionate today. But she would honorably tell Drew that she was going. Perhaps he would send up for Danny or Ede. One of the others could become Oatmeal and Dried Prunes.

She made her little great preparations and as soon as she came back from dinner on the day of her proposed adventure—the dream come true of riding for love into the high heart of the hills—she approached her master. He listened to her, leaning against his barrel, sifting meal.

"I'll be quitting you today, Mr. Drew."

The sifting suffered pause. Drew looked up slowly. Lindy was very pale. She was dressed in a khaki skirt, rather long, stout boots, a flannel blouse. She had tied a scrap of yellow silk about her neck. It almost matched her eyes.

"What's wrong, Lindy? You want to go back home?"

"No, sir. I am goin' out over the pass this afternoon with Triggerfinger."

He dusted the meal carefully from his hands.

"To be married?"

"Why—yes, sir."

Drew swallowed audibly and stroked down the plastered lock of hair. He looked more than ever before at that moment like a tamed and hooded hawk.

"At what hour is he coming for you, Miss Lindy?"

"He'll ride up at about three, Mr. Drew. It's not long now."

Drew's eyes swung sideways to the clock. His body seemed to have stiffened so that only the eyes were free to move at all.

"Not more'n hour." He came to life. "You better close up your accounts, Miss Lindy!"

"Yes, sir," she assented nervously. "I guess it won't take me long."

She went round the counter with the cautious movements of a cat under the eyes of an observant dog. She bent over the shabby little book. Drew busied himself in a dim corner of the store, apparently arranging his neck handkerchief. Later he strolled behind her. She looked about sharply, wheeled and struck fiercely up at his face. In the brief struggle she managed to bite his finger pretty deeply and to scream once.

He bound his handkerchief across her mouth, lifted her, carried her into the little room at the back and there, using what gentleness one may with a wildcat, he tied her into a heavy, half crated chair. She twisted and writhed about, her eyes wet with furious tears, her hair

streaming down across her face about her neck. The pretty yellow scrap of silk was twisted under her ear, her blouse was half torn open. He kept his eyes turned from her and spoke as a sinner speaks at a revival meeting.

"I'll see Mr. Triggerfinger for you, Lindy. You ain't a-goin' over the pass with him tonight." He moved towards the door, glanced uneasily back at her and swallowed hard. "I'll do my explainin' and apologizin' afterwards. I'll let you scratch my eyes out if you feel it will help any . . ."

He went into the store and bolted the entrance to her prison. She heard him wash his wounded finger in the tin basin.

Drew was at his books when Triggerfinger, magnificent in a new scarf, new studded belt, new boots and sombrero, came swinging down the aisle. "Where can I find Miss Lang?" he asked politely.

"She ain't to be found, Mr. Triggerfinger."

"She is expectin' me. We're goin'—a-ridin'."

"Sorry. I can't let her off today."

The swaggering bearer of the famous scar came opposite the grocer's desk. "I aim to see Miss Lindy, Andrew Gambell."

"And I aim to keep you from seein' her, Triggerfinger."

Eyes of wild hawk and tame met and took counsel of each other.

"If she ain't over at Mrs. Jenkins's," said Triggerfinger slowly, "I'll be back."

Drew left his desk, filled his pockets with weight and sat down near the unlighted stove. He slouched to the middle of his spine, rested his chin on his shirt-front and stared ahead of him. There was now and then a faint sound of rebellion from his little prisoner, when the jailor flushed and moved his length uneasily. Except for such stirrings of conscience, he remained entirely still. And the hours passed. Drew lighted his lantern and sat down again.

He heard the distant hoofs of horses before they left the open sage-brush, he knew when they struck the reverberating road, he listened to their rapid drumming of the bridge and smelled the dust they beat up before the open windows of his store. Steps accosted his porch, the door was flung back wide. Half a dozen figures crowded through it.

"We've come," said a ringing voice, the voice of romantic youth at war with tyranny, "for Triggerfinger's girl."

The storekeeper, sprawled in the chair, did not move even his eyes.

"Triggerfinger didn't come himself?"

"Sure I came." The wearer of a scar and a six-shooter swaggered a little in advance.

"Oh—so the rest of the gang—are bridesmaids?" drawled Drew.

Triggerfinger pointed the digit of his nickname and frowned. "Don't waste my time, Dried Prunes," he snarled and in explanation to the boys he added: "That's the girl's name for him. I've come for Lindy Lang. I mean to find out where you're keepin' her. I know you'd like her for yourself but her tastes runs different—I figure she cares more for a rider than a trader. Come on, boys. Let's rush him! We'll make him speak."

Electricity charged the figure in the chair. A spasm of change, an uncanny and intimate transformation passed over it. Drew—or the devil-possessed body of Drew—sprang to the counter above them, tossing back his long hair, and they found themselves eye to eye with a blazing disfiguration, a scar so violent that it shone across his forehead like a queer phosphorescent star. In comparison their Triggerfinger's ornament was as a Christmas decoration to Orion. This mark pulled at Drew's eyebrow and sprawled up to the roots of his hair and nipped his cheek-bone. Before its revelation and the change in him the men shrank even more than from the barrels of two six-shooters in his hands. His eyes blazed and his voice: bugled.

"Maybe I'm out of practise, boys, but you got to take your chances!" He shot. He blew off Triggerfinger's hat and cut the sleeve buttons from Shorty's store coat and prinked a pattern on the floor around the new boots of Raymond Giles, and he did some delicate and selective damage to his own stock, in the matter of corks and bottle stoppers. They stood and watched him like a group of waxworks, astonishment, delight and terror in life-like simulation on their pale dropped faces.

"Triggerfinger!" one breathed ecstatically. "This here is sure Triggerfinger himself!"

Drew lowered his weapons. "Only a fool would've made use of that little scar of yours, my friendly double, and a kind of resemblance, not so marked at that. Only a fool, a cowardly fool, would want to be taken for that rooting, shooting, whisky-drinking cuss I used to be. My gosh, boys! barrin' the faces, you are the same bunch of light-heads that used to foller me about and put me up to my dum tricks. Now listen. I want to tell you something." He climbed down from the counter, leaned back against it and, holding down the two smoking weapons, he spoke grim and low.

"I shot just once too often. 'Twas down in a Montany faro parlor years ago. I was full of liquor, my heel turned. I aimed for a light and—I shot a girl that loved me—dead."

The audience held breath and dropped its eyes from Drew's face.

"I begged the boys to hang me. But—not them. They loved a fight. No, it was 'accidental killing.' I went out to hang myself. But that girl that loved me she'd wanted me to quit my foolishness, so I decided instead of doin' anything so quick and simple as hangin' up my carcass I'd shape me up the way she'd asked me to. So—I quit my trail."

Drew laid down his guns and with a gesture of horror washed his hands of them.

"Let me tell you something else. It took more grit and sense and fightin' and adventurin' to hold down a job, to work for my livin', to lay by a small pile, to buy up this here store, to stock and run it, to—his mouth gave an involuntary twitch—"sell dried prunes and oatmeal, than it ever took to do fancy shootin' and fancy ropin', broncobustin', card tricks and such like showy foolishness. But—I had more friends in them days—and—a girl or two . . ."

"I wish you a good night, gentlemen. And you, Mr. Triggerfinger, alias a real honest-to-God name, change that scar of yours or hide it or get busy and explain it as you travel along. It ain't no real help to you. Let him go, boys. He ain't done you no manner of harm. He's such a fool life'll lick him a-plenty . . . Get out—will you?"

He turned from them and they tiptoed obediently away. The ponies' hoofs retreated in contemplative soberness. The store was still. It smelled of smoke and sweat. Drew opened his door and stood breathing deep uneven breaths. There were hard memories upon him. Moreover, he was afraid. He dreaded the amber eyes of Lindy.

Loathfully he went back and came before her. He untied her gently and after she had arranged her hair and dress she came out to him in the circle of lantern light around the stove.

"I had ought to have told you, but I kind of thought you'd laugh at me, tell me I was a liar." He stood before her, timid and ashamed. She forced herself to look up at him, to search his tense dark face with its wide scarred forehead and shrinking, bitter eyes.

"What I'm most sorry for is—you, Miss Lindy. You ain't got your hero no more. Triggerfinger! He's just dried prunes and oatmeal, ain't he?"

Lindy, still looking at him, spoke. A hint of sardonicism, not unwholesome, had crept into her voice and eyes. "I guess I've changed my mind about dried prunes," she said.

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The Beating of Wings

(Continued from page 45)

was staring in a fixed way toward the orchestra with a curious smile.

"I am listening to the music," she said. "I like its rhythm so much. That quick beat, like the stamping of bare feet. It gets into one's blood."

She tapped out the rhythm on the table with her finger-tips and her body swayed a little. I noticed that Saville looked at his sister and then at her wine-glass in a quizzical way, with raised eyebrows and a whimsical smile. There was a hint in his look that perhaps the wine had touched her senses.

Perhaps her glance had attracted the attention of the leader of the orchestra, that young man with the black lock of hair over his forehead. He left his place in the orchestra and came among the dinner tables, still playing a Gipsy dance tune. It is a habit they have in Hungary and did not surprise the company in the dining room of the Duna Palota.

Slowly the musician came towards our own table. Whichever way he turned, his eyes were fixed on Joan Saville. There was a look of meaning in them and a smile about his lips. He was a good-looking fellow, broad-shouldered and graceful in his movements but of a rustic type. I noticed his hands. They were not delicate like a violinist's, but coarse as though he had worked in the fields in younger days.

He stood in front of our table and changed his tune to a simple melody, haunting in its refrain, and breathing the spirit of the East.

"It's a Gipsy love-song," said Count Teliki, laughing. "He's playing it for you, Lady Joan."

Joan Saville's face flushed deeply until presently the color ebbed away again and left it white. But she sat there smiling and I saw that her eyes were held by the Gipsy's.

He finished his tune with a flick of his bow and then bent low before her.

"He expects a gift," said Count Teliki and he flung some paper money on the table as a man would throw a bone to a dog. But the musician did not pick it up. He bowed again to Joan Saville and pointed the tip of his bow to a red rose in her waistband. She unfastened it slowly and held it out to him at arm's length. He took it from her and put it first to his heart and then to his lips.

Saville laughed heartily. "You've made a conquest, Joan. Your first in Budapest."

"Not the first!" said Count Teliki. Archie Gaunt muttered something about "confounded impudence."

The leader of the orchestra went back to his place and the music changed abruptly into jazz again. From his place the young Gipsy kept his eyes on Joan and smiled at her across his bow. Her rose was stuck over his right ear, as office boys carry their pens, as Oriental lovers wear their ladies' flowers.

"What's the matter, Joan?" asked Saville suddenly. He was startled by her whiteness and look of faintness.

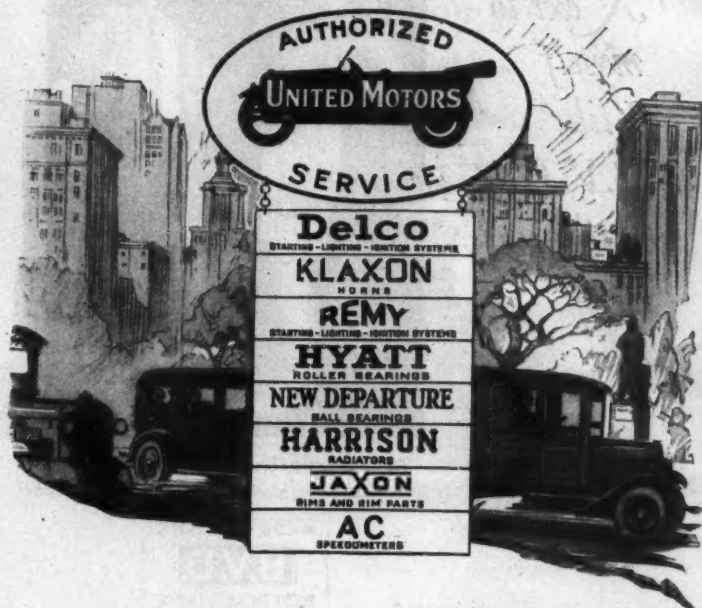
"It's nothing," she said. "This hot room, and the excitement of arriving—and the music!"

"Yes, they keep this place too infernally hot," said Saville. "Let's get upstairs again."

As we passed the orchestra the young violinist touched the fringe of Joan's yellow shawl and kissed it. She smiled at him and gave a little tug to her shawl so that it slipped through his fingers. Only Archie Gaunt and I noticed this happen and Archie stuck out his elbow so that it knocked the musician in the chest.

I should have thought absolutely nothing of Joan's sudden pallor that evening and the impudent professional gallantry of the Gipsy player if it had not been for other incidents which suggested strange thoughts to me when I linked them together. It was about a week after Joan's arrival in Budapest that Archie Gaunt and I were walking with her in the royal gardens that were cut into a series of terraces below the Palace. We had just been showing

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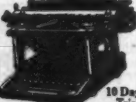
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her the Coronation Church and the old houses—pre-Turkish, some of them—and government buildings in the neighborhood.

"Let's sit down and smoke a cigaret," said Archie Gaunt, glad of any excuse to stay by her.

We chose a seat looking across the river to the Houses of Parliament and the splendid vista along the embankment. The autumn sun was pleasant and not too hot. As we were chatting a barefoot Gypsy girl with a baby in her arms came up the pathway between the flowering shrubs. She stared at Joan and then stopped and spoke to her in German.

"What does she say?" asked Joan.

"She wants to tell your fortune," said Archie Gaunt, laughing. "Needless to say she wants you to cross her palm with a bit of silver. The same old game! Shall I tell her to pack off?"

"No," said Joan. "I dare say she's hungry, poor thing. And look at that delicious little brown-eyed baby!"

She gave some money to the girl—not silver but that vile paper which passes as money in Central Europe—and with her gay laugh held out her hand for her fortune to be told.

The Gypsy girl held it in her own brown hand and peered at the lines on Joan's transparent skin. Suddenly she gave a cry of astonishment and delight and relinquishing Joan's hand began to speak excitedly in a strange language which none of us could understand. Then she held out the baby and put its little sun-baked head against Joan's cheek.

"What does she mean?" asked Joan. "She seems excited about something."

Archie Gaunt spoke to the Gypsy girl in German and translated her answer.

"She says that you are a sister of hers! Her people are your people. It is written in your hand that you will dwell again in their tents and wander with them down the dusty roads to the sweet waters of their camps. That's as much as I can make out of her nonsense talk."

Joan laughed and tickled the sun-baked baby under its chin. It seemed to like this sensation and chuckled at her.

"I don't think much of her fortune-telling," said Joan, "but her baby is adorable."

Just then a man came up the pathway, followed by an Alsatian wolfhound. He wore a light colored suit and a Robin Hood hunting cap with a green feather, and it was not until he paused and then halted in front of Joan, pulling off his cap and standing bareheaded, that I recognized the leader of the orchestra in the Duna Palota.

She spoke to him in French. "Is this your baby, Mr. Musician?"

He answered in French also, speaking it excellently as Hungarians find it easy to speak many tongues.

"No, mademoiselle. I have no babies yet. I am a single man. This girl is my cousin and this is her brat. If they worry you I will send them away."

He turned round with a scowl at the Gypsy girl, and she shrank from him as though he might strike her.

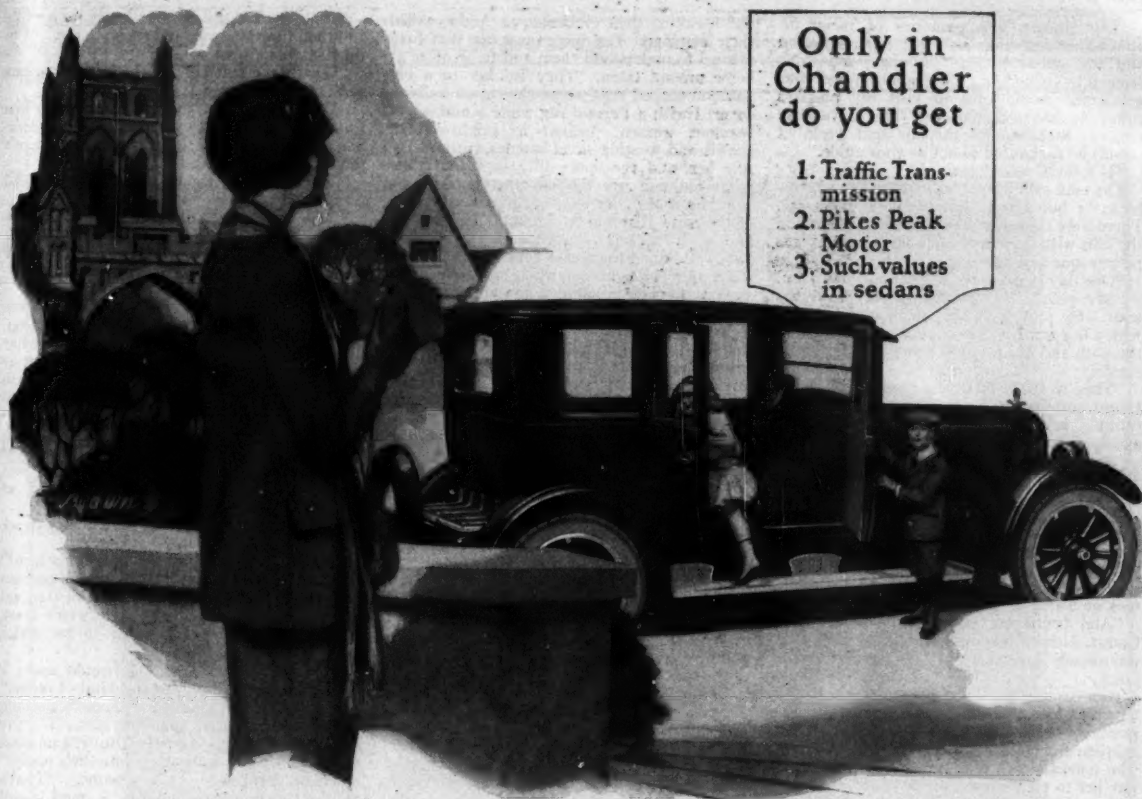
"She has not worried me," said Joan. "She has been reading my hand and says that I am her sister and her people are my people. What does she mean by that?"

"It is true," said the musician. "I knew it when I saw you in the Duna Palota. You have the eyes of our race. We can always tell. And our music speaks to you. It is in your blood. You belong to us, mademoiselle."

"Oh no!" said Joan quickly. "I belong to England. I am all English, body and soul and blood."

"To England, perhaps," said the musician, smiling. "As I belong to Hungary. But your eyes are those of our wandering race, in your blood is the rhythm of our restless life and in your dreams is the memory of winding roads down which our mothers passed with their caravans on their long way from the East."

"You know what it is in my dreams?" asked Joan jestingly, rather too friendly, I thought, with this Gypsy fellow.



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"Our dreams are memories of racial instincts," said the man gravely. Then he bowed and was about to pass on when some idea seemed to strike him. "Perhaps you and your gentlemen would care to visit my people's camp one day, mademoiselle? They have come close to Budapest for the fair next week. I should be enchanted to act as your guide."

"Is it far?" asked Joan.

The man said it was an hour's ride on horseback, or but fifteen minutes in a motor-car. There were three hundred Gipsies encamped on the hills with their tents and caravans. It was picturesque and amusing.

"One day, perhaps we will come," said Joan.

"My people will welcome you," said the man. He pulled off his cap, bowed low and with a few words to the barefoot girl walked up the path and disappeared behind the flowering shrubs.

"They're dirty dogs, those Gips," said Archie Gaunt sulkily. "I have been to one of their camps. Nothing but squalling babies, savage dogs and fleas."

"All the same I would like to go there," said Joan. "You must take me, Archie. We'll ride out one day. It will be good to have a gallop again, anyhow!"

"There's something in that," said young Gaunt. "I'd love to go riding with you. Do you remember our last hunt together?"

"Impossible to forget!" answered Joan. "I took an awful toss at that last fence."

"And pretended you weren't hurt!" said Gaunt, with a kind of reproach in his voice that was merely a mask to his admiration for her pluck.

Poor Archie Gaunt was not altogether happy now that Joan had come to Budapest. He was in a fever of jealousy because of the Hungarian gentlemen who began to gather round her and who persuaded their sisters and friends to invite her to their homes, to the opera, to luncheons and dinners, to every kind of social entertainment in a gay little city which had been through all the horrors of war and revolution but showed no trace now of that agony.

Young Gaunt was especially jealous of Count Teliki, who certainly paid particular homage to Joan and never came to visit her brother Saville without bringing her a bouquet of flowers.

I think Joan was secretly touched by the adoration of this young aristocrat, who had a noble look and very charming manners. At least she was sufficiently gracious to him to give Archie Gaunt a very bad time, although I believe that "the Navy," as we called him jestingly, really had her heart until it was possessed by another kind of passion, mysterious and overwhelming.

She did not forget her promise to go riding with Gaunt and it was from him that I heard of their visit to the Gypsy camp. He came back in high spirits and said he had had a "topping" time. He had borrowed two excellent horses from the minister, and Joan had looked wonderful, as usual, when they rode out across the chain bridge and up the winding road to the hills above Buda. Then she had set the pace and they had had a hard and glorious gallop over a mile of soft turf until they settled down into an easy canter.

By a fluke of chance—at least it looked like that—they met the fellow who played in the orchestra at the Duna Palota. He looked a regular Gypsy, mounted on a long-tailed, shaggy-haired colt, and the fellow certainly knew how to ride, as though born in the saddle. He did all sorts of fancy tricks, dropping his whip and picking it up as he passed at the gallop, standing on his saddle with folded arms, jumping down and leaping into the saddle again like a circus rider. It seemed to excite Joan and she rode laughingly into the Gypsy camp at such a pace that Gaunt could hardly keep up with her on the second best horse. She had always been a wonderful rider.

There was a great scene in the camp according to Archie Gaunt's description. All the Gipsies received Joan like a queen, crowding round her and kissing her hands and clothes

and speaking their gibberish, as Archie called their language. The queer thing was that Joan seemed to understand them and to be quite at home among them. They led her to a big pavilion-shaped tent where she sat on a divan covered with a Persian rug while a number of barefoot women, dressed in bright-colored shawls and wearing silver bangles, curtsied before her, and the men—all except the fiddle fellow and one very old man who seemed to be the chief of the tribe—crowded at the entrance of the tent. The women brought a silver ewer and basin and poured a little water on Joan's hands and dried them on a napkin of fine linen. Then they brought hot wine, spiced in some way, and spilled a little on the ground before offering it to Joan and Archie Gaunt.

Joan raised her mug of wine high above her head and said in English, "Good luck to the wandering folk and peace to their camp!" before putting the wine to her lips. They seemed to understand her meaning, which was plain enough whatever her words, and the Gypsy women clapped their hands while outside the tent the men threw their caps in the air and cheered.

Archie Gaunt began to get a bit bored, he told me, when the leader of the orchestra at the Duna Palota brought his fiddle from another tent to the greensward outside the pavilion and played wild stuff which set all the men and women dancing, clapping hands and uttering strange, strident cries. It seemed to excite Joan and to amuse her vastly. She stood in the center of the dance with laughing eyes and her hands on her hips and one foot tapping to the quick rhythm.

Suddenly the dance ceased and the fiddle played something slow and soft while he walked round Joan with his eyes smiling into her eyes, and as though enticing her or mesmerizing her.

Archie Gaunt didn't like it much, though he recognized it as the usual "stunt" of Gypsy musicians.

Presently the man ended his tune with a flick of the bow, tucked his fiddle under his arm and dropped on one knee before Joan with his lock of black hair falling over his face. She held out both her hands to him and he kissed the tips of her fingers.

"Foreign blokes think nothing of that sort of thing," was Archie's comment. "I can't say I hold with it myself, being a John Bull Englishman."

It seems to have been Archie's insistence that made them leave the camp before she really wanted to. In answer to Archie's protest that he was utterly fed up she said that it was tremendous fun and a great adventure and lingered a little until she took pity on Archie's grumpiness.

They had an escort of horsemen to the outskirts of Buda. Sixty of the Gypsy men mounted their shaggy horses and galloped round Joan and Archie as they rode back.

"The wildest looking bandits you ever saw," said Archie. "Not bad-looking lads, some of them, if they only combed their hair and shaved themselves. But I will say they know how to ride. Very easy in the saddle. They yelled into their horses' ears and made no end of a row. I wonder Budapest didn't think the Bolsheviks were invading them again! Fortunately they turned tail at the sight of the first houses. Every man stood in his stirrups, raised his whip and gave a final shout to Joan. Then they galloped back like a cavalcade of demons."

"Great stuff!" I exclaimed. "Vastly picturesque. I wish I'd been there."

"Yes," said Archie Gaunt. "Not unamusing. But it excited Joan too much. When she dismounted she was trembling all over and her eyes were on fire—like stars!"

It was about two weeks after that ride to the Gypsy camp that Saville spoke to me one night about his sister. We were sitting together in a corner of the lounge of the Duna Palota. The usual crowd were there after dinner, all the smart set of Budapest. Joan was out at some dinner party with Archie Gaunt, and Count Teliki was also absent.

Saville smoked his cigaret silently for a while and then threw it away and spoke to me. "I'm worried about Joan."

"What's the matter?" I asked. "She seems to be enjoying herself."

"Yes, so I thought, until a week ago. Then I found her crying her eyes out in her bedroom. She doesn't seem to sleep at night. There's something wrong with her."

"Too much excitement," I suggested. "All this gaiety."

"No," said Saville, "it's something more than that. Joan's frightened about something. Frightened of herself, perhaps." He spoke mysteriously and his face looked drawn.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

He glanced at me sideways as though wondering how far he could trust my discretion.

"She gets bad dreams—gets scared of what she dreams. Several times she has cried out at night in a kind of terror. Last night I ran into her room and she clung to me and asked me to hold her tight and save her."

"Save her from what?" I asked.

"She doesn't want to tell me. I can't get it out of her. It's nerves, of course. Just nerves. But she used to be so normal, so scornful of that sort of thing."

I suggested that he should get a doctor to see her. Probably she wanted a tonic.

"I wish to Heaven I hadn't brought her here!" said Saville abruptly and with a kind of passion in his voice. "It's partly the fault of that ass Archie," he said presently. "He won't leave the girl alone. He's proposed to her twice during the last week."

"Won't she have him? He would make a jolly good husband, if I'm any kind of judge."

"I agree," said Saville. "There's nothing wrong with him, and Joan likes him. They've always been the best of pals. But it's no good worrying her into marriage before she's ready." Then he mentioned Teliki's name. "That's another complication! Teliki is mad about her and makes no secret of it. Needless to say there are strained relations between him and Archie. They're as jealous of each other as two dogs."

I asked him if he thought Joan was at all taken with Count Teliki and his answer surprised me.

"I think he scares her with his passion. Perhaps that is the cause of her fear."

"He's not alarming," I said. "On the contrary, very chivalrous and charming."

"Girls are strange creatures," said Saville. "You can't make them out. I always thought Joan was different."

That thought seemed to stick in his mind, the thought that he had looked on Joan as a sensible, strong-minded girl and was now disillusioned and bewildered by her.

Joan and Archie came back a little before midnight. Joan looked rather pale, I thought, but perfectly well otherwise—in good spirits, I mean. We all went up to Saville's sitting room, and Joan sat down at the piano while the two men and I had some whisky. She played a queer little tune, quite softly. I remembered it as one of those Gypsy love-songs which I had heard on the orchestra downstairs. Presently, when the two men went into the passage to get Archie's overcoat, her fingers slurred the notes and she raised her head and stared at the wall above the piano. There was a mirror hanging there and sitting as I was on the edge of the table I could see her face and her eyes reflected there. There was a great fear in those brown eyes of hers, a look of animal terror such as I had never seen before in any woman's eyes.

I put my gloves down on the table and went over to her quietly and whispered to her: "What's the matter, Joan?"

She began to tremble and a heavy tear splashed on the keyboard. "Nothing!" she said. "Nothing! Please do not say anything."

For a moment she caught hold of my hand and held it tight like a frightened child in the dark. Then as the others came back she relinquished it and sprang up from the piano-stool, hiding her emotion.

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"Well," said Archie, "I must tear myself away. Hope I didn't bore you too much, Joan!"

"I'm never bored with you, Archie," said Joan. "I like to have you near me. It gives me a sense of security!" She spoke so gaily that I found it difficult to believe that only a moment before I had seen fear in her eyes and that tear splash on the piano.

"That's the kindest thing you've said for some time," said Archie.

She held out her hands to him and then as he took them she leaned forward a little and offered her cheek.

Archie was surprised and embarrassed. He blushed vividly but drew her towards him and kissed her cheek lightly.

Saville laughed and said, "My word! You two seem to be getting on!"

I think he was glad to see that kiss between his sister and his friend. It might mean that Joan was normal again, after her time of trouble.

"Good night!" said Archie bustling out to hide his surprise and his joy.

I lingered for a few moments and then walked down the corridor with Joan as far as her bedroom door, after saying good night to Saville. "Sleep well!" I said.

"Pray for me!" she answered and then went into her room, flicked up the light, kissed her hand to me and shut the door.

I don't know why those words worried me. When I went back to my hotel I did not go to bed but paced up and down my room wondering what was the cause of Joan Saville's fear, her obvious neurostenia, that look of agony and terror I had seen mirrored on the wall. I determined to speak to Saville next day. I should advise him to send Joan back to England and to fix up her marriage with Archie Gaunt as soon as possible. With Archie she would have that "sense of security" which she desired.

That night I dozed over a book and awakened, rather chilly, a little after daybreak. I drew my window curtains aside and looked out across the Danube. It was a beautiful morning with a red flush in the sky above the hills of Buda. Budapest was still asleep except for two people riding across the chain bridge. I heard the clatter of their hoofs and watched them to the far end of the bridge when they disappeared. One of them had a hunting cap with a green feather like Robin Hood. The other was a woman riding side-saddle. They went at a fair pace. I envied them. How good to be riding to the hills in the light of dawn!

I yawned, undressed, went to bed and slept for three or four hours. I was awakened by Saville, who burst into my room with a face of death. It was some time before I could make out the cause of his trouble. He wept in an agony of tears and then raged about the room. It was a letter which told me everything, a letter from Joan. He let it fall on the floor and I picked it up and read it and gasped over it.

Joan had gone away with the Gypsy musician, "forever," she said. She was sorry, so very sorry, but something had called to her, something in her blood stronger than herself—irresistible. The Gypsy musician had made her mad, she supposed. It had got into her dreams. Such wild, strange dreams! The Gypsy people claimed her as their own. She must go with them down the roads, from one camp to another, to the journey's end—which was death. She had tried to resist for her brother's sake and Archie's.

Poor Archie, she would break his heart! She sent her love to him, her comrade's love. But Sacha the Gypsy had played her heart away. She must follow his music, which had put a spell on her. He was her man, her true mate. He had been waiting for her through all time, and she for him. It had all been in her

dreams, even in the convent school, this Gypsy man, his music, the stamping of bare feet on dry grass, a wandering race, the call of the winding roads, the sound of running water, the wild, free life. She belonged to it. She had to go . . .

I have forgotten what else she wrote, the exact words in which she begged for forgiveness, asked Archie to forget her and Saville to pray for her. She had suffered great agonies of doubt and fear but she would be happy with this man of hers who loved her. She would never come back to civilization.

"Mad!" cried Saville. "Raving madness! My poor Joan!"

I told him that it was not madness of the usual kind, but a call of the blood—the instinct of race. He did not understand my meaning and stared at me in a tragic baffled way until I reminded him of that great-grandmother who had married old John Saville—a Gypsy woman who had married the father of the first earl "over the tongue" in a tent on the open heath.

"Your sister is a throwback," I said rather too frankly, perhaps. "That strain of wild blood has taken hold of her, poor girl."

This revelation—for it amounted to that—startled and shocked Saville in a pitiable way. He was even more broken than Archie Gaunt, to whom I told the news when he came into my room very cheerily with an invitation to lunch on the Firefly. He wanted me to bring Joan.

He crumpled up completely for a few minutes when he read Joan's letter, which Saville handed to him silently, and I shall never forget the sight of those two men, my best friends, Joan's brother and lover, agonized.

It was Archie Gaunt who pulled himself together first. He sprang up with his hands clenched.

"Lord in Heaven!" he shouted. "Why do we waste time like this? Let's get a move on and rescue Joan from those dirty bandits. They've hypnotized her, the devils! When I get close to that fiddler fellow I'll smash his brains out!"

Saville jumped at the idea. It was certainly the obvious thing to do without delay—I mean a journey to the camp on the hills above Buda. I had the secret thought that Joan would not allow herself to be "rescued," but would stay with the people who had called her back.

I noticed that Saville took a small Browning out of the drawer of his dressing-table and slipped it into his pocket.

He had no chance of using it. Though we scoured the country for miles in Saville's car, we could find no trace of the Gypsies. They had shifted their camp some days before and disappeared into the hills, off the track of the motor roads. Even Count Teliki, who put the Hungarian police on the quest, failed to discover the whereabouts of Joan, though we hunted up all the Gypsies in Hungary in untiring pursuit. From what I heard afterward, it appeared that the tribe which Joan had joined crossed the frontier into Czecho-Slovakia and were found some months later in Prague. Joan was not with them, nor the man they called Sacha. The others lied sturdily and professed blank ignorance of the English girl and their musician.

I have already said that Joan's Gypsy marriage scandalized Hungarian society and ruined Saville's diplomatic career. The affair could not be hidden owing to the police search and caused an enormous sensation. Poor Saville resigned his post and spent many months riding about Central Europe in the vain quest for his sister, haunting fairs and all likely places where Gypsies gathered.

But it was Count Teliki who discovered Sacha in the spring of last year.

He was dining with his sister Stephanie and a small party of friends in one of the outdoor

restaurants of the Prater in Vienna—that district of merry-go-rounds, circuses, booths, traveling shows and menageries which make up a "Magic City" where the middle-class Viennese love to spend their evenings. The place was crowded. Teliki's sister and her two girl friends were in a merry mood thoroughly enjoying the spirit of the crowd.

Teliki was sad and silent. Something had reminded him of Joan Saville, that English rose whose beauty had enchanted him in those days at Budapest. He wondered what brought her presence back so vividly to his mind, quite suddenly, among those plump Viennese girls with their best boys. Then he knew the cause of this reminder. It was a tune that was being played by the orchestra. It was the Gypsy dance which had been played at the Duna Palota that night when he had first seen Joan and she had turned to him, startled, and said, "What tune is that?"

Count Teliki looked across the crowded tables. The music was coming nearer. One of the musicians had left the orchestra and was playing his fiddle as he walked among the people. He was coming slowly toward Teliki's table and his eyes, smiling over his bow, were fixed on Teliki's sister. A lock of black hair fell over his forehead.

Teliki rose from his chair with a sharp cry in his throat, as his sister Stephanie told me. He put his hand on the gimcrack table in front of him and vaulted over it, smashing the glasses as he passed. Then he seized a wooden chair, raised it above his head and banged it down with a frightful crash. Sacha the Gypsy fell in a huddled heap, his violin broken to bits, his bow dabbled in the blood that streamed from a gash in his forehead. It was all done in a second or two. At all the tables people started up from their chairs with shouts and cries. A dozen men sprang at Count Teliki, who was roughly handled before he was rescued—and arrested—by the Austrian police. The Gypsy, who seemed to be dying, was taken away in an ambulance to the nearest hospital.

It was in the hospital that Joan was found. She came with a little brown-eyed baby in her arms and she was dressed as a Gypsy in a scarlet shawl with a colored handkerchief over her looped hair. Her face had lost some of its beauty, being tanned by hot weather, and her look of youth had gone. But Teliki's sister Stephanie tells me that she had another kind of beauty, that of motherhood, and a strange look of tragedy and suffering.

She fell down on her knees by the bedside of the dying Gypsy and cried out, "My man! My man!" and then spoke to him in the Gypsy tongue and held her baby up to his face. The man smiled and stroked her hand and murmured something. An hour later he was dead.

Count Teliki after a sensational trial was punished by a heavy fine. All the sympathy of the court was with him and he was wildly cheered when the verdict was given.

Now Lady Joan is in England with her brown-eyed baby, living with her brother in their old house in Devonshire. I hear that Archie Gaunt has been staying with them, and there is some rumor of a marriage, though I can hardly believe it yet. I hear also that the Gypsy caravans on their way to Dartmoor halt outside the gates of the Savilles' park and that the lady of the house speaks to them in that strange tongue of theirs which came across the world with Eastern tribes.

That is all I know of Joan's story and what I have told is very strange. But I wonder sometimes what will happen to that little brown-eyed boy now playing in an English manor-house. Will he too one day hear the call of his blood and be impelled by the instinct of the wandering life, as that bird which all through the night beat its wings with the unforgotten impulse of irresistible flight?

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Why I Have Not Married

(Continued from page 30)



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the clamoring city to earn my bread. But I must tell the truth here. She did no such thing. Like most young, healthy country girls, she fell in love with someone else, married him in a twinkling, and left me with a faint flutter of the heart which, in my sensitiveness, I mistook momentarily for the sickness and loveliness which the older poets have celebrated since time immemorial. I completely forgot her until I saw her years later with three husky children—a faded, tragic figure whom I boastfully imagined I could somehow have kept beautiful. She seemed at that meeting, by the way, completely to have forgotten our early episode—for which I was duly grateful.

There followed a few years of life in Brooklyn, just when the bicycle craze was at its height. If the motor offers opportunities for romantic happenings—I often think of the advantages of goggles and greatcoats buttoned to the nose—the bicycle had its advantages, too. There were tandems, you know; and there was a popular song of that period:

Daisy, Daisy, Give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy All for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage—
I can't afford a carriage;
But you'll look sweet On the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

We did what we called "century runs," and how ridiculous and trivial they seem now, with motors accomplishing that distance in a couple of hours. Yet we thought we were sporty youngsters as we sped to the wilderness of certain portions of the north shore of Long Island, each with a girl companion. Romance! Ah! we had our fill of it in that golden time, and there was always the honey of light love to sweeten the cup of life. The world should not be too hard on this pale semblance of the divine passion; for it is a preparation for that deeper and nobler sentiment which invariably comes to us all.

I had a real love affair in Brooklyn—a chapter of my life of which I cannot write, since it ended in the tragedy of the girl's death in a railway accident. One feels very often that his life might have been richer, utterly complete if destiny had not stepped in and whittled away one's happiness. I can tell this much: I had meant to propose to this loveliest memory of my carefree youth when she should have returned from a visit in the West. But it was not to be.

There followed two anguished years, when I was busily employed as a certain rich man's private secretary, and no one, I hope, knew of the stab my heart and hopes had received. For we do not speak of those profound emotions which are doubly deep, I think, in our youth; just as Harlequin does not tell the laughing world of his secret tears.

I am, moreover, never lonely. When living people are not available for the daily bread of conversation, there has always been, for one of my temperament, the living world of books. The laughter that covers up grief has been a special gift of the gods to me—I say this in all sincerity, for it seems utterly ridiculous to set down only part of the truth in a confession of this kind. Moreover, I am fully aware—and I speak in all humility—of another priceless gift which has been bestowed upon me—the gift of making friends easily, and keeping them.

In the days, the months that followed my first rude encounter with the realities of life, I craved friends as I craved nothing else on earth. And fortunately for my peace of mind, I found them. I have never been morbid; but who, if he is worth a tinker's dam, has not had moments of melancholy? I flatter myself that few of my friends—even those with whom I am most intimate—know of this quality within me. One hides certain traits from the world at large, as the decent rich conceal their philanthropies.

With plenty of friends to allay my inner sorrow, I had little time or inclination for another romantic contact. Moreover, it was at this time that such verse as I have been able to produce bubbled up in me suddenly—a veritable outlet for what I must have been enduring, now that I look back. I was not conscious of this during that cross-section of my life. But I do know that I wrote then the best poetry I have ever attempted—a perfectly sincere expression of the part of me that was finest, though I hope I am too much of a critic to suppose that it held a message for others. It was the natural outpouring of a wounded being, confronted with the remnants of a broken dream, and I was not ashamed to voice my grief—though I have always had a horror of being laughed at. And what a refuge my poetic impulse proved to be!

I learned one invaluable thing—to pity those who, having experienced something of what I had experienced, had no means of getting rid of a surplus energy and emotion which might have strangled them. It seems to me that the artistic temperament, for all the havoc it brings, likewise brings with it tremendous compensations. "We do that which some men dream of all their lives," says Browning. A stock-broker may feel as deeply as a musician; but Wall Street is scarcely the anodyne that the composition of symphonies may be.

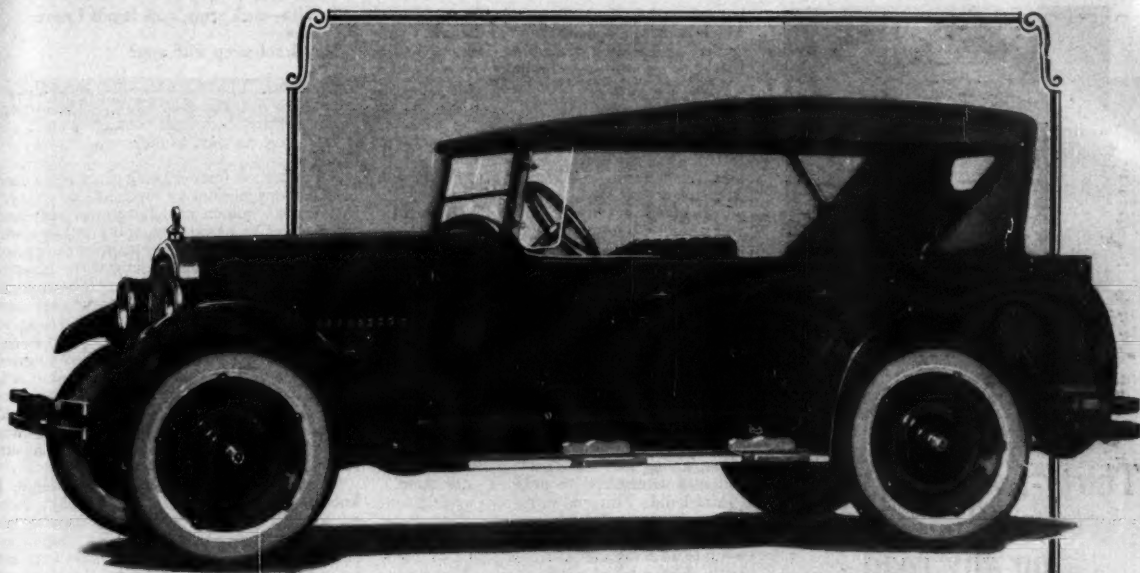
It was inevitable that work could not forever prove an alleviation of spiritual pain. The day came when there was a revival of that need all men feel for the consoling presence of a woman in their lives. I fell rhapsodically in love with a girl on the stage and became engaged to marry her. It was as if a magic casement had been opened to me, and I saw existence now with all its promises of fulfillment.

I remember that it was during a certain shining April that we made our mutual avowals; and that spring is without exception the most glorious period of my whole career. I was twenty-nine—a perfect age, I think, for a man to enter upon the solemn business of marriage. I had saved a decent sum of money, I had splendid health, editorial prospects and just enough experience to know the value and importance of finding the right mate. I had always said I could never marry a girl who did not sing; and this girl sang beautifully. And the world sang for me, also. And the stars sang—the whole universe that surrounds and enfolds us.

There were constant meetings, renewals of those first words of sweet bondage. There were wild letters in her absence, all the tendernesses of those betrothed, mad catchings of trains to see her off when she was forced to play in distant cities; and there were hungry longings in times of separation, plans, often happily fulfilled, when I was able to leave my work and be with her in, say, Washington or Boston. If you have never been in that loveliest of American cities in April, when the moon shines over the national Capitol, and the tree-lined streets are a riot of bloom, and negroes go singing home in the scented darkness, and you ride with the girl of your choice in a lazy fiacre, you have not tasted the joy of life. It is a garden set down magically in our broad land, filled with the "lure of green things growing."

But in every garden there is a serpent. Ours took the form of a stupid quarrel—two temperaments clashing over an inconsequential matter; do lovers ever quarrel, I wonder, over an important issue! Yet we thought it thrice important at the time; and a meeting which had begun on the peaks of happiness ended in the disastrous valley of misunderstanding and recrimination—and all was suddenly over.

A broken engagement is a serious thing. The idealist finds it hard to readjust himself at first. It is in many ways more trying than a divorce; for the thread of one's hopes is severed even before a trial stitch has been taken, and it is not what one's friends say that sinks in,



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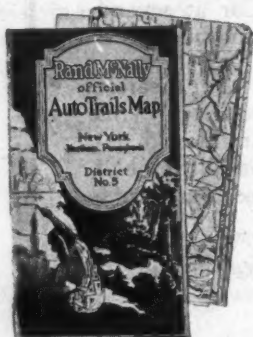
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but what they do not say. A silence follows which is more eloquent than words; and there comes a sense of consuming failure before battle, to use an ironic simile, which cuts like a knife.

But I have never been one to face defeat with a long face. I knew I was to blame; I still think so. There was never the slightest bitterness in my heart, and there never can be over this episode in my busy life. I knew a woman once who had preached, in print, the gospel of optimism even in profound sorrow; and when a great grief finally came to her she retracted everything she had said, utterly renounced her old philosophy. I could never quite forgive her, for she worked immeasurable injury to every soul with whom she had been an influence for good.

I was not foolish enough to be "done with women." Misogynists are the silliest mortals on this earth—and I doubt if there is such a breed. A sense of humor may save one immeasurable agony. Moreover, I had two or three intimate men friends who proved ports in time of storm, stalwartly keeping my mental ship going, giving me that poise which I needed and was determined to achieve once more.

And I did. Editorial work and writing consumed my days, and we are so constituted, we curious mortals, that we forget old spiritual wounds as a woman forgets the pain of childbirth. I am a bit of a fatalist; also I somewhat believe in the gods of luck and chance. Soon after my engagement was broken I was confronted with a financial obligation in my immediate family which I never could have met had I married a few months earlier.

I firmly believe that not everyone is destined for matrimony. Were I a woman, I think I should prefer almost any kind of wedlock to the emptiness that seems, in unequal share, to come to the female of the species. The fact is, no matter how we may deny it, that this is a man's world. Men have resources undreamed of by women. The day will come when women will be equally free; but that time is not yet.

"If you marry, you'll regret it; and if you don't, you'll regret it too." That is what a wise married woman said to me when I first told her of my intention to wed. Yet her own married life had been singularly happy. But what, after all, do we know of our fellow travelers lodging in this caravansary of a night? Marriage at best is a series of adjustments and readjustments; so is bachelorhood. No one is perfectly happy; but the idea that every unmarried man or woman is unhappy is as fallacious as to imagine that every married pair have found felicity.

There was a cartoon once showing a man wheeling a baby-carriage and his bachelor friend passing him in the street. Each was looking longingly at the other. It was one of those supreme moments which come to us all, married and single alike. No one would actually exchange places with another. James Whitcomb Riley, himself a bachelor, once wrote these poignant lines. Perhaps he was destined to remain alone in the world so that he could produce them—for no man or woman with a child could possibly have written them.

BEREAVED

Let me come in where you sit weeping—ay,
Let me who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands
you used

Cosmopolitan for June, 1924

To kiss—such arms, such hands I never
knew—
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing
Between the tears that would be comforting,
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I
Who have no child to die!

Bachelors are forever being given some such terms of opprobrium as "selfish" or "crusty." But just as women no longer grow old—and there seems to be no such thing in the world nowadays as a "skinny old maid"—the crusty bachelors have vanished along with the erstwhile prominent Adam's apple. The truth is that we live in larger, fuller times, and few of us have the leisure to become introspective or to inquire into the condition of our neighbors. I think I know quite as many married grouches as single ones. I am all for matrimony; but I don't think matrimony is for us all. After one's habits are fully fixed it would be ungenerous to ask some sweet young thing to step in and accept one's stubborn routine.

There are thousands of late marriages, I know, which have turned out happily; there are likewise innumerable late marriages which are the result simply of a desire for companionship—nothing more. Such marriages may not be included in any inventory of the problems of true wedlock. They are makeshifts, the pale replica of that dear romantic bondage which comes to us only in youth—and usually only once. I know that there are certain natures which cannot remain single; but if there is a phrase to denote the honeyed joy of husband and wife—I mean "married bliss"—there is also, do not forget, an equally oft-quoted phrase—"single blessedness." Sometimes those who take unto themselves a wife for purely utilitarian reasons are the most selfish of this earth; for is it not possible, and understandable, that a few of us are too considerate to burden our pitiful selves upon a woman who would suffer us for only a little while?

I have a laughing friend who predicts that I will be "caught" yet; that when I have reached, say, the age of sixty, I will be stricken with an illness, and picturing my loneliness on a belated bed of pain, he says that I will marry my nurse. Which is amusing, but somehow woefully lacking in good taste; for it is, after all, an aspersion on the whole lovely sex which I continue to adore. It assumes that all women have their talons out like so many birds of prey—and nothing could be stupider than that theory. And after all, the prey must have something to recommend it!

Yes, we bachelors have our moments of disillusion and regret. To me, the most tragic lines in our language—lines which, through negation, bring out the barrenness of the lives of those who elect, or are fated to remain, single—are those from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" which voice defeated fatherhood:

I see their unborn faces shine
Before the never-lighted fire.

The never-lighted fire! Yet if one is occasionally despondent over "unborn faces," as the bachelor Charles Lamb must have been when he wrote his famous reverie of "Dream Children," are those who realize their dreams always the fortunate of this earth?

I wonder. It is all so hidden in mystery. But at least I have told the truth here. Which is more, I know, than some of my married friends would have the courage to do!

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Great Falls of Yellowstone National Park, Painted by Magnus Norstad

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A GOOD many men believed, some months ago, that they weren't going to see any further great progress in low-price tire values.

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It is an established thing that



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United States Rubber Company

USCO CORD

The Haunted Rocking-Chair

(Continued from page 80)

that they had been touched since the house was built, and all the planks bore the same discoloration of age. With sharp blows of the hatchet Burgess splintered one after another.

"It's an oblong trap set in the floor," he laughed, poised the hatchet for another blow. "The old boards were shaved down thin on the under side to make them lighter so the machine would work easier. Here are the wires that work the thing, and there's probably a battery somewhere in the cellar, and of course the trigger that set it going is under the porch flooring. It's a smooth trick and you've got to hand it to the chap who thought it up. Standing close by, the chair I could hear only a slight click when you stepped on the plank that turned on the power. You said Cummings was an electrician?" he asked, peering into the hole. "Notice how neatly these planks were adjusted so they could move up and down without getting out of place. He even calculated the resistance of the rug. Operating a ghost by electricity is certainly going some."

"But you will never pin it on Cummings, I tell you!" Salder protested. "It was absolutely proved by a dozen witnesses that he was in church the night of the murder and he accounted for himself clear up to midnight, when he went home to his mother's house. This ghost business is a joke rigged up by someone who had nothing to do with the murder."

"I don't doubt the first of that," Burgess replied. "The second point must wait a little. Let us smash these other windows and let in the air."

He kicked the rocker into a corner and they went through the rooms, throwing up the sashes where the glass was intact and tearing off the boards that protected them on the outside. They found the upper floor in great disorder. A room that had evidently been the granddaughter's interested Burgess. The drawers of an old-fashioned bureau stood open, pointing to the young woman's hasty departure.

"We've got to figure out just how a man can sit up and sing hymns in a church fifteen miles from a place where he is committing a murder," said Burgess as they stood on the back porch. "I want you to walk straight out to the barn from this window and when you get there flash the light a couple of times."

The roof of the long, rambling barn made a ragged line against the stars. In order to accommodate it to the configuration of the land it had been built directly back of the house and a little beneath the crown of the hill.

"You think he was shot from the barn?" asked Salder. "Even at that the murderer's hardly been hiding there two years."

"I'm guessing the ghost was a secondary consideration," said Burgess, "and the rocking-chair trick lends color to the idea that the assassin really believed there was money on the place. As I understand it, the ghost didn't begin to rock the chair for some time after Carleton's death. And we may assume that the murderer was afraid to do any searching at once and then, to keep people off the premises, he got the story going that the house was haunted."

Burgess remained on the porch until the flash of the lamp gave him the direction he wanted; then he joined Salder in the barnyard. Mystified by these further investigations, Salder followed Burgess up a rickety ladder into the loft.

"I just want to study that old ruin a little more," said Burgess, loosening the hasp that held a wooden shutter on the side of the loft toward the house. He had left the oil lantern on the sill of the porch window through which they had entered the house. He crawled along close to the floor, throwing back the hay while Salder held the electric lamp.

"About here we should find something," said Burgess, running his hand over the wall. His touch detected something that at once focused his attention, and he snatched the

lamp and played it upon a hole only a few inches from the floor.

"Just about the right size to admit the end of a rifle barrel. Looks as though it had been a knot-hole in the edge of the plank, and it was trimmed out a little with a knife; you can see where it was cut. The same hand that fixed the rocker rigged up a machine to fire the rifle. You've got to hand it to the fellow for having studied the old man's habits so well that he knew he was usually sitting in the rocker by the table reading for an hour or so before he turned in. The smartest thing the assassin did was not to skip; there was the girl to hold him and the hope of finding the money. I tell you Cummings is guilty, and a clever scoundrel he is! If he had run away right after the murder, suspicion would have been aroused, but after two years, with an innocent man convicted of the crime, his mind's on the money."

"Well, he must have done some tall hustling that night after taking the girl to the place she was visiting, for he had to come here and see what had happened and then go back to the mine office and put the rifle away in the closet where Forbes kept it. Don't forget that Forbes might have worked the gun from the hole as easily as Cummings."

"That's true," said Burgess. "But the thing that counted so heavily against him in the trial is really in his favor when you come to think of it. He wouldn't have been fool enough to show himself in the lane on the way to the house after setting his trap. Look at this!"

He pointed to several dark spots on the flooring, which they decided were made by drippings of the acid used to charge the battery that had fired the rifle. When they shook up the dusty hay a coil of copper wire rewarded their search. With this encouragement they began seeking for some conclusive proof that the shot that killed Carleton had been fired from the barn loft. It was Burgess who, thrusting his hand under the corn-crib, drew out an alarm clock with its back ripped off. The wires dangling from it matched the coil they had found in the loft, and Burgess expressed himself as satisfied that he had enough evidence to substantiate his theory. The jars of a battery rewarded Salder's further explorations under a loose plank in one of the stalls.

It was now half-past two. Burgess announced that he would go back to the house and take a look at the cellar before leaving.

"Cummings has left Ortonville because he's abandoned the idea of finding the money. Or he may have found it and is merely waiting until he can skip without arousing suspicion. I'm disposed to think the girl knew more about the whole business than she told."

Salder had been studying the alarm clock with interest and he now called attention to the fact that it had stopped at eight-thirty.

"The neighbor who saw Forbes going toward the house fixed the time at eight o'clock. Maybe Forbes was sitting there talking to the old man when the clock pulled the trigger."

"That's very plausible!" Burgess exclaimed. "And like a fool he beat it back home instead of notifying the authorities. Probably when Forbes saw Carleton die there in the rocker his first thought was of the girl. It was a hideous situation—the old man dying there right under his eyes—and it may have flashed through his mind that the girl was guilty. If he was in love with her, his first thought naturally would be to protect her. At any rate he kept his mouth shut until it was too late. There's an old basket we can put this stuff in, and we must hurry along."

Burgess became jubilant when, descending through the kitchen into the cellar, they found that the brick floor had been pried up and the shelving torn from the wall. The clayey earth that clung to the spade that had been used in the excavations was still moist. They went over every foot of wall and floor and were deepening a hole that had been made at the

base of the chimney when a sound above arrested them. Salder instantly blew out the lantern and they stood perfectly quiet, listening for a repetition of the noise. In the deep silence they caught the sound of light, furtive steps moving through the upper rooms.

"He wasn't satisfied with his job and has come back. We've got to nail him!" whispered Burgess in Salder's ear.

They felt their way along the cellar wall to an oblong window and crawled into the yard. Huddled close to one of the sitting room windows, they plainly heard steps somewhere in the house. They were still trying to account for the presence of a third person on the premises when someone passed in the walk behind them—a tall man with his hat pulled low on his head, running on tiptoe.

"Follow him and do nothing till I signal," whispered Burgess, settling himself by the window.

It was a curious circumstance that two years after the murder the lonely house should be visited in the early hours of the morning by two persons who presumably had arrived separately. What had brought them was an interesting question. As Burgess debated the matter, a match struck in the farthest corner of the room riveted his attention.

It seemed a very long time until the flame shed sufficient light to disclose the holder of the match, and in his impatience Burgess thrust his shoulders through the opening. He was prepared to find that the visitor was a tramp exploring the abandoned house, and it was with difficulty that he checked an exclamation when a woman's face was slowly outlined in the patch of light. She held the match high, gazing with bewilderment at the hole in the floor and the mechanism that had operated the rocker.

Her fair hair had slipped from under her tam-o'-shanter and its disorder and the bright color of her cheeks indicated that a long run had preceded her arrival. She lighted a second match and walked slowly across the room. The glow of the match revealed a face singularly pure and delicate of outline, but with a sorrow stamped upon it that was perceptible even in the light of the wavering flame.

Burgess was pondering what to do when a slight noise at the porch window opposite evoked from the girl a quickly smothered cry of fear, and the match slipped from her fingers.

"Hope!" cried a man's voice exultingly.

He was already in the room, holding the light of an electric lamp upon her. A scream cut the silence and echoed eerily through the house.

"I thought you'd gone—I thought you'd gone away!" she moaned.

"You thought I'd gone and you came to get the money!" he replied angrily. "You lied to me; you told me you didn't know where it was! Quick—I want that money. Then you've got to go away with me!"

"What are you running away from?" she flashed defiantly.

"So that's troubling you, is it?" he asked insolently. "Well, that's my business! I've waited two years for the old man's money."

"I know now that you are guilty," she said slowly. "I don't know how you did it—in some way you fired the shot that night," she went on deliberately, and it seemed to Burgess that her voice penetrated the dark from a great distance. "You were jealous of Leonard Forbes and you let him pay the penalty. But you wanted money more than you wanted me. You are a murderer, Tom Cummings!"

"Yes, I killed him!" he cried. "I killed him for you! You threw me over for Forbes and I've a good mind to kill you for that!"

The light of his lamp pierced the dark again, falling upon her as she cowered before him. He lunged toward her around the table but stumbled over scraps of the electrical device. He paused and played the light over the spot where Burgess had ripped up the flooring.

"What have you done here?" he shouted.



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When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly in-

jure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

AFTER rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear,

fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry for it will be soft and silky in the water.

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"The ghost—you have ruined the ghost, you—"

"The ghost is not dead!"

The voice came from the stairway—a deep voice booming solemnly through the house. In the tense hush it seemed to Burgess that an icy wind swept the room. The light in Cummings's hand died again. Footsteps sounded uncannily. Burgess, knowing that Salder could not have entered the house and appalled by the inexplicable challenge from the stairway, clung to the window-frame.

As the steps reached the table Cummings shrieked a curse that choked in his throat. Sounds of a struggle in the dark room aroused Burgess to action. "Salder, in we go!" he shouted, and sprang across the sill.

The chauffeur flashed a light as he leaped in from the other side and both men got their bearings from it. A struggle was in progress near the center of the room, and as Salder dashed in the table was overthrown, knocking him to the floor. Before Burgess could reach the combatants a crash announced that they had fallen through the trap into the cellar.

"Make a light, Salder, and get the girl out of the way!" shouted Burgess, groping for the opening.

As he swung himself through the hole a pistol shot boomed dully in the cellar. When he struck the floor a kick in the face from a struggling man gave him pause for an instant.

There was a second shot and a heavy blow was struck. Then, through the silence, a man's voice called calmly: "It's all right now; I've got his gun! We'd better look out for Hope!"

As Salder lowered the lantern through the opening Burgess saw that it was Forbes who spoke. Cummings lay crumpled on the floor, his face covered with blood; Forbes was already springing up the cellar steps. When Burgess reached the sitting room, he found him bending over the girl, chafing her hands, repeating her name over and over again. He waited till she opened her eyes and satisfied them that she had not been harmed, then went to the cellar to assist Salder in securing the prisoner.

"I have only one question to ask," Burgess said. "I want you to tell me why, if you had even the remotest belief in Leonard Forbes's innocence, you didn't try to help him."

"Oh, I was afraid! I've been afraid of Tom Cummings ever since the murder! I could prove nothing; I don't understand even now how he did it."

"Had Forbes any reason to believe you might have had a hand in the murder? Did he keep silent to shield you?" he asked.

"I suppose he did," she answered slowly. "Mr. Forbes had heard my grandfather abuse me when he was at the house."

"Was Forbes in love with you? Had he asked you to marry him?" asked Burgess.

"Yes," she replied slowly but with a proud lifting of the head. "That's why I never told where grandfather hid his money. I waited, hoping that in his greed the murderer would betray himself. I had been engaged to Cummings but broke it off before the murder. But no one knew of that. When I heard that Cummings had gone I came to spend the night with a friend near here so I could see whether he found the hiding-place. It was all so horrible. All this time he has kept watch of me, compelling me to go about with him, threatening me if I tried to find out about the ghost. And I wanted to live—oh, I wanted to live, thinking the day would come when I could give Leonard his freedom!"

"That's enough! We have Cummings's own admission that he is your grandfather's assassin. I have other evidence that supports his confession; I know how it was done!"

Cummings, tightly bound with a clothes-line, was brought up from the cellar. In a frenzy of rage he shrieked threats and curses at Forbes and Burgess.

"Gag him, Salder," Burgess ordered, "and bring up the car."

When Cummings's legs had been tied and he had been lashed to the machine, Hope asked Burgess to return to the house with her.

Taking the lantern she walked to a cupboard. "If there's any money in the house you will find it here," she said. "There's a false partition on the chimney side of the top shelf; if you will push it a little it will slide back into the wall. When I first came here to live grandfather was very sick for a long time and he told me about his hiding-place."

She held the lantern while Burgess slipped his hand into the opening. After drawing out several hundred dollars in small bills he thrust deeper and lifted out bundles of bonds, some of them very old issues, until he had counted twelve thousand dollars in securities.

"I'll turn them over to the administrator," said Burgess. "And now, Miss Carleton, you needn't be afraid any more!"

Forbes accompanied Hope across the fields to her friend's home while Salder and Burgess drove the prisoner to Ortonville.

At seven o'clock Burgess, Salder and Forbes sat down to breakfast at High Ridge, and Forbes explained how he had come to visit the scene of the murder.

"One of the mine boys I liked particularly had written me at the prison about this ghost stunt, but like all the others he was too superstitious to investigate it. I had never suspected Cummings; his alibi bore every test. But the ghost story suggested that someone around here was trying to frighten people away from the house. I meant to go back to the penitentiary and insist upon serving my term, but I got restless after you left and took the machine and came down for a look at the haunted rocker. I reached the farm a short time before you and was in the house while you were tearing up the floor and I crawled into the attic when you came upstairs."

"Cummings showed a diabolical ingenuity in planning the murder," Burgess remarked. "We found everything but the rifle. That, I suppose, he went back for afterwards. I assume it wasn't really your gun he used?"

"No; but the caliber was the same. A few days before the murder I took my gun from the mine office and fired one shot at a buzzard. Cummings was with me and kidded me about my bad marksmanship. He took the rifle back to the office to put it in the place where I always kept it. And they found it there, of course, with the one shell gone."

"You are a chivalrous gentleman," said Burgess, meeting Forbes's steady eyes. "You would have died a prisoner to save the girl you love from any breath of suspicion."

"That's all over now," Forbes replied. "My next business is to pick up the scraps of my life and put them together again."

"That will not be so hard, Forbes, with Hope to help you."

"When I said I'd prove Forbes innocent in three days, I really thought it might take a week," Burgess remarked to Governor Baldrige the next day after he had given an account of his adventures at the Carleton farm.

"What will you do with Forbes now?" asked the Governor.

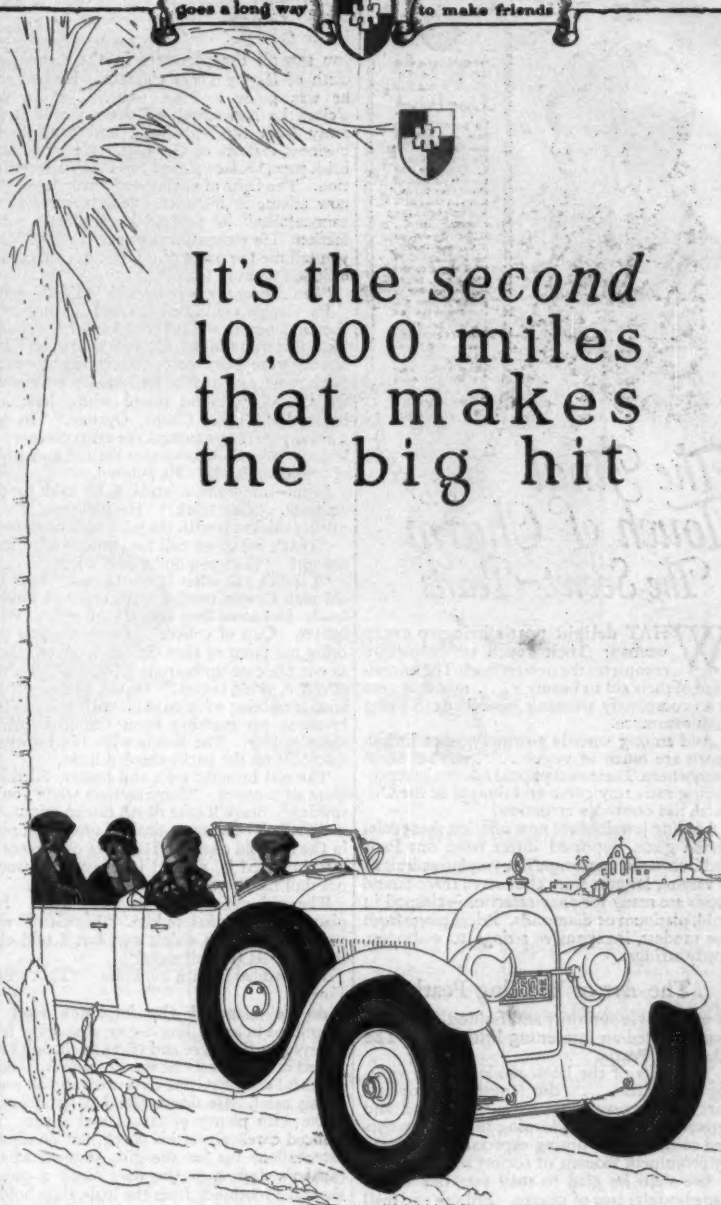
"Oh, he can loaf around High Ridge till after Cummings's trial, and then I'll give him a proper wedding—to which you are now invited—and send him to run some mines I own in Arizona. You've got to admit that he's a pretty high-grade fellow."

"No doubt he is! What's troubling me right now is that I've lost my wager."

"Oh, but you haven't!" laughed Burgess. "You shall choose any colt you like, and we'll call your barrel of red apples a present. But I shall expect you to give Forbes a handsome wedding gift—the State owes him something, you know!"

"The Mating Season," in July COSMOPOLITAN, is a new kind of a romance filled with unexpected thrills and some absorbing philosophy—as you might expect from the pen of Rupert Hughes

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you saw all the processes in the mechanical birth of Happy Days cigarettes. He had said he was going and he went. But by one o'clock he had struck off down a side street away from the Boardwalk and toward the business district of the city. He went at a brisk pace, his face almost grim with determination. The light of daring—of adventure—was now aflame in his eyes. "Got shut of those womenfolks," he said to himself with satisfaction. He stopped a passer-by to ask: "Can you tell me the name of a first-class restaurant or lunch room in town?"

"I'm a stranger here myself," said the man. Pa Cowan continued his walk, away from the ocean and toward the business section. He'd find something. He walked spryly. The streets were busy here. More like Newark. Street-cars and trucks and traffic policemen. On a window, in fat raised white lettering, he read, "Steaks, Chops, Oysters." In the window, nestling amongst the crisp greenery of lettuce frills, Pa Cowan saw the red and white of forbidden foods. He entered.

"Um—bring me a steak," he said to the waitress. "Cut thick." He indicated a surprising thickness with thumb and forefinger.

"That's what we call an extra steak," said the girl. "Cost you dollar and a half."

"I didn't ask what it would cost," retorted old man Cowan testily. "An order of French fried. Got some lima beans? All right. With butter. Cup of coffee. Afterwards you can bring me piece of that chocolate layer cake I saw in the case up in front. Uh, make it a pot of coffee, you'd better." He sat waiting for his meal, fumbling with napkin, with salt shaker, breaking up matches from the little white china holder. The hands with the brownish splotches on the backs shook a little.

The girl brought rolls and butter, filled his glass with water. "Some oysters while you're waiting? Steak'll take about fifteen minutes."

"No." There was a dash of unwonted pink in the lean old cheeks. He broke off a piece of roll, buttered it, pushed it away. He would not dull the keen edge of this adventure.

The girl came with his laden tray. She placed the steak before him. "Is that the way you like it? You didn't say, but I told chef medium. Is that all right?"

He prodded it with his knife. "That's fine. Fine."

As he munched the forbidden food he resembled in a startling degree a naughty boy, his eyes darting here and there as though even in this remote corner he was not safe from ma's watchful scrutiny. He devoured all the monstrous meal. He drank the hot, stimulating coffee with plenty of cream and sugar. He glanced carelessly at his check, left an almost ostentatious tip for the girl, stopped at the cashier's desk near the door, took a paper-sheathed toothpick from the little glass holder. He felt rakish, free, expansive, wicked. The cashier was a cool and insolent blonde. The wave of her hair, the glitter of her nails, the toss of her earrings, the carmine of her lips proclaimed her aloofness from such poor things as Pa Cowan. The size of his check as he paid it brought no flicker of interest into the disdainful face. And yet Pa Cowan, bursting with beef and buoyancy, had the temerity to address this splendid one airily, thus:

"Well, m' girl, I guess that five-dollar bill will look pretty sick time you get through with it." He picked up his change. "Fine weather you're giving us visitors."

The girl disregarded him with a cold blue eye. Her look did not spell active dislike. It was too remote even for disfavor. Still, she was not a vindictive person; and weather conversation was, after all, one of the duties of an Atlantic City dweller. People—visitors—talked to you about the weather and you answered automatically. They expected it. She answered now.

"Yeh."

Holiday

(Continued from page 37)

Pa Cowan emerged from the portals of sin, satisfied.

He thought with some distaste of going back to his hotel. He had no intention of confessing. But he had ma to face, and ma had a curious trick of finding things out. Pa Cowan hated unpleasant family scenes. He hated to be caught in some petty crime by his wife. On such occasions she spoke of him to his daughters as "your father."

The room reached, Ma Cowan was not there. Neither, on further investigation, was Carrie in her room. Out on the sun porch, probably. He was drowsy in spite of the unaccustomed coffee. He settled himself for a nap. As he dozed off he had the queer idea that two hundred-pound weights of iron had settled themselves on his chest.

He had been right about Carrie. Supine in a steamer chair, swathed in a rug, Carrie lay in the watery spring sunshine on the hotel veranda, sheltered from the breeze. She was holding a book which she did not read, and she was thinking: "I suppose this is doing me good, out in the fresh air all day like this . . . Good—for what? Suppose it is! Then what? . . . I wish . . . No wonder Evelyn's so nice to Daisy, with that brother-in-law . . . Poor Ev. A pretty bum time she has anyway, lumped in there with us . . . I'll be glad to get back tomorrow . . . What's ma doing, I wonder? Sleeping? . . . I'll be old too in a few years now and I've never lived a minute."

She shut her eyes, but not in sleep.

Down in the baths on the second floor—separate departments for men and women—Ma Cowan, alarmingly red of face, was seated in a white enameled electric bath cabinet, her head sticking out of the round hole in the top, for all the world like a guillotine victim on exhibition. The bath attendant, a plump, dark-haired, eye-glassed woman with a good-natured face and strong, spatulate fingers, was leaning sociably against the cabinet, watching its temperature indicator warily even while she appeared not to. She had seen these stout old women go off into a sudden faint when they weren't used to bath cabinets. Ma Cowan was confiding in her. Patients always confided in her. She could hear without listening, thinking the while of many other things. Ma Cowan talked on.

"And another thing I always wanted to do was take a bath like this and a massage. But you know how it is. You think you'll do a thing and then you never get around to it. I've always had a kind of full figure and if I could have done the way lots of other women do, take massage and baths regular—"

"Don't you think you'd better come out now?" said the woman. "You've been in fifteen minutes and over. Usually we don't—" She regarded Ma's plump purple face a little anxiously. "You feeling all right?"

"Grand. I love it. I can just feel myself getting thin. How much do people usually lose in a treatment like this?"

"Well," said the woman, "half a pound or so."

"Imagine! Half a pound, and no effort. Time I was married to Mr. Cowan I had quite a nice figure. Real trim. They wore those tight-fitting things then and I could carry them off to perfection. Those days hips were natural and not something to be ashamed of."

"Don't you think you'd better come out now?" She flicked off a knob that controlled one set of lights within the cabinet.

"I'll sit here just another minute with the heat off. It's funny how I came to take this bath. I saw the sign up in my bathroom advertising them. I was just going to take a nap. And I thought to myself, why couldn't I treat myself to something I'd always wanted to do? I guess what I had done before started it. Don't you get the funniest wild notions when you're on a holiday? I sneaked off from

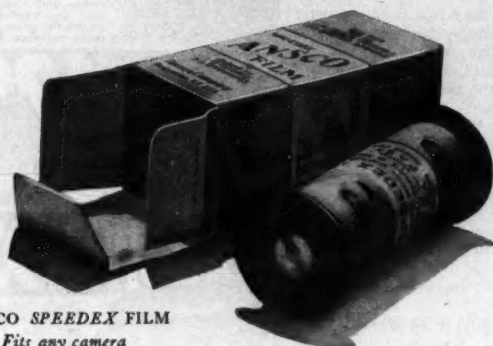
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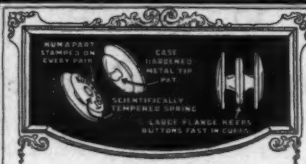
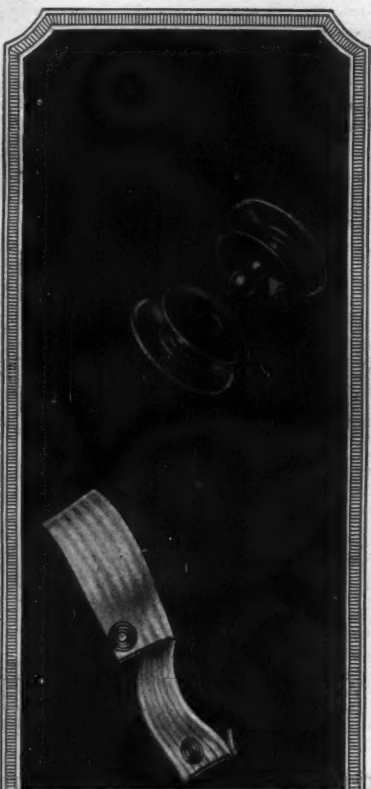
2. *You've put your camera away on the shelf*—given up the whole thing in disgust because of failure after failure. Then blow the dust of ages off your long-lost companion. Stick in a roll of Ansco film. You'll get back all your old enthusiasm when the first pictures come from the finisher.

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my daughter Carrie who's here with me, and I bought an orchid silk set—nightgown and step-ins and petticoat—that I'll never wear. An old woman like me. But I've always wanted one. When I was married they never heard of such a thing as crêpe de Chine underwear. My land, no! Muslin with ruffles of embroidery, and high-necked, long-sleeved nightgowns. My married daughter Evelyn doesn't have any sleeves at all in hers. That is, she was married. She's a widow now. I don't know what I'll do with the set. Give it to her probably. Another thing I always wanted was a red silk dress. I think dark women in red always—"

"You'd better come out now," said the attendant firmly. She wrapped Ma Cowan in a sheet and the treatment proceeded. Soaping, hosing, shower, massage. Ma Cowan bulked huge on the flat table. The treatment ended, she was weighed. Happiness radiated her. "I've lost half a pound!" and she stepped down from the scales, shaking the room as she did so. It was as though a mountain were to rejoice because a pebble had rolled down from its peak.

Up in her room she found pa sound asleep and breathing stentoriously. She lay down in Carrie's unoccupied room, feeling delightfully languid and drowsy. She thought of the orchid crêpe de Chine set in the bottom of her suitcase.

Carrie, coming in at five, found them both still asleep. Ma had started up at her entrance, but pa had actually to be shaken before he could be roused. Both of them, as the lights were turned on, looked queer. Ma's face was very red and she said she felt as though she had one of her headaches coming on. Pa's face was drawn and strangely yellow—golden almost, and with a greenish tinge.

"Don't you feel well?" the two women asked him.

"Sure. I feel all right. Why shouldn't I? Slept too long, I guess. Foolish. Come here to Atlantic City and spend a lot of money for rooms and all and then sleep your time away."

At dinner he looked queerer than ever. He ate nothing though he ordered almost defiantly. For that matter Mrs. Cowan looked queer too, with her flushed face and her bloodshot eyes. "I'm just going to have a plate of soup," she said. "My head's beginning."

No one suggested going to see a picture tonight. They sat again in the lounge.

"I'd like to take a walk," said Carrie.

"You don't want to walk alone. And I've had all the walking I can stand. I'm going to bed early, with this head of mine."

"I'm going now," said Pa Cowan suddenly. He got up. "Man at the door says it's turned rough out. And a fog. Says there'll probably be a storm by tomorrow."

Mrs. Cowan sat a half-hour longer with her daughter. Then she succumbed. "I'm dead. I've got to go up. You don't want to sit here alone, do you, Carrie?"

"A little while. Until the music stops. I'll be up. I'll read in bed. I never get a chance to at home."

She sat there alone in a corner of the great couch. Little groups sat all about. Men and women talking, smoking, relaxed, companionable. Carrie sat alone, watching them with hot eyes. The orchestra was playing that thing that Bordoni sang—"So This Is Love." The musicians were not particularly gifted, but the violinist had the trick of making his instrument wail. When the piece was finished the room seemed suddenly peopled with ghosts. Carrie rose and went up to her room.

"Getting rough," said the splendid elevator attendant, looking like a glorified Coldstream Guard.

Carrie went into her own room. She heard her mother moving about next door. She opened the connecting door and stood a moment in the doorway. As she did so her mother thrust something hastily out of sight, turned toward her, her face redder than ever.

"My land, you scared me to death! I didn't hear you come in." She was in kimono and

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slippers. She nodded toward the bed. "He's sleeping again. He was asleep when I came in and here it's only ten o'clock." The old man was breathing heavily.

"Out-of-doors so much," said Carrie vaguely. "Good night." She shut the door. She undressed slowly, washed some silk stockings, creamed her nails and the little fine lines under her eyes. Once in bed she picked up the book that had failed to hold her in the afternoon. She read a page or two with her eyes only.

Suddenly she found herself listening. She was conscious of listening to something like a slow and regular drum-beat. Beat—beat—beat—went something pulse-like, insistent. The sea. The great gray-blue waste that had irritated her so by day lying there beyond the Boardwalk, so flat and smooth, like a back drop in a theater. It had made her restless and moody. And now suddenly it had awakened. Boom—boom—boom. A drum, calling her. She turned out her bed-light and went to the window in her bare feet. She shaded her eyes with her cupped hands and looked out. Strange how much nearer it seemed from her high window than it had been when she was passing it by day, and on a level with it. Now, a great black beast, it lay below her window, calling to her.

She went back to bed. Lay there, listening. She found herself timing this pulsing sound with the beat of her own heart. She shut her eyes, very wide awake. Boom. Boom. Boom. Surging that fused with her heart. Between beats she could hear the unlovely sounds—those chokings, splutterings, inhalations, exhausts and whistles—which marked her father's tryst with the nocturnal fairy. She listened closer to catch the sound of her mother's quieter breathing—that indomitable woman, her mother.

She lay there a moment longer. Then she got up quietly and dressed without turning on the light. She put on her long cloth coat and her round felt hat. She was very cunning and deft about it, as though she were in the habit of stealing out at night—as though for days, for years, she had planned this slipping out at night—as perhaps she had. Fully dressed, she began to open her door slowly, slowly, timing each turn of the knob and widening of the crack with the beat—beat—beat of the drum. Softly, softly. Sometimes the beat of the drum and the terrific snore from the next room came at the same time. She made great headway when this happened. She was out! She was out in the red-carpeted corridor. She pressed the elevator button. When the door was flung open she was a little afraid to face the surprise of the blue and gold and scarlet Coldstream Guard. But he evidently found nothing unusual in the sight of this plain woman in her heavy dark coat and small close hat bound for a walk at eleven at night. His flat, tapering back unbent just a little.

"Out for a nightcap?" said this splendid creature.

"Nightcap?"

"Yeh. 'S what we call a late stroll on the Walk to make you sleep."

"Oh, yes!" said Carrie gratefully. "Yes. I couldn't get to sleep."

"'S the best time, now is, when the crowd is gone and you got the works to yourself."

The door was flung splendidly open. She was out. Pearly gray chiffon veiled the walk, the ocean, the lights, the great turreted hotels. Fog. And beyond it the beat of the drum. A gold and mauve aura hung about each street lamp. The Walk was black and slippery with moisture.

She began to walk briskly away from the hotel. She breathed deeply, feeling suddenly free, exhilarated, happy, almost young. The Atlantic City of the daylight—the shops, the Madeira embroidery, the balloons, the post-cards, the salt water taffy, the Japanese kimonos, the dream people swimming up and down, up and down—all had vanished. Now there was only the ocean and the fog. The drum-beat and the banner. She walked perhaps a mile, happily. She turned, came back.

Her cheeks felt fresh and cool, as though color had been whipped into them. Her eyes felt bright. She swerved suddenly and went to the railing that separated walk from beach. She leaned on her folded arms, staring out into the blackness—beyond. Boom—boom—boom. Come—come—come. You—you—you.

"Cer'nly is some foggy night," said a voice beside her. A man's voice. "God pity the lads at sea on a night like this, say I." He laughed, a little uncertainly.

A tall man. Broad-shouldered. A rakish cap pulled down over his eyes. A great overcoat. The scarlet eye of a cigaret blinking down at her. Carrie laughed too, and was surprised to hear her own laugh. She looked up at him, again faced the ocean, waited. Well, this was what happened to you when you walked alone on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City at midnight. And why not? She waited as an experienced woman would have waited. Something told her that this was the thing to do.

"Out alone, girlie?"

Girlie. "Yes. I came out for a little night-cap."

"Say, that's a good one. You're a card. Nightcap. That's a new one." He laughed appreciatively. His shoulder in the great rough coat just touched her arm. She did not move away. "That's a great little idea, I'll say."

"Nobody else seems to have thought of it," said Carrie. "I walked almost a mile and hardly met a soul."

"Afraid of the fog, I guess. I like it. The fogger the better. Give me a foggy night and a strange road and my car to drive and I'm happy. Some hate it, but not me."

"Oh, I don't know about driving in the fog!" How easy it was, this conversation. His car. He probably didn't have one. Just talk.

"Like to try it?"

"Try it? How do you mean?"

"Take a little run tonight in the fog. I know a little place between here and Philly where we can get something—"

She felt a little breathless. She must have time. "Are—are you from Philadelphia?"

"Among other places. Florida, Philadelphia, California, Europe. A few of the places I'm from. Where're you from, girlie?" He leaned closer. She did not move away.

Newark. She could not bring herself to say Newark. Not after Florida, California, Europe. "I'm from New York."

"Yeh? New York's all right if you like it." They were silent a moment. "Say, that hat certainly's got me stumped. How can I tell whether you're a blonde or a brunette with that hat down over your head like that?"

"Perhaps it's just as well," said Carrie, and laughed. "Which do you like?"

"Brunette," said the man.

Carrie pulled off her hat and laughed up at him, her head thrown back, her face sparkling. "I aim to please," she retorted. Suddenly, swiftly, the great rough coat sleeve was about her. The man leaned down, breathing queerly, almost sobbingly. He kissed her. A long kiss. And Carrie's mind, working clearly, said: "So this is it. Well, I don't even like it. It feels as if I had fallen face down into a plate of wet sausages."

She jerked herself free.

"You're not sore, are you, girlie?"

"No." She put on her hat.

"Come on, take a ride with me in the fog. A nightcap." He laughed.

"Where's your car?"

"In the garage. It'll only take a minute. If you'll wait for me at the foot of this street—"

"I don't believe you've got a car."

"Don't believe! Why, say, come along with me to the garage, then. What do you think I drove to Atlantic City in? What do you think I'm going to Florida in next Tuesday, huh?"

"I'll come to the garage with you."

She was not at all clear in her mind as to her future course of action. Not that it mattered. Too careful all her life, that was the trouble with her. You had to meet things half-way.

The garage was a great cavern in which



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When nature tells you that you are hungry, you eat until the hunger is gone. But when you are tired, do you always go to bed and sleep until you are thoroughly rested?

Because it seems to many to be a waste of time, sleep is often the most neglected necessity of life. Yet it would be better for you to miss a meal any time than to lose an hour of the sleep you need.

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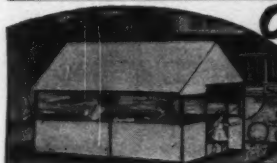


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rubber-booted giants armed with hose and sponge were slaves to steeds of steel and enamel. She waited, a little fearfully, in the doorway. The man seemed taller, more masterful than ever now. He strode over to a huge and powerful car whose hooded engine loomed enormous under the garage lights.

"Taking the bus out," she heard him say to one of the men. "How's she fixed for gas?" And then something about valves and carbon. The garage attendant lifted the hood. Together the two men peered in. She could not hear what the garage man was saying. The noise of the hose, suddenly turned on a car, drowned his utterance. What he said was: "You taking out that skirt? Say, your boss finds out you been joy-riding again in the car I bet he fires you. He was shooting off this morning only about where had the gas went to that was put in yesterday."

"Shut up!" said the other, and climbed into the driver's seat as the mechanic clamped the hood.

As she saw this, terror possessed Carrie; and with terror reason returned to her. He pressed the starter. The car began to throb gently. Without a last backward glance Carrie turned, fled, flew up the short street to the Boardwalk. "Well," said the elevator man—oh, the dear, accustomed elevator man in his friendly homely blue and gold and scarlet—"you must of had quite a walk, at that."

"Yes. Quite a walk." She could even smile. She unlocked her door gently, gently, timing the sounds again with the beats of the far-away drum. She opened her door. Her room was flooded with light. So, too, was the room seen just beyond. Her mother, in a kimono, was standing in the middle of the room. She was looking very wild and old and vast. A strange man, cool and competent and eye-glassed, stood at the bedside.

"Your father! He's been terribly sick. I thought he was dying. I don't know what—I had my headache and woke up all of a sudden and heard him breathing funny—" She stopped; regarded Carrie piercingly. "Where've you been, Carrie Cowan, I'd like to know? This time of night! And your father almost dying!"

Carrie took off her hat. Little drops of moisture, born of the fog, beaded her hair, her lashes. Her cheeks were pink. "I couldn't sleep. I took a walk. I—" Terror shook her. She went to the bed. An old, old man looked up at her with eyes that had known recent and terrible anguish. "Pa! Pa, you all right now?" She felt a sudden rush of tenderness toward him, so yellow and frail and suffering. The old man nodded; even attempted a grimacing smile.

"I'm fine. Never felt better in my life. Must have at something didn't agree with me, that's all."

"It's those two eggs," said Ma Cowan, "for breakfast." He looked at her gratefully.

The strange man at the bedside finished writing on a little pad. "I'll just leave this to be filled on my way down and the bellboy will bring it up. He'll be all right now. Won't you, sir? That's right. Only don't do that again, young man." He smiled with professional cheerfulness at the drawn old face on the pillow.

"Can we go home tomorrow?" inquired Ma Cowan fearfully. "Will he be able?"

"I think so. I think so. I'll look in at about ten tomorrow morning."

He was gone. The old woman came to the bedside, put one plump hand on the lean shoulder under the bedclothes. "You scared my headache away," she said. She turned suddenly to where Carrie stood, drooping. "Crazy thing for you to do. Run out at this hour the night. What possessed you to do a thing like that?"

Carrie touched the crown of her hat with her forefinger. The hat was damp. She looked down at it dully. "Oh, I don't know! You think of foolish things on a holiday that you wouldn't do at home. You get a kind of crazy feeling."

The old man stirred in the bed. The old woman put a hand to her head absently, as though the headache had not after all quite vanished.

By three next day they were back in Tichenor Street, Newark, these holiday seekers. Evelyn welcomed them. The children, Dorothy and Junior, fell upon their balloons and post-cards and salt water taffy with shouts and boundings. Evelyn, called to the telephone ten minutes after their return, could hardly hear for the noise.

"Hello! . . . Oh, it's you, Daisy . . . Yes, it was nice. I'm glad you enjoyed it . . . Uh, not now. Not now. Yes, they're just back . . . They say they had a fine time. (Junior, you oughtn't to eat that taffy with your brace. You'll break it as sure as anything.) . . . Oh, well, I suppose they didn't do anything they couldn't do at home, but it's the—(Sister, you mustn't sit on Lover's balloon. No. No! No, I say!) . . . She's sitting on Junior's balloon and I just know . . . I was saying it's the change that does you good. I don't care about Atlantic myself. Just the ocean and taffy and post-cards and those hotels and Madeira embroidery—(There! I knew it! Don't cry now. It won't do you any good to cry now. Mother warned you.)"

The next Edna Ferber story in COSMOPOLITAN will be a red-letter event in the calendar of fiction readers; and so that you may be certain of enjoying it, we suggest that you follow the convenient plan on page 186 and subscribe to COSMOPOLITAN for the next 3 months

My Stars

(Continued from page 47)

But I can't tell who. The big leaders have been to me many times these last months. They always do in presidential years. And I've read the horoscope of every possible candidate I can think of. All I can say is that the nominee will be someone I don't know—someone whose horoscope I haven't read."

At the time this prediction merely added to my skepticism. However, I tried her again, this time on a man with whom I had rather large business interests—at least large for me—a man whose name is known to thousands of readers of this magazine. I wasn't especially interested in getting her results, but I did wish to see how she went about the mechanics of the thing.

"What are his dates?"

I didn't know. But "Who's Who" did, and the place of his birth, which is also essential to a horoscope. I learned afterward that the hour of birth is also helpful, but on this point even "Who's Who" was silent. Evangeline took from a drawer a square piece of white paper on which was printed a geometrical wheel-like figure; in the center a star, which is you; and between the spokes, twelve divisions, which are the twelve signs of the Zodiac. In the star she wrote the date and place of birth. Then she consulted a series of leather-covered books and began making rapid mathematical calculations, the result of which she scribbled on the chart.

She explained that she was determining the position of the stars at the time the man was born, which is supposed to influence the general course of his life; and also the position of the stars at the present time, which is supposed to indicate special conditions governing the immediate future.

But all that I could make out was a mass of furiously penciled figures.

Suddenly she began talking about this man as if she had always known him—I had done my own looking at "Who's Who" and had not



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disclosed my man's name—giving identifying characteristics and facts which I couldn't give here for fear that you too would recognize him. I must say that this is the most impressive part of the whole business—this gift of immediate identification. I remember once, several years later, I gave Evangeline the dates of a man whose horoscope evidently oozed dollar signs. The first thing she said was: "I'd like to have this man handling my money!"

"He is," I replied.

The man was Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury.

Evangeline was not surprised. She never is. "But," she admitted, "it's not always so easy. The other day a bossy-eyed little girl, clinging-vine type, was sitting where you are now. She was the last person in the world you'd take for a scientist, a chemist, and yet her horoscope indicated extraordinary success with drugs, chemicals, liquids. I thought she'd probably end by trying to sell me hair tonic! And she did. For that frail child with the innocent blue eyes was a bootlegger! Now, your man," she resumed, "is a very remarkable individual, a gifted one. But I'm glad I haven't his luck for the next two years! He's coming under very bad conditions. And if I'm not mistaken he will either die or go into bankruptcy in July or August of year after next."

"Then you advise me to sever relations with him?"

"I don't have to. Your horoscope indicates that you will make a *complete change in your line of work* long before he has his trouble—a year before, I should say, in August or September of next year."

I laughed out loud. The thing, applied to my own affairs, seemed just too preposterous. Death? That of course is always possible, though the man in question was as husky as they make 'em. But bankruptcy? With his backing it was impossible. And that I should give up business? It was a joke!

"Some day," continued Evangeline without looking up from her charts and her reference books, "you'll be writing about astrology."

I laughed even more loudly than before. I wasn't a writer. I didn't know anything about astrology. I didn't believe a word she said. Nevertheless, I looked once more in "Who's Who" and gave her another set of anonymous dates—Lord Northcliffe's.

"My!" she exclaimed. "This is an interesting man. A publisher—or ought to be. He's got more of the money sense than you have, but I believe"—here she consulted my chart—"that you two were made to work together."

"That's good," I replied, "because I'm sailing Tuesday to visit him."

"But you mustn't do that," she replied. "This is not the time for either of you. Your chart shows that you won't accomplish anything by travel right now. You'll have a good time but won't make any money. And your Englishman has something on his mind, some serious illness that he's keeping from other people. He'll be glad to see you; he'll like you; he'll be enthusiastic about whatever you propose to him; but he won't do anything. He can't."

Evangeline or no Evangeline, I sailed on Tuesday. I had been asked to take the direction in America of a certain international matter, and I wished to secure Northcliffe's cooperation in Europe. Well, I saw him; dined with him in London; visited with him in Kent. He was glad to cooperate in the big undertaking. He told friends and associates that he had decided to do so. Then on the morning I was to leave Broadstairs he took me out on the lawn where he used to sit under the trees to write "Answers," and—fulfilled Evangeline's prophecy!

"Our agreements," he said, "will have to be conditioned on my health. I haven't told my own associates, but I'm about to undergo an operation on my throat. My physicians say it's nothing, but you'll understand that I

can't actually start on our plan until I'm up and around again."

The man went immediately under the surgeon's knife. The malady proved far more serious than the great British doctors expected. They sent their patient to Scotland, where he remained a sick man for more than three months.

Later, when Northcliffe recovered from the operation, I went abroad again.

"It's no use," said Evangeline. "Something will happen to prevent the plan from going through."

And it did. On board the Paris, going over, the ship news carried bulletins of Lord Northcliffe's serious illness. Before I reached London the great man had died.

Of course this was just another of those remarkable coincidences; but because it was so remarkable, and because it happened in my own affairs, I could not forget it. To me it was more arresting than any of Evangeline's historic predictions—the Windsor fire, the death of King Edward, the death of Caruso or the war. I won't say it was convincing but, at the time, it was prejudice-shaking.

Afterward when I saw her Evangeline said: "You didn't waste your time. You had to have that experience."

"That sounds like fatalism."

"Well, it isn't. I believe with Maeterlinck that 'there is no fatality on the spiritual plane.' What I should have said was that if you did waste your time it was a matter of no importance. You were under such bad planetary conditions at the moment that you could afford to waste it. When things are going badly I am never worried, for I know that the condition will pass. But when things are going right I worry for fear I am not taking advantage of everything. That's the only kind of worry that's worth while."

That irritating phrase, "under bad planetary conditions," recurred so often in Evangeline's conversation that I finally asked for an explanation.

"Did you ever stand under a dome?" she asked.

"Yes, once in Boston and once in Rome."

"Boston is good enough!" Evangeline is a descendant of an old Boston family. "Suppose that State House dome were divided into twelve parts, always in motion, each part a color and each color forever crossing and recrossing the others. And suppose plants instead of politicians were trying to grow under that dome. It is clear that some plants would grow better under yellow sunlight than they would under purple or mauve and that others would wither under too bright a ray. That dome's like the Zodiac and those plants are like you. Now, if you were a gardener, what would you do?"

"I don't know. I'm no more of a gardener than I am an astrologer."

"You'd move the plants about a little to give them the right degree of sunlight. You'd close the leaves of some. You'd open others. A few of them, if you were a wise gardener, you'd bank altogether. That, briefly, is what astrology does for you and me. You see," she laughed, "it's the Burbank of the sciences."

"Granting, of course, that it is a science."

"That," said Evangeline with glowing pride, "has been legally established."

And she showed me the records of a suit brought against her in 1914 where Judge John J. Freschi in a remarkable decision not only endorsed her own professional integrity but gave legal recognition to astrology as a science.

"I sometimes feel," said Evangeline very soberly, "that in getting astrology legalized I have been able to do the biggest thing any member of my family has done since the signing of the Declaration of Independence."

Just at first I had smiled at the thought of a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence sitting behind the ivory elephants of a New York astrologer's desk. But now I did not smile. And later when I came to know more of the woman behind the elephants, and especially when I learned that she still

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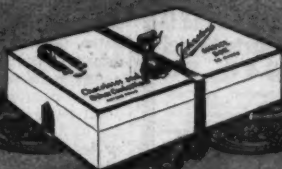
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spent her summer vacations collecting old furniture in Hebron, New Hampshire, and her hard-earned week-ends in a fine old colonial farm-house up in Westchester County—a house that is full of spinets and four-posters—I suspected that she was doing her part, in her peculiar way, to keep alive the family tradition.

"But," said Evangeline, returning to the charge, "you may be sure that I didn't go into court until I was certain that I had a judge whose horoscope indicated that he would be open-minded and responsive to new things."

"Nobody can say you don't take your own medicine," I admitted. And I might have added that nobody could listen to the wisdom with which she continually punctuated her conversation and not feel that here, quite apart from astrology, was a philosophy worth studying and perhaps, even for a skeptic, a philosopher worth consulting.

It's not easy to find an intelligent person who will listen to your troubles. It's harder to get absolutely unprejudiced advice. And people appreciate that Evangeline is equipped on both counts. One of the letters she read to me, from a woman in the far West, began with:

Having no confidant with whom I can confer on personal matters, your advice "not to force affairs but to have patience" has helped immensely.

Even the most hard-boiled among us can understand that feeling even if he can't agree with the lady's later conclusions that astrology was having a decided effect on her game of golf.

Personally I can't say that my game has been affected perceptibly by my belief or unbelief, but there have been times—I expect there will be many again—when I feel that I have profited by "talking things over with Evangeline." Too often I don't follow her advice. Sometimes I wish I had. But I agree with her when she says that every once in a while we should take an account of stock—psychological as well as physical or financial.

A man seventy-two years old, a multi-millionaire, who has been going to Evangeline for twenty years, feels much the same way about her as I do—only he's her obedient slave. "With me," he says, "it's twenty-five percent astrology and seventy-five percent Evangeline."

This old man is a curious case. For one thing, he's crazy about flying; enters aviation contests, wings himself all over Europe, but never leaves the ground in anything jazzier than an elevator without getting Evangeline's consent. He was to have competed in the recent aviation meet at Hartford; but he wrote Evangeline and found that "accidental conditions" prevailed on the day he was to perform. He stayed on the ground; but one of the other contestants, less well informed, crashed into a tree top and was killed.

The old gentleman—he told me the story himself—moved the chair in which he was sitting a little nearer to mine and peered into my face.

"You can imagine how thankful I was for Evangeline's advice."

"I can, indeed," I replied, for I've had my own experience in dropping unexpectedly into the middle of a river and I know it is something to be avoided.

"I get all kinds," said Evangeline when I asked her about the old man—"the millionaire with his follies and the widow with her mite. I never know what I'm going to find in my morning mail—society women, financiers, farmers' wives, mothers with wayward children, lovers of all ages, presidential candidates, publishers, actors, opera singers, even ministers, priests and rabbis."

As she talked her eye fell upon a letter which seemed to stun her. To it were attached four other letters. "Well," she exclaimed, "if you are still looking for it, here is what I call evidence."

She held in her hand five hand-written notes from the woman friend of a man who had been

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tried and condemned in the State of Oregon for murder in the first degree.

The first inquired what Evangeline must know to help her. Evangeline wrote and asked the usual questions.

The second gave the accused man's dates and further details of the crime. Evangeline replied, saying that the man's horoscope indicated that he might be guilty but that he would not pay the death penalty.

The third was frankly hopeful.

The fourth answered a question which Evangeline had asked in a special letter. "Yes," the woman wrote, "the death penalty in Oregon is hanging."

I looked inquiringly at Evangeline.

"I wrote and asked her that question," she explained, "because the man's chart fairly haunted me. It clearly indicated that he would not die at the hands of the law, but also indicated just as clearly that he would die a violent death by an injury to his throat."

The fifth letter, just received, was brief:

Suicide—by hanging! Such is the end of the story for one I have written to you about. I rather think from your question about Oregon law that you saw it . . .

Involuntarily I found myself asking: "How in the world did you know that?"

"Oh!" said Evangeline, playing rather solemnly with the elephants, "there are planets that govern the throat."

"That say you're going to be hanged?" I fear I was a bit gassy.

"Not always. Geraldine Farrar's indicated that she'd make a million dollars—if she used her throat properly."

The gallows or a million dollars! A very wonderful science, astrology!

If only I knew it was true! It had apparently worked out in the case of this poor man, and in Geraldine's, in Evangeline's own case and in Northcliffe's. In a way it had worked out in mine. As I left the little studio I promised myself that sometime—perhaps after that retirement from business which Evangeline was always talking about—I'd make a little journey through the country to call on the writers of those letters from Elmira and North East and Sharon and Pasadena and St. Joe; and I'd ask them how it had worked out with them. And when I found out, maybe I'd write a piece about it. Then I seemed to hear someone saying: "Some day you'll be writing about astrology."

Two years later, in July, I thought again of that half forgotten prophecy. I was walking down the short flight of steps into the Della Robbia room of the Vanderbilt Hotel when a friend touched me on the shoulder.

"Did you hear about X?"

The man he referred to was the one whose dates I had given to Evangeline—the gifted man who was to die or go bankrupt in July or August two years hence—the July and August that was now. I managed a somewhat husky "What about him?"

"The judge has just appointed the receiver." And then he added: "Gee, you were a lucky dog!"

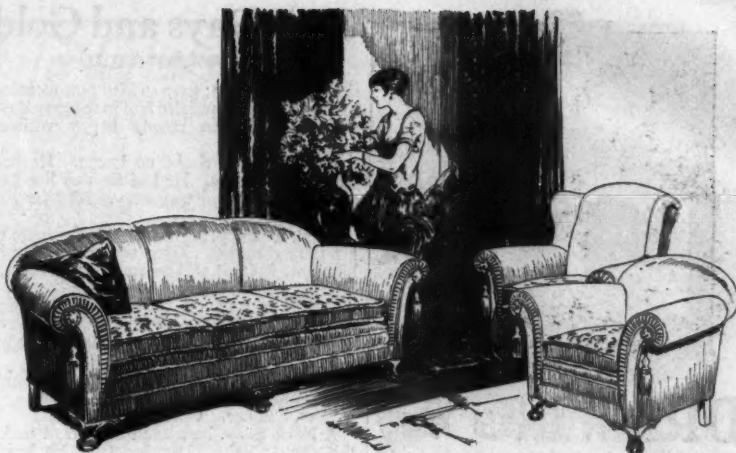
I was. In September of the previous year I had suddenly and unexpectedly sold my interest in the now bankrupt institution.

Both predictions had come true—to the month!

I am not an astrologer. I am not sure that I am a believer in astrology.

But I'm beginning to feel as Uncle Henry did when he dropped the raisin into the grape juice!—that *there's something in it*.

Read Heywood Broun's delightful "The Fun of Being an Invalid" next month—but first fill out the coupon on page 186 for a special summer subscription to make sure you get it, as well as Mr. Broun's following articles—a regular and refreshing feature of COSMOPOLITAN each month



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Gray Days and Gold

(Continued from page 73)

significance to him; gave sudden new meaning to things that had puzzled him in the gray days when he had been merely happy without question.

Even he could doubt no longer. He had served his purpose. He had amused Sue Lee while her own kind was away. Now he was being dropped.

Rigid, unhappy, he was nevertheless sure of his proper course. From somewhere within him came strained, stiff courtesy. "I'm sorry," he lied. "I was coming to apologize because I could not keep my appointment with you this evening. Something—unexpected has come up at the store. I'll have to work tonight. Good-by."

"Oh," she corrected, "you mean good night, don't you?"

"Yes, Sue Lee. Good-by."

A block away, he paused a moment under the electric light. Drawing from his inside pocket a long, legal looking paper, he tore it across, then, savagely, again.

Two weeks later Sue Lee Phillips sat on her porch in the golden sunshine and kicked disconsolately at the banisters. Something was wrong with the world. Every material thing was as it should be, exactly as in the old days. Yet nothing appealed any more. The salt had somehow lost its savor.

The gold days had returned—without their old allure. She was doing all the old fascinating things again—firting, riding in the moonlight or through dark, scented tunnels of trees; dancing, over and over again, a little desperately—without avail. Thirsty Allen had proposed three times, new conquests were jealously elbowing him aside; and it all fell flat.

Something new had come over her. She, Sue Lee the untamed, the wild, the impetuous, the self-willed, had bumped into a different experience.

Realization knocked at the door, to be rejected indignantly because it was realization. She tried to wrench her thoughts away from Miles and the gray days. She found herself remembering, with queer little tremors of feeling, tiny, inconsequential happenings that she should have forgotten long ago. Little things, like the eager tremble in Miles's voice when he told of some absurdly personal, long-cherished desire; the shaking of his hand when it chanced to touch hers; the look that sprang into his eyes at sight of her.

She grew impatient because the trend would not leave her at bidding. With impatience came resolution. While any other girl would have been wondering if she wanted to, Sue Lee, freshly groomed, walked into the hardware store, to lose her worry by facing it.

Miles strode to meet her. His eyebrows went up in silent interrogation.

Sue Lee shot another quick glance at him. He had changed subtly. Immeasurably, unaccountably he had aged. Before, she had felt the older. Now—she was not so sure.

"You said once, Miles," she tried to begin on a light note, "that the queen could do no wrong. I'm down here to find out—and to try to straighten out Mammy Liza and Unc' Tobe."

"Suppose you tell me about Mammy Liza and Unc' Tobe," he said quietly.

She overlooked the obvious innuendo, wondering at herself for doing it. "Same old trouble; they aren't getting along at all."

"I didn't know that," he said. "Tobe seems the same as usual."

"No wonder you don't know, Miles. You haven't been out home at all lately. And you can't say you haven't had time; you've been going with the others." She waited for his eager acceptance of the olive branch; or, at worst, some unintelligible explanation of having been "too busy."

Instead, cold-lipped, narrow-eyed, he spoke flatly. "Sue Lee, I've decided it's best for me not to call on you any more."

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"Not call—any more?" Sue Lee, surprised, did not give her usual battle. "But—can't you see, Miles?"

"Yes, I see. The trouble, Sue Lee, is that I do see."

"What do you mean?" Sue Lee discovered a surprising docility in herself. This interview was most unexpected. Miles had changed. Where she had played with and had discarded a vacillating, rather sweet lad, she had found a cold man whose flat voice analyzed and dismissed without emotion. "What do you mean, Miles?" Even to her there was a little panicky tone in the words.

"I think you understood me, Sue Lee. It's simply that I don't want my wings singed any more."

"Don't want your wings singed any more?" she repeated slowly; then, as the full import of his words sank home: "Why, you're impatient in assuming that I meant—"

"If I misunderstood," calmly he interrupted, "very well; what I said goes anyhow. I've learned my lesson, Sue Lee. I'm going to stay on my side of the fence. You—stay on yours."

"You needn't worry!" she flashed hotly. "You've been twisting my words and my meaning. You've—"

Again he interrupted impatiently. "What's the use of our mincing our words, Sue Lee? You know and I know that Queen Cophtetua has come down here on a slumming tour, to begin amusing herself again with the beggar man. Only, the beggar man can't trample under foot the last remnant of his pride and still believe himself a man. I don't think you ever could be earnest with me. That's why I had better stay away while I'm as whole as I am. There isn't any use for us to pretend. You knew mighty well whether I cared or not—and you knew what you did to me. You were merely playing with me—amusing yourself until the other men should return. Even I had to see that—that last night . . ."

He paused, then resumed with regained calmness: "Even I can learn by experience. You've shown me my place. I'm going to stay there. I've anchored myself—as tightly as I could—I've bought a share in this business. I'm going to live and die a 'hardware clerk.'"

"Laugh if you want. Don't mind me. I know what you think of the business. But I too have been doing a lot of thinking these last two weeks. I've been looking around at this section. It's the richest that God ever created. You can grow anything that lives anywhere on earth by merely scratching the ground with a stick. And we're using the same antiquated methods that our grandfathers used with their slaves. We'll be doing it till the end of time unless someone begins to lead the way."

"I've made up my mind to try to help be that somebody, Sue Lee. Of course"—for an instant emotion flashed through—"the only people who really amount to anything down here are the plantation owners. But somehow, to my mind, the man that gives this section what it needs, that is willing to build and to sacrifice to show the way to new machinery and new methods, is worth just as much as the man that takes a bunch of hands and grows a few bales of cotton."

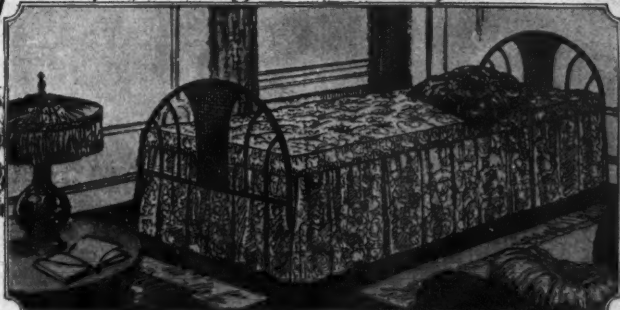
He stopped. Sue Lee's answer came with unexpected softness:

"I rather think you're right—that you've selected quite the most fitting career for yourself." She paused a moment for this ambiguous statement to sink home, then changed battle fronts. "Just one more thing, though. I happened to remember that you telephoned me, before you got angry at nothing that last night, that you had something to show me and something to tell me. I had forgotten. Of course you probably won't care to discuss it now with a mere planter's daughter."

"On the contrary," he assured her quietly. "One moment. I'll show you." He swung open the door of the safe and abstracted four pieces of paper. As Sue Lee bent over in fixed attention, he matched the torn edges.

She looked up. "It's an option—to you. To buy Mellowdale. I didn't know . . ."

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Silently he handed her a carbon copy of a letter. She scanned it hastily. "You—let your option lapse!" she breathed. "But why? Why?"

"It's funny, now. That's what I said I was going to show you. That letter was the work I told you I had to do that night."

The girl was silent a moment.

"And you said over the telephone"—her voice was curiously low and tense—"that you had something special you wanted to say . . ."

He did not dodge the issue. "Yes," he said quietly. "It's funny, now. You'll probably laugh. I was going to propose to you."

"You—were—going—to—propose—to me!" Sue Lee echoed. "Were—going—to?"

"Yes. Was going to. For I'm not—now, Sue Lee."

His calmness added the last straw. In all her life no man had talked to her like that. One hand dashed back impatiently the mop of midnight hair. Her black eyes snapped.

"So—you're not—going—to propose—to me?" Each word dropped like a broken icicle.

"You don't intend—to propose to me—now!" Quiet-eyed, apparently unmoved, he met her attack. Silently he shook his head. The gesture of negation did not subtract from her wrath.

"Take this for what it's worth, then, Miles Oldham!" She was standing on tiptoe to look him straight in the eyes. "Just remember that last remark of yours. Just fix it in your memory!"

"I don't think I shall forget. But why? What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" Sue Lee's emotion was not as well hidden. "Everything! Nothing! Whatever you choose to think I meant. All I ask is for you to remember your last little remark!"

"I see. You're going to make me eat my words. And what then?"

"That's my business! But I'll make you propose to me, Miles Oldham!" Her dark eyes were fairly blazing. "I'm going to make you propose to me!"

Abruptly she whirled and left him.

In the days that followed, however, Miles watched in vain for developments from her. She had repented of her rash threat, or decided to postpone putting it into operation. When chance threw them together at one of the dances to which he now was being invited regularly she neither made nor aroused comment.

In spite of himself, Miles began to wonder. Sue Lee, he kept reminding himself, was a resourceful young woman—and the Devil incarnate. All this giving him peace, all this ignoring him was merely stalking him—lulling him into security. Once he was off his guard—

So he resolutely adopted St. Anthony as his patron saint and determinedly set himself against the lure of Sue Lee's tilting her head on one side to listen, or the soft gurgle in her throat at something that appealed. It was not easy. But Miles Oldham, he kept reminding himself, had better be safe than sorry.

And yet, as the weeks passed, he found that gradually, in some insensible way, they had again reached the laughing, friendly good fellowship that was the typical attitude of the youngsters with whom they ran.

If only she had remained the arrogant Queen Cophetua his task would have been easy. But the Sue Lee of today would not be identified with the black-haired fury that had stabbed at him her threat: "I'll make you propose to me!"

If she had tried, resistance would have been the natural and the easy thing. But one can not push one's hardest against nothing.

And then the Alicia Eades made her semi-annual stop for the steamboat excursion dance.

The Alicia Eades spent half of her existence down in New Orleans and the other half up at Saint Louis. Once each six months she passed the Delta country, and each passing was made an occasion. For the dance floor of the Alicia Eades was unequaled even in the Delta. And the colored band was led by the steamboat's cook, who could make a trombone talk music. He conducted that band—no violin leader for

him—with his trombone and a butcher knife. Flat notes were rare.

Probably because the steamboat excursion dances could come only twice a year, each one of them meant infinitely more than one of the common garden variety of dances where everyone piled into cars and raced together for fifty miles around. Each time that the moorings were cast off and the deep whistle sounded, history was made. Also much love.

News of the exact date when the Alicia Eades would "come through" was always at a premium. For the first man to find out could make up the "check list"—and that meant take his own choice of girls.

The check list is the efficiency system of Southern dances. The fortunate young gentleman who is preparing the roll of guests for a proposed dance gets himself a number of sheets of blank legal-cap paper and lists in vertical column, one under the other, the names of all the girls he can think of. Space is left to the right of each name so that there is room for one name opposite each; and at the bottom for other names to be added.

Then—and this is the crux of the whole matter—the young gentleman carefully writes his own name in plain letters opposite that of the girl he wants to "carry to the dance." The writing is a caveat to the world of his rights; a sort of recording system applied, instead of to deeds and mortgages, to love.

Then the check list is circulated among the eligible young men. Each scans, makes biding comments about his predecessors who have already checked the very girl he had in mind; then either gleefully files his own claim or disgruntledly announces that he's "goin' to stag. Ain' go' carry no girl."

Thirsty Allen had the check list for the Alicia Eades when Miles first heard.

"Oh, yeah!" Harvey Grant reported. "It's been out two-three days now. Whole lot o' the girls been checked. You better hurry."

That appealed to Miles as sound sense. He hurried.

Thirsty, found, admitted possession of the list. "Want to look it over?" he inquired.

"Uh-huh," assented Miles, taking the now crumpled sheets, stapled together at the top.

"It's changed up considerable since you had it, hasn't it?" Thirsty questioned idly.

"Uh-huh," agreed Miles, his mind on his inspection of the unchecked girls' names, then, late, realizing what Thirsty had said. "What's that, Thirsty?"

"I say the list has changed up a whole lot since you had it, hasn't it?"

Miles scanned Thirsty's face. There was no ironic expression. Thirsty seemed to mean it.

"What do you mean, Thirsty?" Miles asked.

"Boy-y-y! Yo' innocence is sho' refreshin'! Naw—you haven't seen that list!" He was plainly attempting sarcasm. "You wise o' owl—sittin' out on a limb an' sayin' nothin'!"

"How come you say that, Thirsty?" Miles was bewildered.

"Huh! I'll give you good. But how did you find out so soon when the Alicia would come through? I thought I had the cap'n bribed to lemme know 'fore anybody else. An' I got the list from you 'fore I heard."

"I—see," commented the wondering Miles. "Say, Thirsty, when was it I handed the list to you?"

"I dunno—'bout a week ago, I reckon. And yes, you handed it to me all right. Through Uncle Sam's mail—with your own name typed right at the top. Still, however, I ain't kickin'. You'll notice the noble name of Allen right across from a sho' good-lookin' woman's."

Miles's thoughts left Thirsty and his "good-lookin' woman." So he had prepared the list and had mailed it to Thirsty with his own name typed at the top!

He spread open the sheets. In spite of the warning he had had, he gulped. It stared at him from the top:

Sue Lee Phillips—Miles Oldham.

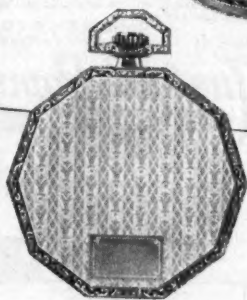
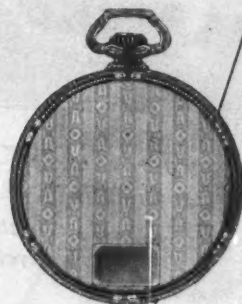
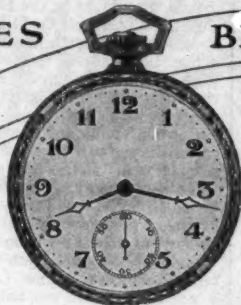
Sue Lee!

He stood still a moment stupidly. "Thank you, Thirsty," he said suddenly. In the midst

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of something that one was beginning, and stalked out.

Sue Lee Phillips—Miles Oldham. He had managed to get advance information, had arranged the check list and had mailed it to Thirsty, with his own name typed opposite Sue Lee's, at the top, where everyone would see.

Conviction came to him. Here was the iron hand inside the glove. Whatever else one might accuse Sue Lee of, lack of brains was not listed. She might be the Devil incarnate, but that Devil had brains. Miles was as sure as if he had seen each step taken.

Sue Lee had—in some unknown, occult way—found out when the Alicia Eades would come through. She herself had made up the check list and had placed his name opposite her own. The typing of his name by the man who made up the list was not unusual. She had planned well. Before he possibly could see the list, others—many others—would have seen it. When he found out, Miles, being presumably at least a gentleman, could not announce that he had not placed his name there.

Suddenly Miles Oldham realized how much he wanted to take Sue Lee to that dance. There would be the moonlit drive down to the steamboat landing; the laughing, happy, joyous scurrying all over the boat; the cool sweep of the breeze in their faces when they got under way, mingled with the muddy, open smell from the river, the measured puff-puffing of the engine and the ripple of water at the bow—with Sue Lee close alongside him!

In the store, alone, Miles Oldham bent over, hands clenched till the knuckles showed white. He realized that Sue Lee Phillips today meant more than she had ever meant before to him. Therefore he must not take her to that dance. He thought he was master of himself. But if the mere thought of her weighed as much as it did here alone, what would it be on the Alicia Eades's polished floor, with Sue Lee in his arms?

There was no use in straining his self-control too far. He thought he could resist her—but there was no gain in that direction; only a tempting of himself, a tantalizing with the knowledge of all that went to make up what he could never attain.

This latest development showed unmistakably whether Sue Lee had abandoned her threat. Miles Oldham had better be safe than sorry.

And yet—The bitter pangs of might-have-been's stung at him. Suppose—suppose by the millionth chance this were, instead, an olive branch—and he rejected it summarily. Would there ever be another? He doubted it.

For days his new-found calm assurance struggled against his doubts and his longings. His cold logic told him there could be only one safe course. But in the other pan of the scales was the remembrance of the way the long lashes curled up from above Sue Lee's eyes, the eager, fighting tilt in her fresh young voice when she took a chance and redoubled, the lithe, clean lines as her scanty bathing suit jack-knifed into the water.

He suddenly realized that the excursion dance was well-nigh upon him. With realization came resolution. He took down the telephone receiver.

"Sue Lee," he called when she answered, "this is Miles Oldham."

"Yes, Miles. How are you?"

"Pretty well. Sue Lee, there's going to be an excursion dance on the Alicia Eades Thursday night . . ."

"Yes. Of course I've heard." Sue Lee's voice tightened curiously.

"You know I checked your name for the dance?"

"Did you?" A tiny bit of relief entered her voice.

"And something unexpected has come up. I'm sorry, Sue Lee. I wish—that things were different. I won't be able to take you. Of course I'm going to see that some one of the fellows agreeable to you fills my date. Have you any preference?" Miles's voice, low,

Cosmopolitan for June, 1924



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quiet, competent, was vacillating no longer.

"I—don't—understand—Miles . . ." But her tone showed that she did understand—very thoroughly.

"Something unexpected has come up since I checked your name, Sue Lee. Something that makes it impossible for me to go on that excursion dance Thursday night. I'm—sorry."

"Makes it—impossible—Miles?" Even the humming wires could not dull the feeling in the words.

"I'm afraid so, Sue Lee. I wish it were otherwise. Shall I send someone to fill the date for me?"

"No—Miles—you needn't worry." The tone was wooden. "Two or three of the fellows have told me they were going to stag unless I'd go with them. I'll—never mind, Miles. Thank you—just the same—Miles . . ."

"I am sorry, Sue Lee. Good-by."

"Good-by, Miles."

But when he replaced the receiver on the hook she had not hung up.

He turned back to the deserted store and tried to lose himself in work. Now that the die was irrevocably cast, all his doubts and his desires flooded in, redoubled, upon him. Suppose he had erred. Suppose Sue Lee had repented of the boast made in anger and was silently trying to make amends. What had he thrown away?

He had made fine predictions to Sue Lee of what he would do! Was he satisfied with the road he had chosen? It stretched out ahead now very long and very lonely. He shivered involuntarily.

A sound almost at his elbow startled him. He caught his breath sharply. Sue Lee stood there.

Her dark eyes caught his and held them. "Miles," she said quietly, "I couldn't take that telephone message as final. Tell me."

His face too had grown a little pale. "I—I'm sorry, Sue Lee. But you know. I—must not."

She did not pretend to misunderstand. "Miles, you think I made up that check list and put our names together. Don't you?"

"Yes, Sue Lee," simply. "I do."

"I did, Miles. Doesn't that mean anything to you? Isn't it worth something?" Her voice was still low.

He thrust savagely down the yielding that attempted to answer the note in her tone. The girl really belonged on the stage. She was making this very realistic!

"Why, yes, Sue Lee. The trouble is that I see just exactly what it does mean."

"You aren't going to the dance with me?" A stranger—one who did not know her as Miles Oldham knew her—would have sworn that the low voice was close to tears.

"No, Sue Lee, I must not. What's the use of my straining for the moon? If you only really meant it—oh, what's the use? Listen—do you know what your coming here means to me? I'll tell you. Simply that you were staking your boast on one throw of the dice and it begins to look as if that throw would fail you. You believe, Sue Lee, that if I went on the Alicia Eades with you, and the moonlight, and the music and—everything, that you could make good your word. Well—maybe so . . . But we'll never know."

"You mean?"

"That I'll never propose to you. Yes, Sue Lee—that's exactly what I do mean. I never have asked a girl to marry me, Sue Lee. Oh, I know all the fellows down here do, as a mild way of paying a compliment. But I never have—the nearest was that night I was coming out to your house. You made a taunt, a laughing-stock of something that was sacred to me. And now you're wanting me to propose to you so you can add a prized scalp—a hitherto unattainable one—to your belt. No. You'll have to excuse me."

"Miles . . ." There was still the hint of tears in the low voice. "You aren't the only one who has found out something. I have, too. I did want you to propose to me—I thought I wanted it so I could make good my boast."

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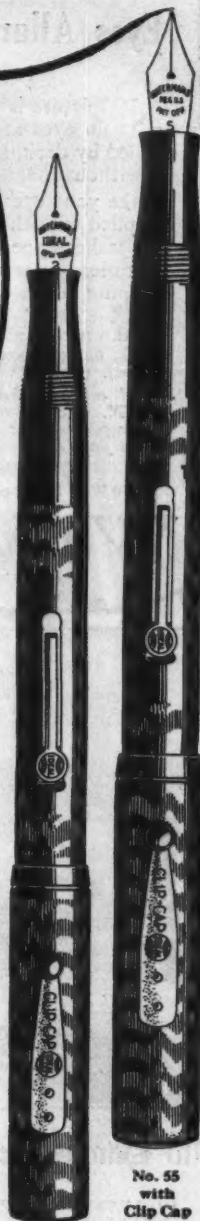
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I've found out I still want you to—want you to more than I've ever wanted anything in my life before . . . but—but not for that reason, Miles. I—you won't propose to me. Then, Miles, I—I've got to propose to you . . ."

Miles Oldham, looking leagues down into the dark eyes lifted humbly to his, listening to the note of truth in that soft voice, doubted no longer. "Sue Lee," he said gently, "you mustn't propose to me. It wouldn't be right. And I can't propose to you. So—" He paused, glancing over her shoulder. A lone patch of gray clouds was disappearing below the horizon. And all the rest of the world was gold.

"So," he finished gravely, his arm circling the slim shoulders, "we'll have to compromise. We'll just propose to each other."

Apropos of love and its power for good or evil over a man's life: Adela Rogers St. Johns has a remarkable story in July COSMOPOLITAN—on all news-stands, June 10

Scarlet Sandals

(Continued from page 85)

wine vats in the fall. Once in that shade Rositas and Juanitas had danced to Tony's castanets. The castanets were silent now. Old Tony's grandson played a saxophone. Under the flagged street tunnels waited for the feet which came no more—swift feet that ran from murder in fandango halls.

All this within sound of stamp-mills grinding out their ore. Surely Ernest would be diverted. But Ernest, though gracious, was not particularly diverted. The rawness in his throat persisted. Also his mind centered on certain experiments now under way in a laboratory in Berlin. It was not improbable that he might be called upon to assist in those experiments. There could be no higher honor. According to Professor Woltz—picking his fastidious way down gray flags, between masses of honeysuckle, he explained the vast changes in our biological theories which the Woltz experiments would make. Theo uttered intelligent comments with her lips. She watched young Josefita Sanchez grinding corn under the fig trees, the jade light checkering her olive skin and blue-black hair. Why did experiments in biology seem suddenly so far away and cold and Josefita seem so near and warm?

No, Ernest wasn't very keen on the dance. She had expected that. But if it would please her they would go. He seemed surprised that she should be interested in it. She was surprised herself—yet determined that they should go. Their first glance at the hall more than vindicated Ernest. What a mob! Families from the entire county ranged about the wall. Some indeed had come fifty miles, baggage and babies all complete. The baggage was gurgling down the masculine throats assembled at one end of the hall. The babies nursed peacefully at full brown breasts or slid with squeals of joy across the hall. Every variety of costume was present, from khaki and tooled leather to beaded georgette from a mail order house. On the platform the jazz bands, manned by three heavily bandolined cutthroats, indulged in preliminary blares and squawks. The room being hot, one of the cutthroats had removed his coat. He wore a pink striped silk shirt with baby-blue sleeve elastics. Theo giggled. Ernest yawned. She looked curiously for Ramon. He was not there.

They sat stiffly watching the dancers. A faint mist began to form—dust, the mingled odor of cheap perfume, warm bodies, sour wine and garlic. Ernest was mute but martyred. Hadn't they better go? They went.

A glowing lantern of a moon swung in a violet sky. Jasmine fragrance spilled from a wall of beaten silver. A mocking-bird fluted and trilled in a cottonwood by the creek.

Ernest was tall in the moonlight. She ran a secret finger along the rough tweed of his coat. Something sang like the mocking-bird through her blood. It would be lovely under her tree.

"Would you like to walk, Ernest—dear?"
"Sorry, Theo, but I'm simply done up. This beastly throat. You won't mind? I really must turn in."

"Of course not. I'm sorry about the throat."
Could she do anything? Yes, he'd like to borrow her hot water bag. And did she have a strip of flannel? He'd always found flannel rather good for bandaging a sore throat. With camphorated oil? The hot water bag was filled, the oil and flannel applied. She hoped he'd sleep well. He hoped she would too.

But back in her room, sleep was the last thing she desired. The mocking-bird still called, jasmine framed a lantern moon . . . She was out in the street again, hatless, pulses beating in her finger-tips like tiny muffled drums. A shadow detached itself from the wall of beaten silver and drew near. It was a tall supple shadow and its laugh was a creamy ripple against scarlet lips.

"Come on. Let's dance," he said.
"I can't," she answered. "My friend is ill. He has gone to bed. Besides, these shoes are too heavy." He smiled. Said nothing. "But I have other shoes. Wait."

She was back in her room, with her stiff dress falling about her. She was standing straight and slim in girdle and knickerbockers with laughter tingling under her white flesh. She was in another dress, gray and thin as a cloud, with a thread of silver around neck and hem. And on her feet were scarlet sandals. The soles were thin. Her feet were swift and alive. She ran out under the moon.

"Come!" he said.
The music was in full swing as they entered. He drew her to him and began to dance. Other partners had danced with their feet. This man danced with his heart. Was it the lightness of the thin sandals that winged her feet with fire? She was glad again, with the unquestioning gladness she had felt in Juana's kitchen. She had forgotten that he was different, removed from her by worlds of prejudice. He was not different. He was another part of one singing flame. She curved within his arms. The fire that was in him passed into her. The song that was in her passed through him. She was young. She was eager. She was glad.

Then, with a final meawl, the music crashed to silence and self-consciousness returned. She drew a little apart, tried to look unconcerned. But his eyes held her and something passed between them. They had spoken to each other in the oldest language on earth. She might raise her barriers again but he would not forget.

She danced the next dance with the superintendent of the Lucky Strike and the next with the boss of the Bar X Ranch, who regaled her with the more intimate details of a coyote killing. Before she could promise the third, a slender brown hand with fingers of steel had drawn her away. The fragrance of his golden body in a web around her heart. Fragrance—and she had hated fragrance! Fragrance of tarweed like incense on the hills, fragrance of food like the hand of a friend in a simple room—fragrance of man melting five generations of ice within her veins.

The moon had gone, the jasmine was faint in the dawn when he left her at her door.

"You will dance with me again?"
"Maybe—yes, of course. Sometime."
"Soon. And we will watch the sunset? And eat with Juana? Tomorrow night?"

"I can't."
"Tomorrow night—yes?"
"No, not tomorrow night. But next week, maybe."
"Yes?"
"Yes."

So began that strange intermezzo of her life. Ernest came and went on brief visits. She welcomed him when he came. But the Theo who welcomed him was less and less the Theo of the days between. She had become two Theos. The old calm Theo whose ambition ran parallel

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to Ernest's and who would some day marry him. The cool, precise Theo who was to make a name for herself in the world—who was to write that little book on eugenics which was to be the ultimate argument against the unwise, sentimental mingling of Anglo-Saxon blood and standards with alien strains. The old Theo still planned that book. Never once had she questioned the soundness of its argument.

But there was that new Theo of the days between. The new Theo planned no books and eluded all arguments. She was a Gipsy self who had lived before the five generations had ever started. Not the staid Teodora, but "Teodora"—Ramon had told her that was the old Italian version. Teodora—it sounded like jasmine and scarlet sandals dancing under a lantern moon. She thought very little during these days but she felt continually. In a little while she would leave and forget it. But for now she took life as it came—on scarlet sandals!

That phrase had come to her one night as they idled together. The shabby little town lay under a tawny glaze of sunset light. How poor they were and how hard they worked! The houses were but shacks. Yet every tattered roof top lay serene in that bright tide, serene within as well as without. The laughter of the children tinkled up the hill. How poor but yet how gay they were! How lightly they could skim the soil of poverty as though they danced in thin red shoes of joy!

To live like that, so near the soil, so close to joy! Why was their life condemned? Why was the Anglo-Saxon's grim, cold standard held superior to this? Why was she shut by walls of steel from anything but casual friendship with this simple, happy Ramon of the hills? She was so walled. She did not doubt it, did not try or wish to change the verdict. Nevertheless, she wondered—felt shut out, cheated somehow. And yet the other Theo was to write that little book!

Of course she knew how it would end. She would marry Ernest and forget all this. In the meantime she might as well see Ramon as anyone else. She had to talk to somebody. She'd go crazy if she didn't have some amusement. Nothing ever happened here.

But something did happen. On the heels of Ernest's next arrival came the telegram saying that the summons had come from Berlin and that he was to leave at once. That, of course, meant their immediate marriage.

So there it was. The end. But why this sense of finality? Wasn't it really the beginning of the life she most desired? She listened quietly while Ernest planned. He was greatly elated—too elated to notice her preoccupation. They couldn't leave today. She must put her school affairs in order. But the stage could make a special trip tomorrow. She agreed—made appropriate answers and suggestions. But all the time something was whispering "The end. The end." She forced the whisper aside. It persisted. It became a shout which all must hear. But she would not listen. She would not! She forced herself into calmness as into a strait-jacket.

Resolutely she went about her work, gathering laundry, arranging papers, packing, telephoning for a substitute.

Ernest, being left to his own devices, started off for a walk over the hills. She had forgotten him before he was out of sight.

She must see Ramon somehow. Her first thought had been to evade possible unpleasantness. But that was a contemptible course. Whatever reckoning there was to be in the future with that whisper within herself, she must bring things now to a dignified conclusion.

By five she had achieved admirable control of herself. Ernest had not returned. She had sent a note to Ramon. There would be time to see him before dinner. So, coolly, did she arrange matters. But her coolness vanished as she started up the trail. He was waiting. She could see nothing but his eyes. They fixed themselves upon her without wavering.

"They say you are going away?" There was no escaping his bluntness. She had hoped

to break the matter gently, but perhaps this was the better way.

"Yes."

"Why?"

This was going to be hard. She had planned how to manage him, but it had not occurred to her that she herself would need managing. But something within her had broken loose. She was beginning to realize. She'd have to hurry or there'd be a miserable scene.

"Why?" he repeated.

"Because—I'm going to be—married." The words started resolutely. They ended in a thin whisper as if she had been running.

"Married? You married! But you did not tell me—" He had stepped nearer. His eyes were hot slits in the gray mask of his face.

"Why—why should I tell you?"

"Stop! That is not right. I will not let you pretend so with me now. This is not the time to fool and pretend. Why should you tell me? It was not right that you did not tell me. You let me come to you. You let me come many times. You knew why I came. Why does any man come to a woman? Not to sit and look and talk—but to love. As I love you! Teodora, as I love you!"

She dared not think what he was saying. Dared not listen to the answer that fought within her. She only knew one thing—she must get away from him somehow.

"No—no! You mustn't say that. Don't you understand? It was just a mistake—"

"No, it isn't a mistake. I loved you. You knew I loved you. And you love me. I have seen your love for me coming. Oh, you thought there could not be love between you and me! You looked at me as if I came from another world. I knew. I am not a fool. But you, Teodora, you were the little fool. For love came. Love always comes when it was meant to come. Love was meant for us. For us! To love and make a home. You are mine! You shall not go to that thin hound of a man you do not love. His blood is ice and yours is fire. You and I—we are both fire. You will stay with me and love me. Say you will stay! Say you will make the home with me—my wife—*carissima—ah-h-aaa!*"

He had caught her up. His lips were slipping flame. Flame on her frightened eyes, her falling hair—flame that circled her choking throat. She was breathless—her body seemed dissolving in intolerable weakness. She clung to him—fought against him—then struggled free.

"Go! Go!" she whispered. "I—don't—love you! I don't. And I never knew—"

He was very still, panting. She could hear faint, small noises in the stillness. The sound of children playing at the foot of the hill. The distant barking of a dog. The thud of tired horses on the road. They were like the slow, terrible ticking of a clock while something died.

"You are a liar." He spat it out deliberately, each word slimed with his scorn. "You knew I loved you. But you said to yourself: 'He is a poor, common man and I will let him amuse me. I will fool him along. Bye and bye when I am tired I will drop him.'"

"No! No!"

"Yes! That is what you said to yourself. Bah! Women like you—*en!* You are like snakes. You have no guts. No heart. You are cold. You take everything. But you want to give nothing. Those frail down at the Falls that earn their leaving every night with a deferent lumberjack—those women are better than you."

"Ramon! You mustn't—"

"No, you need not cry the lying tears. You cannot fool me again. Never any more. I know you now. But I will fool you. You think I go die from a broken heart? You do not know me. Not me—Ramon Sanguinetti! I will show everyone how little you matter."

"Listen—please—Ramon!"

She clutched at him as he passed. Her hands slipped, she stumbled, clutched again. He turned and struck her deliberately across her face. Lying in the darkness she heard his footsteps passing down the trail.

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Name _____

Present Position _____

Address _____

think . . . This terrible ache as if something living had been torn from her. But she dared not touch the wound. Not yet. She must not know how great a wound there was. She dared not look . . . Pretty soon, when her strength came back, she would get up. And go away . . . And some day—some day she would dare touch the wound. Go away—never to see him again—never again . . . He had struck her. Men didn't strike women. But it did not matter. Nothing mattered . . . Never to see him again. Never again. Never—

The shouts aroused her, and the sound of racing horses. She realized dully that they had been shouting for some time. She stumbled to her feet. Her lips were swollen. She felt them curiously with her tongue. Had she been crying? Her hair had fallen. She coiled it roughly. She was tired. Tired. Why were they shouting? She stumbled down the hill. The street was empty. The voices were shouting ahead. Someone passed her running, with ropes and lantern. It was Giuseppe Simi.

"What's the matter?" she asked. He did not stop but called back over his shoulder. "Awful bad accident, Mis' Madison. Cave-in at the Lucky Strike—eight men—"

The Lucky Strike—the one mine still operating in the almost abandoned district. Eight men? Too bad. Sorry. Then . . . The Lucky Strike? But Ernest had said he was going to the Lucky Strike! Ernest killed! She began to run, terror rattling in her skull.

Three miles to go. There at last. Leaning limp against the change house, gagging for breath. Accident—hadn't they said there was an accident? But there was no fighting crowd, no shouts; only small shuffling sounds; faint thuds; the hiss of a dragging rope; a hammer pounding monotonously. The night was clear, misted with stars. The starlight was so bright the whole sky seemed quivering. The hills were mounds of shadow, the men were darker shadows moving to and fro. They moved stiffly like marionettes. They moved just as if nothing had happened. Lights moved with them. They were working over something. Something terrible had happened. But the men and the lights and the thing they worked over were only jerking dots against the night.

Behind them, fading into the shadow of the hoist house, the women huddled. Their faces were pale blanks folded in shawls. No sound came from them. Like empty, silent skulls they faced one way—and waited. They faced toward a black hole, the shaft. It was a small hole against the vastness of the night—like a square, ugly mouth. In all that place only two things seemed alive—the quivering sky, the small, ugly mouth from which nothing came.

Then suddenly—so suddenly it wrung cold sweat—a woman howled. Horrible, quavering, ripped from her as the death yelp is ripped from a tortured beast. Against the watching night, the little jerky motions—that one howl. The women closed about her hurriedly. A low bubbling moan went on.

Theo's breath was coming back. Thoughts were clicking into place. Part of her was lying back there under the tree, swollen lips pressed into the trampled grass. But the part that was here had nothing to do with that other part. This part went forward quietly to ask.

What had happened? Hadn't she heard? A cave-in at the 210-foot level just before the day shift came off. Nobody knew just what happened. Maybe old timbering. Maybe an explosion. Wouldn't have been so bad if the hoist hadn't broken down an hour before. Or if the water level wasn't just below the 210 and the pumps hadn't been broken in the explosion.

"But—were they all caught?"

No, six of them got up on the ladders. Thought the others were coming after. But they weren't. Why? Because they'd been working too far in the drifts. Two drifts—one to the south, one to the north—came 'most together there at the 210 level. The north was an old working. Led down, no one knew exactly where. The south was a new one. Two men were working in the north. Three in the south.

"They were caught?"

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

keeps the gums healthy



If you have
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Do not delay. Pyorrhea, unless checked, spreads from the gums to the root sockets which hold your teeth in place. Then the teeth usually loosen and fall out, because their support is weakened.

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Pyorrhocide Powder has tonic and healing qualities. It helps healthy gums to keep healthy. It keeps the teeth white and clean. Its daily use, with proper dental care, protects you from pyorrhea.

All druggists sell Pyorrhocide Powder. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. Send now for sample—also booklet on causes, effects and prevention of pyorrhea.

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Come Along

—and dance with me

East to West, North to South, from California to Carolina, from Maine to Mississippi, people are singing, playing and dancing to the springtime melody of "Come Along and Dance With Me." You just can't keep your feet still when you hear this greatest of song hits. On records, rolls, sheet music, at music stores and Kroeger stores.

Write us for free catalog.

the Great Dance Hit

IRVING HARRY, Associated Publishers Baltimore

Yes, both drifts caved. Right where they came into the shaft. Caught like rats. With the water rising fast on account of its being a wet mine and no pumps.

"But weren't any—"

Yes, they'd got three up and they were going down after more as soon as they fixed another piece of ladder.

"Three?"

"In there."

A finger pointed toward the change house. A lantern burned dimly in the window. Nothing moved across the lantern flame. The crouching women moaned dully, rocking back and forth.

"Three. Dead?"

"Yes."

"And two more to get?"

"No, five more."

"Five?"

They did not answer her. They eyed each other consciously. Some moved away. Some watched her.

"Five? Tell me!"

"Well, there was the two other miners, miss, and the man who was watching the drilling and the two that went down to get them but ain't come back."

"The man—who was—watching the drilling. Who?"

"Well—we don't know exactly—" Their eyes evaded hers.

"Yes, you do know. You're trying not to frighten me. Tell me. You must tell me!"

"I'm awful sorry, Mis' Madison." Big Rosa was speaking. She moved uneasily, like a huge, distressed child. "I wisht you didn't ask. But—Mista Miles, he's down there too."

Yes, she had been sure he was there. Sure all along. Ernest—gone. A great weariness and pity shook her. Pity for someone who had been fine and kind. It was not part of her down there. But a somebody else—someone outside her but very dear. She could not howl dreadfully. But she wanted to be alone, to be sorry for him all alone where they could not see her. Why were they watching her so curiously and whispering together? Was there something more?

"What is it? You know something. They have found him?" she faltered.

"No. No, no, they have not found him. Don't be so frightened, Mis' Madison. Maybe he ain't dead. Maybe they get him out all right."

"Then why do you look like that? What is the matter?"

There was a long silence. Then Big Rosa spoke again. "The men that went down to get them—"

"Yes?"

"There was two. One was Pete Silva."

"Yes—"

"The other—he was Ramon Sanguinetti."

She stared vacantly. She must not cry. Not now. She must be still. She must be very still. Their eyes spoke above her weaving head. She felt Big Rosa leading her away. She did not know that those small whimpering sounds came from her own mouth.

The star mist had gone. The sky was white and hushed before the dawn. The faces of the men were like gray clay. Hour after hour they had gone down the ladders; dug at tangled masses of earth and timbering; crawled through rat-holes into whatever lay beyond; felt to the right, to the left; grabbed what they could; stayed until breath gave out; climbed to the surface again, always with the water lapping a bit nearer their heels. As fast as the news spread men came racing through the night.

They had brought up the Rogers boys. They'd been nearest the entrance to the south drift. They could tell which one was Ed by his boots.

They had brought up Rafael Sosso. He wasn't much hurt, just enough to make him hard to carry. Two more were left. Where? Nobody knew.

And now they were working madly to get down once more. They'd fixed the hoist for this trip. They'd need it too. There'd be



Suspected—or Seen?

HOW do you wear your powder? Flagrantly that all the world may see—or subtly? Someone said that powder should be suspected—but not seen. He is right. There's a powder now for every skin. And there's a correct way to put it on.

One of the sanest beauty authorities in America has written a little book which tells all about using powder. It's called *What Every Woman Does NOT Know*, and it is free to every purchaser of Bourjois MANON LESCAUT* Face Powder, which you can secure in a wide and beautifully blended color range.

Most druggists sell MANON LESCAUT. They will offer *What Every Woman Does NOT Know* with the package you buy. If your druggist does not have MANON LESCAUT, show him this advertisement and suggest that he order from his jobber. If you are not within range of a dealer's services, tear out the coupon below and mail it to us now with \$1.50. We will send you a full-size box of MANON LESCAUT and a free copy of *What Every Woman Does NOT Know* by return mail.

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Do You Get What You Ask For?

When you go into a store and ask for a product known to you by name and reputation or by satisfied experience, are you ever urged to accept another product in place of the one you have called for?

This question is prompted by the growth of a practice—particularly in toilet goods departments—of allowing certain manufacturers to put their own sales girls behind the counter for the purpose, of course, of selling their own products.

The use of demonstrators in uniform or readily identified as representatives for a certain article is an old and a legitimate method.

The girls to whom we refer are not identified as demonstrators for a particular product—they appear to be employes of the store; they speak in the name of the store.

They are *instructed* to give you what you ask for but they are *paid* to sell you the product they represent.

The inevitable result of such an employment and compensation system is an attempt to divert you from your choice and urge acceptance of something else.

The inevitable method of diverting your choice is to question the merit of the product you have called for.

Of course this is not done simply by suggesting another product—you must be convinced that you are wrong in your selection. To convince you, your belief in products of known and generally accepted merit is sometimes wrongly shaken.

Such is the obviously evil result

of a system of selling which imposes upon hundreds of sales girls the necessity of selling a particular product in order to obtain a livelihood.

When you consider that in many toilet goods departments every sales girl is employed and paid by some manufacturer, you realize how much both you and the store are at the mercy of a handful of manufacturers—and also how absolutely unfair such a situation is to other manufacturers whose goods you know and respect.

The evil in the system is this: No great headway can possibly be made against the reputation of long and well established products except by undermining your confidence in goods which you know and believe in and have a right to accept on their merit as advertised.

Remember that the only direct message from a manufacturer concerning his product is that which he voluntarily places before you in his advertising or printed matter.

Many proprietors of the finest stores in the country prohibit anyone from selling in their stores who is not selling primarily *for the store*. Other proprietors of equally fine stores are entirely unaware that the employment system known as "hidden demonstrators" operates, as it is bound to, in so evil a manner.

Meanwhile, you as a buyer of goods should be aware of the tendency and should be more than ordinarily insistent that you get what you ask for.

CAROLINE CARTER

Director Cosmopolitan Market Service
119 West 40th Street, New York City

little enough time to scramble through the drifts and grab one of them before the water got them. No time to look for two. Lucky if they got one. Lucky if they got any.

"Ready?"

The engine was coughing. Another minute. Then, before anyone realized what was happening, she was at Nick Raymond's shoulder, whispering, staring at him with fierce eyes, shaking him—whispering—begging.

All night she'd sat there in the shadow of the change house. Sat without a sound when they brought up the Rogers boys. Sat without a sound when they carried Rafael Sosso by. Not lifting her eyes, only listening. Sitting so still they forgot her. So still they went right on talking in front of her about who was left down and which one they'd probably get. Then—sudden—like that—she'd flown out at Nick, standing with his foot in the skip ready to go down. What was she whispering and begging for so terribly? They couldn't hear a word she said. Only Nick arguing, surprised.

"But if we get him, the other—"

Then she whispered again and hit his chest with her hands as if she'd go insane unless he promised. So he promised. As the skip went over the edge he was still nodding to her.

Just as the sun rose clear, there came the signal for the hoist.

She rose. Up and up. First the whirling length of cable winding. Then the nearing clank of wheels. Then the skip. And between two sagging men lay the body of Ernest Miles.

She went forward to him slowly. She went forward to him as if she slept. She touched his face and he stirred. She turned and looked at Nick, slouching in his tracks.

"You said—" she whispered.

"We got this one first, ma'am," he answered, and walked away.

She turned again. They had put him on the stretcher and covered him with a blanket. She did not touch him. Only looked.

"He ain't hurt, Nick says." Big Rosa was talking to her. "He's just stunned like. We're awful glad you got him back, Mis' Madison." She did not answer. "They didn't think they'd ever do it. The water was already in the drift. They can't go down no more."

She stood looking. The doctor was bending over Ernest. After a while she turned and walked away, still as if she slept, only her eyes were very wide and terrible. She was muttering to herself but they could not hear what she said. So she went down the hill and out of sight.

"Let her go, poor girl," said Big Rosa. "She's just all upset. It'll do her good to be alone."

She went down the hill and out along the road. She did not hear the sudden shouting at the mine, the uproar and the rush of running men. She did not see the road ahead. She did not feel the stumbling of her feet. She was going away—

Hands caught her. Arms were around her. A great cry was ringing in her ears.

"Teodora! Teodora!"

A shadow was over her, a shadow was holding her—with eyes of fire in a bloody face.

"You?" she whispered. "You?"

"Yes. Out of the old shaft they all forgot. All night doing it. Didn't care much. But when I got there Nick said—"

Her head was on his heart. She was kissing the bare, torn flesh with fumbling lips.

"Ramon!" she sobbed. "Dearest—"

He held her off with shaking hands.

"You're not fooling?" he said. "Nick said that at the last you asked for—"

"For you!" she cried. "Just you."

He caught her to him, raised his head and laughed—a great, gay laugh that rang out through the morning like dancing castanets.

Our guess is that 99 out of every 100 average married couples are going to find that Helen R. Hull's vivid story of marriage, "Needles and Pins," in COSMOPOLITAN for July, hits very close to home—in one way or another

The Needle's Eye

(Continued from page 65)

"Great heavens, Thornton!" roared Shiras, storming into Graham & Co. on his way to luncheon. "Do you see what that precious young ass of yours has done now?" He waved a pink sheet at the seated banker.

JOHN GRAHAM

CHOSEN FOREMAN OF GRAND JURY
WILL CLEANSE CITY OF SEX CRIME, IS HOPE
Multimillionaire Cooperates with County
Officers to Sift Vice Charges

From below a face only remotely resembling John's stared out from a fancy border.

Thornton read it and wilted.

"What in blazes do you pay Pepperill fifty thousand a year for?" shouted Shiras. "Why doesn't he do something to earn his money?"

"This must have all happened since nine o'clock last night," said Graham. "I didn't see John this morning. Let's hear what Pepperill has to say. Get Mr. Pepperill for me!" he called out to Wallace Garvey. "Sit down, nunkie." He took up the receiver. "That you, Pepperill? How did they happen to get John on the grand jury? . . . Yes, I suppose so . . . Nothing you can do? . . . What's the matter? . . . Well, keep an eye on it."

Shiras ran his fingers through his beard.

"I'll bet you he makes a jackass of himself—of all of us! Glad I haven't got any confounded children! Hang it, what are you grinning at?"

John meantime was sitting in the center of a half-circle of twenty-three New York business men in a large bare room with dirty windows on the top story of the Criminal Courts Building, listening to a disconnected story of human weakness and police venality. He had found on the grand jury several men whom he knew from the financial district; Rufus Kayne, the president of the Utopia Trust Company; and his own cousin Homer, the son of his great-half-uncle Levi. Evidently those higher up had intended the jury to have an incontrovertible Graham flavor. Rufus Kayne had been unanimously chosen secretary.

"You gentlemen will have to be easy on me," John apologized. "I've never acted as a presiding officer before."

"It will be all right, Mr. Graham," Kayne assured him. "All you have to do is to swear the witness and let him tell his story."

Then a committee was sent to inform the District Attorney that the grand jury was duly organized and would be glad to have him instruct them as to the proper procedure; and almost immediately that official, in the person of the popular Mr. Howard Hartwell, breezed into the room. He was brisk, confident, exceedingly young and astonishingly sophisticated, in spite of which he inspired John with confidence. His introduction of old Keating, the star witness, was a model of brevity.

"Gentlemen, here's the man who says this town can put it all over Sodom and Gomorrah. It's up to you to see if he's got the goods. If he has I'll draw any indictments you wish to find. If he hasn't—well, I suppose your time is valuable just as mine is. Send for me if you want me."

So John, following a printed form, swore Mr. Keating and then let him ramble on in his own way. He proved a well intentioned but vague and unsatisfactory witness, fanatically convinced of the righteousness of his cause, but relying for the most part on second-hand information for the truth of his assertions.

Yet there was something wistful, even winning about the shabby, white-headed old fellow that satisfied the men listening to him, including John, that even if he didn't have much evidence he was on the trail of something. By profession he was a journalist and magazine writer, with an unconscious flair for the sensational and that obsession which comes to the unsuccessful to score in their declining years.

Then followed a dozen police witnesses who



Would You Like Prettier teeth—teeth without dingy film?

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Millions are now brushing teeth in a new way. You will adopt it when you know. Please learn how much it means to you and yours.

Film mars beauty

That viscous film you feel on teeth is what makes teeth unsightly. Much of it clings and stays. No ordinary tooth paste can effectually combat it.

Soon that film discolours, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Hardly one in fifty escaped such troubles under old ways of tooth brushing.

Dental science has now found better methods. It has found two ways to fight film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

A new-type tooth paste was created to apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists everywhere began to advise its use. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ this method daily.

The added effects

Pepsodent brings some added effects which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. These are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Each use of Pepsodent gives them multiplied effect.

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Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

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*The wonderful new
Crude-oil shampoo*

were perfunctorily interrogated by a youthful
Assistant District Attorney as to what they
knew about any "crime wave" or "vice ring."
At the end of two hours John had reached the
definite conclusion that probably the very best
way not to find out about something was to
inquire of those who didn't know.

"I don't see that we're getting very much
light," he remarked to Kayne.

The banker laughed. "After all, it's their
business, not ours."

"Is it?" asked John in some surprise.

"Well, I mean it's up to them to furnish us
the evidence," amended Kayne.

As John walked along the corridor after the
grand jury's adjournment, he felt a touch on
his elbow. Hartwell was beside him. "How
about some luncheon?"

John was embarrassed and at the same time
pleased. Hartwell was a refreshing novelty.

"Why, thanks! Certainly!"

"Come along with me to Pont's, then."

They descended the long flight of stone steps
and crossed to Pontin's restaurant on Franklin
Street, being incidentally photographed by a
moving picture man.

"Oh, yes!" Hartwell had frankly acknowl-
edged. "I knew he was waiting for us. There's
no way of beating it. I can appreciate how a
man in your position—but with me, why—to
be honest—I like it. This is a funny game, Mr.
Graham." Hartwell went on as they lighted
cigarets during the hiatus after giving
their order: "Let me give you a tip. There
isn't a move made in this business with-
out something behind it. You couldn't
arrest all the criminals in this town if you
had a hundred thousand cops instead of
ten thousand—which is all we've got. The
Commissioner has to choose what sort of crime
he'll go after. You can see where he gets off!
Whether he wants to or not, he's got to favor
somebody. That's where politics steps in.
If he's going to be accused of corruption any-
how, no matter what he does, I suppose he
feels that his friends might as well get the ben-
efit of it. You get the idea?"

"How about this vice investigation?"

"Part of the game. But that doesn't let any-
body out. It was started as a backfire to meet
the charges of an anti-Tammany, highbrow,
silk-stocking organization which, just because
there's an election coming along, is willing to
stand back of a bird who wants to pull a sensa-
tion and sell his stuff for big money to a
magazine. He goes out and mingles with a few
miscellaneous ladies of leisure who oblige him
with all the fairy stories he'll pay for, and hav-
ing written it all up to suit himself, instead of
coming to me he sells it to the Vortex for five
thousand dollars."

"Do you think that's quite fair to Keating?"

"Oh, probably not entirely! I'm giving you
the Tammany—our—my side. I've got to or
my young and promising career would be
blighted. Now I've done it, see?"

"So that's it," remarked John with irony.

"So that's that!" went on the youth lightly.
"But it isn't all of it. Now I'm a member of
the organization and all that, but I'm moder-
ately honest. Old Keating may be right. But
—the reason they've called this grand jury is
to prove that he's wrong—savvy? The insid-
ers know that a vice campaign is always
popular in this town. All this Keating stuff will
have a big pull. They've got to meet it.
That's where you come in. They'll sick John
Graham on the white slave traffic and if he
says there isn't any the public will believe him
—and turn on Keating and the whole 'holier
than thou' bunch and tear 'em in pieces."

"Which means?"

Hartwell gazed at him blandly. "That it's
a wise child who knows its own father," said he.

John returned to Wall Street to find his
official distinction regarded in the light of a
joke. He was as much agast at the newspaper
notoriety given to the episode as he had been
on the morning after his senior class day
nearly nine years before. The Vortex, a paper
generally arrayed consistently upon the side
of Satan, was for some unknown reason



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extravagantly eulogistic of what it called his unselfish devotion to the public interest. It prophesied that, assisted by its able staff of editors, John would make New York a better and sweeter place to live in. Meantime the stream of policemen continued to file through the grand jury room, telling what they didn't know. The newspaper interest subsided, to be replaced with sensational head-lines concerning labor trouble in the bituminous coal fields. The Mid-West had not as yet been affected, but adjacent properties had become scenes of increasing disorder.

John had easily discovered Rhoda's whereabouts without having to track her farther toward "the horizon's uttermost purple rim" than Washington Mews, and the fact that his service upon the grand jury involved his keeping rather irregular hours had enabled him to lunch and walk with her on numerous occasions. The more he saw of her the more he became convinced that she was quite the most charming person he had ever known, as well as the most cultivated, wise and beautiful.

The friendship was their own private particular affair, and something told him that it had better remain so. Hence, instead of John's going to the Mews, Rhoda usually met him elsewhere by appointment, and he had not as yet even made the acquaintance of Miss Coutant, whom she was visiting.

Cupid, having thus carefully watered the rose-bud of love for something over five weeks, thereupon saw to it that the only thing necessary to cause it to burst into full bloom should occur—the removal of the adored one from John's vicinity, owing to her brother Ranny's being threatened with an operation for appendicitis at the Cambridge Hospital.

CHAPTER X

GREAT-UNCLE SHIRAS had meanwhile taken a real liking to Raoul Degoutet. "He has guts!" the old fellow had declared with his customary bluntness. "Clever, that bust of Thornton! And I like his brass. I could have had some fun with him in the old days."

Now that the bust had been moved to the studio in preparation for casting he'd go round there, take a squint at it and maybe invite the little black imp out to dinner.

The mansion on the north side of Washington Square occupied by John's bachelor great-uncle was one of those classic edifices of red brick and gray stone trimmings erected in the ante-bellum period when fashion had drifted westward toward Greenwich Village. They stand, those fine old houses, unchanged in their dignified simplicity, relics of an earlier, almost forgotten era which, while exteriorly pure, countenanced much that was astonishingly crude in both taste and morals.

There was one room on the second story that bore not the remotest resemblance to what it had been, and that was the small library adjoining Shiras's bedroom. At first glance this room might have been taken for a museum, so full was it of Civil War relics. Over the fireplace hung an engraving of Abraham Lincoln, and beside it leaned an American flag. A small mortar stood in a corner, and a rack of arms was displayed upon one wall, the other being occupied by a bookcase with many volumes, all dealing with the Civil War.

In this room there was but one chair, placed directly before the fire, where Shiras could sit and smoke and gaze upon his country's flag—the flag that he had not followed in battle. Herein lay the cancer of his life, his secret that poisoned his last half-century, driving him in desperation for the final quarter of it to manufacture an indefinite and imaginary career as a Union soldier.

That he had not volunteered, that when his draft number had come up he had not gone but had paid for a substitute—that was the one act of his life for which he felt remorse. Shiras had paid Sam Tinker, a young mechanic, six hundred dollars to take his chances for him, and as luck would have it, a

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Minié-ball had found Sam Tinker at Brandy Creek. Ironically enough, Sam Tinker's diary had somehow found its way back to Shiras. The last entry read: "Wrote to mother. Bought a pint of milk from a little girl."

Shiras remembered the call Sam Tinker had made on him the night before the regiment left for Washington. He had been a gaunt, lackadaisical young fellow with a sense of humor, and they had joked over the whole thing, Tinker alleging jocularly that as he had intended to volunteer anyway Shiras's six hundred dollars was "pure velvet." Shiras gave him a Bible with a twenty-dollar bill tucked away in it and felt magnanimous until he learned of Tinker's death. From that moment the ghost of Sam Tinker haunted him waking and sleeping, for the diary showed plainly that he had not intended to volunteer at all, since he was entitled to exemption on account of a dependent widowed mother. But he had been out of work for a long time and needed the money. The diary also showed plainly what he thought of Shiras.

He sought out Tinker's mother. She bore him no ill will—on the contrary. "Sam, poor boy, would 'a' gone anyways," she said, dabbing her eyes. She showed the gentleman a beautiful letter from the Colonel of the Thirty-Seventh, a mere boy himself:

It gives me gratification to state, as I know it will you to learn, that Color Sergeant Samuel Tinker died like a hero carrying his country's flag at Brandy Creek in the counter-charge at the brook. He was a soldier and a gentleman.

Shiras walked back home in the gathering dusk, asking himself whether it was true that he was all that Tinker had called him in the diary. Later he bought the old lady a house and gave her an income of two thousand dollars a year for life.

There was a girl to whom Shiras had been engaged. He had been in love with a great many, but this was not his usual sort—a young lady related to the Van Rensselaers and the Jays. When she heard about his hiring a substitute she refused to see him. It was a total surprise, a shock from which he never recovered. And it was the reason why he had never married.

As the years went on the shadow of Samuel Tinker did not grow less. Shiras began to feel that in effect he had murdered Tinker, and a morbid desire to know the details of the substitute's death led him to communicate with the Colonel. Tinker had been shot twice in the arm, but had staggered to his feet each time and gone on with the rest, shouting: "Come along, boys! I can carry the old rag yet!"

The shot that killed him had left his body hanging over a rail fence, the flag still clutched in his hand.

Alone in his big house with only Henri, his French valet, to keep him company, Shiras's mind revolved about Tinker and the manner of his departure from life. By some strange mental perversion he came to think of it as of his own death. In time the war became an actual obsession with him.

Now, after more than sixty years, he had almost convinced himself that he had been in it—"only toward the end, you know," he used to say; and for the past three years he had put on a uniform and attended the annual banquet of the survivors of the regiment to which Sam Tinker had belonged. Now, as his arteries began to thicken, he occasionally suffered from delusions. "I can carry the old flag yet!" he would say, glancing up at it from his chair.

The idea of looking up Degoutet had come to Shiras one afternoon about half-past four—the hour when he was apt to get a bit restless.

He felt in his pocket for the little red book in which he had noted a multitude of questionable addresses and surreptitious telephone numbers, but Degoutet's name was not there. With some difficulty he found it in the telephone directory and was surprised and not a little amused to discover that the sculptor's

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studio was in the Mews directly behind his own house, and less than fifty yards away, in the old remodeled stable belonging to himself.

CHAPTER XI

THE coincidence that Degoutet was a kind of tenant tickled Shiras's fancy and increased his feeling of friendliness. He foresaw an intimacy replete with possibilities.

He was about to ring Degoutet's bell when the door opened and his grandniece Ditty nearly ran him down. She was scowling and for an instant did not recognize him.

"Well, flapper," he yelled at her, "what y' doing here?"

The girl flushed dark red. "Oh, hello, nunkie! I came to see father's bust."

"Pish posh! Couldn't you see enough of that at home?"

"I've just as much right to come here to see my father's bust as you have!"

"That's right! Eat me alive!" he laughed.

She hesitated. "Nunkie! Don't tell anybody you saw me here! Promise?"

"Stick together, eh?"

"You bet!"

"All right," he said. "You and I'll have some times yet. But don't let me meet you here again—it isn't *comme il faut*."

She flicked him a kiss and ran down the alley. Old Shiras waited three minutes by his watch and then, disdaining the bell, knocked loudly with his cane. Almost immediately Raoul, in his smock, opened the door.

"I've just discovered we're neighbors, Degoutet," Shiras said. "I live right behind you—dropped in for a look at the great work."

"Glad to see you! *Entrez!*"

Degoutet, entirely at ease, bowed him in and shut the door. The bust stood on a modeling table in the center of the room.

Shiras eyed it critically. "It's Thornton, all right—to the life! Congratulations!"

"I've just shooed out your grandniece," casually remarked the sculptor.

"What did she want?"

"I don't know. Probably she didn't, either. 'Young lady,' I told her, 'you can smoke just one cigarette and then beat it back to mama.'"

"H'm!" answered Shiras, winking. "Don't suppose you let 'em all go like that?"

"All the brunettes!" replied Degoutet.

"Ma petite blonde," hummed the old man. "Now dark women are the only ones I like. Oh, those Spanish girls! I bet you know something about 'em, eh?"

Degoutet, sitting sideways on a near-by table, poked him in the ribs. "You've forgotten more than I ever knew, grandpa!"

Shiras chuckled. "I suppose you go to a lot of snappy parties—eh, Degoutet? I know what you artist fellows are! I get lonely every now and then for a little male companionship. You'll have to take pity on me."

Degoutet swung off the table. "I will," he grinned. "What'll you have?"

"I didn't mean that!" continued Shiras. "But I'll have a nip of Scotch if it's handy. I was referring to the need of friendship. When a fellow's got as much money as I have he can't trust anybody. That's good Scotch!—Look here—how about coming over to dine with me—eh? I've got some Krug 'ninety-eight that's praying for deliverance! How about it?"

"You're a wicked old man," Degoutet stated emphatically. "And I'll be glad to. I may run off and leave you afterward."

"You're not the only one," replied Shiras jauntily. "I may wander out myself."

It was at this instant that the bell buzzed. "Two of those brunettes," Degoutet whispered over his shoulder as he opened the door with a flourish. "Welcome, ladies! Will you walk into my parlor?" He dropped his voice. "I've got a spider waiting for you!"

Old Shiras lumbered out of his chair and stood punctiliously.

"Permit me to introduce Mr. Shiras Graham," said Degoutet. "My colleague, Miss Coutant—Miss McLane."

The old man bowed courteously. A dashing



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pair of fillies! He was already playing in luck. "Miss McLane," he smiled, addressing the smaller and more slender of the two, "are you perhaps related to my old friend, Randolph McLane?"

"Randolph McLane is my father," she answered. "I've often heard him speak of you, Mr. Graham. And I know your grand-nephew John. His brother Thornton is a classmate of my brother's at Harvard."

"Lord bless me! We're old friends! And you, Miss Coutant, are a confrère of my friend Degoutet?" he said to the other girl, who returned his glance with none of her friend's diffidence. "I've always wished I'd gone in for art." He decided that he would make up in every possible way for not having done so.

"Yes—I've a studio a few steps down the alley. Miss McLane is staying with me."

She was a big, stalwart girl, full-lipped, deep-bosomed, with a touch of insolence in her carriage, an independent way of holding her head. The old man's blood quickened. A Gipsy! A regular valkyrie! A real woman!

"We're neighbors. Degoutet must bring me to see your work. I'm thinking of having somebody do my bust. Raoul"—he'd never used the sculptor's first name before—"is such a robber I daren't have him. Anyhow, a man is never as sympathetic—"

She gave him a queer look. "Do you think you'd be so sympathetic to me, then?" she asked with a certain slow impudence that tickled him.

"We'd get along," he said. "Look here, my dears. We're all friends—and neighbors. Degoutet has just promised to dine with me. I live just around the corner on Washington Square. Won't you do me the honor to join us?" Already his imagination was fired at the thought of the dinner party. He'd show them how it should be done!

Cecily glanced across at Rhoda, who was examining the bust. "Mr. Graham is asking us to dine with him." She had already heard a full account of her friend's meeting with this courtly old gentleman's grandnephew.

"How jolly! I'd like nothing better!" answered Rhoda with delight.

CHAPTER XII

ON THE same afternoon, while walking up-town on his way home from business about five o'clock, it similarly occurred to John to stop in at Degoutet's.

John had not seen Rhoda for ten days and had heard nothing from her, but Thorny had written from Cambridge that Ranny was all right again and still possessed of his appendix, that his sister was "a peach" and that he had "fallen hard" for her. This did not increase John's happiness. Rhoda was still nothing but a girl, and it would, he realized with some anxiety, be easy for her to become interested in someone else.

And now, although he knew that she was not there, he felt irresistibly drawn toward the place of her abode. He would drop in and take a look at the bust and then perhaps leave a card for Rhoda across the way. Thus he might encounter Miss Coutant, her hostess, and learn something of his truant lady-love.

"Oh, hello! Come on in!" said Degoutet, answering his ring. "I've got a couple of visitors, but I guess you won't object. Miss Coutant, let me present Mr. Graham."

With a quickened pulse John found himself bowing to a tall young woman whose dark complexion the fading north light turned darker still. Something about the face, the almost perfect oval slightly marred by the heaviness of the firmly pointed chin, for an instant suggested Ditty to him. Then the blood swept upward to his own forehead.

"How do you do—John!"

From the shadow behind the modeling table a small hand thrust itself forward. He grasped it with tingling fingers. "Rhoda!"

"Oh, you know each other!" Degoutet was regarding them whimsically.

"Oh dear, yes! Years!" answered John.

"We used to play together when we were kids."

"Well, this is the right place to meet. Everybody in the world's been here this afternoon; and I expect all the rest before dark. How do you like that chin, Cecily?"

Miss Coutant strolled over to the modeling table and eyed the family feature critically.

John turned eagerly to Rhoda. "I had no idea you'd come back! Why didn't you let me know?"

"I only arrived this morning," she answered. "How is your brother?"

"Ranny's simply perfect. I don't think he had appendicitis at all. I left him doing tail dives over Soldiers' Field in his new monoplane."

John was hardly aware of what she was saying. He now knew the reason for his constant depression of the last few days. He had missed her so! Half unconsciously he took her by the elbow and led her to the window. She drew slightly away and then, as if by accident, left her shoulder in contact with his.

"I hope you are not going away again," he said, astonished at his own assurance. "I need you in my business!"

She did not seem to resent the slight implication of proprietorship. "But I am," she informed him. "I'm starting for West Virginia within a few days to work among the tent colonies. You know, John, there's a lot of suffering out there among the strikers. Right or wrong, we can't let them starve."

"Where are you going?"

"To Bitumen."

He frowned. "I wouldn't go there, Rhoda; it's a rough place."

"That's why I want to go, John; the women and children need someone to look after them."

Her quiet resolution filled him with admiration. "You're a wonderful person, Rhoda!"

"I'm not wonderful, John. I merely know what I want."

"So do I! Rhoda!" he said fervently taking both her hands. "You know that I love you!"

She started to withdraw her hands and then relinquished them to him. "Oh, John! You hardly know me."

"All I need to!"

As they stood close together in the center of the studio window, which reached to the floor level, the situation would have been obvious to anyone who happened to be passing. Whether it had been observed by those who now rang the bell John had no means of knowing. But he took no chances and had left her side when Doctor Erasmus Dominick came in with Winthrop Emerson. They were there, it appeared, because this was the last chance to see the bust in the clay.

"Hello, John."

"How are you, Doctor! Hello, Winty."

"Miss McLane—Miss Coutant—Doctor Dominick and Doctor Emerson."

They shook hands and turned to examine the bust. All agreed that it was the sculptor's masterpiece. "It's your father—absolutely!" Doctor Dominick's ascetic face showed his pleasure. "He ought to let us have it for the Institute. I congratulate you, Mr. Degoutet."

The sculptor gave a loud yawn. "I might convert you to the arts yet—eh, Doc?"

"You don't need to, my dear fellow! You're worth a dozen of us mere 'docs'."

Degoutet threw an arm about the slender figure. "Ba-ah! Of course I'm for art and all that, but for a real man and real work give me old Doctor Dominick!"

"Right!" echoed Emerson. "Hitch your trolley to him and you can forget all about Dun and Bradstreet."

John had felt this for a long time. The more he became familiar with the marvelous work of the research organization, the more he realized that this gentle and almost saintly man was perhaps the most valuable person in the world. Unmarried, self-effacing, ascetic, hardly known outside a limited circle, this celebrated scientist gave himself utterly to the service of humanity. For years he had been studying infantile paralysis, and his purely professional interest in Toto had developed

into a very tender affection for her. Voluntarily he had undertaken the direction of her treatment—without perceptible result.

"I must be going," said Emerson. "Coming my way, Jacko?"

John saw Rhoda glance appealingly at him. "I'm going to hang on awhile," he answered. "Are you coming up to the camp with us tomorrow?"

"Can't! Got to watch a darned old mess I've just stuck into a glass bottle. I have to nurse it every half-hour."

"Nights too?"

Emerson nodded. "Until it can feed itself," he laughed.

The party broke up. John waited until the others had gone and then walked down the alley with Rhoda toward her friend's studio. At one instant he felt that all he wanted was to be with her, absorbing her presence; the next, that he must burst into a torrent of speech.

"That's what I'm going to do," she laughed—"try to feed myself!"

"But Rhoda, you don't have to work for your living?"

"I have money, if that is what you mean. But I'm not going to touch it. You know how my father got it. I shall give it all back to those from whom it was taken."

"That isn't so easy!" he answered.

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "But anyhow I shan't use it for myself. I'll work like the rest—and share what I've got with them."

They had already reached her door.

"Rhoda," he said, "let me help you. Let's do it together." She had stepped inside the hallway and he had followed her. At the door of the studio she turned and he saw the glow of her face lifted toward him in the dusk. "Rhoda!" he cried, taking her in his arms.

Her own were light about his neck, drawing him down, down! They clung to one another as if nothing should ever tear them asunder. His cheeks were wet with her tears; their lips merged in each other's.

"You're mine! Mine!" she whispered fiercely. "But it's you I want. Nothing else—only you! We'll go out together alone—you and I—with nothing—just like that day on the cliff—and make our own life! Then you can take your measure with the rest of the world—free to be just yourself!"

"If I only could!" The bare idea filled him with the delight of a huge relief.

"But you can! There's nothing to prevent you! Then you can help set things right—throw all your weight on the side of justice."

He would have agreed to anything. What she meant exactly he didn't know. The only thing was to be with her.

"You'll give it all up, John—won't you?"

"Give what up, darling?"

"All the money, and making more of it."

"If you want me to. I'd give up my immortal soul for you, Rhoda."

"I only want you to save it!" she replied. "John, dear, I couldn't marry a rich man. It would stifle me."

"You needn't," he answered, although a faint uncertainty was manifesting itself in him. "I'll give up everything, go anywhere, do anything you want, Rhoda dearest—darling!"

She drew herself up until their lips met again.

"Wonderful!" she cried. "We'll go out there together—to West Virginia. Wouldn't it be marvelous just to give a million dollars to save those poor tent colonists from starvation? What an example! Dear John! I do love you!"

He pressed his lips to her hair—the world seemed to be dropping away. "Rhoda!" he whispered. "Darling! Sweetheart!"

But at that same instant the impossibility of doing what she asked obtruded itself upon him. She felt it and went limp in his grasp. Then she gently pushed him away from her.

"Oh, dear! It's only a dream! It can't be!" "But it can!" he protested in distress. "I swear to make the dream come true."

"No," she answered distrustfully. "The world isn't made that way. We love each other, yes. But—I felt the doubt that came into your mind just then. As long as that is



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there, we can never be happy together. Down in your heart you really don't feel as I do."

"I love you!"

"Yes, you love me. But you don't believe as I do. It would always come between us. Even if you were willing to do what I want I couldn't let you."

He stepped to where she was, pinioned her arms to her sides and kissed her once more.

"Listen to me!" he cried. "I have something to say about this! I love you! Why not let it be enough for a while?"

"It would be enough forever—if there was nothing else."

A step sounded on the cobbles outside and they drew apart. A florist's boy carrying a large box pressed the bell and came into the entry. "Coutant?" he chirped.

John took the box from him as Cecily opened the door. They watched self-consciously while she untied the string and lifted the cover. The box was full of orchids and roses. An envelope containing a card nestled among the leaves. Miss Coutant opened it.

"I thought so," she remarked with a slight smile. "Great-uncle Shiras!"

CHAPTER XIII

CECILY arranged her latest admirer's floral tribute in an empty vase and stepped back to observe the result. "Must have cost a lot of money. I'd much rather have had it."

"Cecily!" exclaimed Rhoda in mock horror. "How out of character!"

"What do you know about my character?" retorted the girl. "I understand that Mr. Graham's friends at the National Institute say that character is the product of inheritance and environment. Well, this is a little new environment. I think it's rather nice."

"Uncle Shiras is an expert," said John. "You see, he knew exactly what to send you."

"Orchids are safe to send to any woman," answered Cecily. "No amount of inherited stability can withstand them."

"Don't, Cecily!" protested Rhoda, more seriously. "You shouldn't talk that way."

"Why not? I'm merely warning your friend that his family may have me on its hands. My heredity isn't much to boast of, you know!" She picked up her hat and started to put it on. "I'll leave the environment to you. Don't disarrange it. *Au revoir!* I'm going for a walk."

The door closed behind her, and they were alone together. John was the first to speak.

"We've got to talk this out, dear. What is it you think I ought to do?" He gave her a chair and seated himself on the edge of the table.

"Give it all up!" she said eagerly.

"But I can't, Rhoda. You know that perfectly well. It isn't mine to give."

"It will be some day. You can declare yourself now—for justice and right."

"But I am going to, Rhoda. I want to use my money just as my father is doing—to help humanity."

She moved impatiently. "It's having the money that is wrong—getting it at the expense of others in the first place."

"But if you've got it?"

"Then you should get rid of it—sell all and give it to the poor!"

"Christ meant that only figuratively. Besides, it's what we are doing, isn't it? My father has already turned most of his fortune over to foundations devoted to philanthropy and scientific research. They're doing wonderful work, too."

She shook her head. "I know all that they are doing, John. But that isn't 'giving,' it's merely returning what has been taken. Anyhow, you distribute only the income."

"But it does infinitely more good wisely administered in this way than if poured out all at once," he argued. "These huge sums of money didn't exist in the time of Christ."

"And they would not today if we followed His teachings," she declared. "The evil of wealth is in having it—in swollen profits, in

Cosmopolitan for June, 1924

unearned surpluses. The Graham Foundation is building hospitals in Java out of dividends taken from the coal mines. I don't actually know anything about the management of your properties, John, but I do know some of the general conditions prevailing in the Bitumen fields. They're terrible. If the miners were fully organized they might improve them, but they aren't. They're helpless."

"Why, John, the mortality rate among the babies in some districts is forty percent. Can you blame the men for wanting their own doctors? Do you know, John, how many miners were killed last year? Twenty-one hundred! In ten years twenty-four thousand coal miners have died that the country might be supplied with coal. The death-rate here is three times what it is in England. That means neglect somewhere. Worst of all, they can't complain of violations of the safety laws without being discharged. Don't you see how terrible it is? And to refuse even to listen to the men or discuss things with them! Why, it seems criminal."

He had turned quite white.

"If those things are actually so, Rhoda," he replied, "if where the law is being violated and men's lives endangered—or they have any just ground for complaint, for that matter—they are deprived of the opportunity to present their grievances, I agree with you that the situation is intolerably unjust and should be remedied."

"Until it is, there's no use building colleges."

"On the other hand, Rhoda, both business and philanthropy must be conducted according to economic laws. The future of industry and of humanity depends on the exercise of reason. One has to take a long view."

"That is the trouble. It's all so scientific—cold—without a drop of the milk of human kindness in it."

"I never thought of it in that light," he said with a touch of irony. "I know that the welfare of our men is our first concern."

"The first?"

"We try to make it so."

She clasped her hands. "I didn't intend to make it personal, John. But you must see what I mean. We should give with the heart—not the head."

He reached over and took her hand. At any rate he did not love with his head.

"Do you know what I've heard said?" she asked. "I'm almost ashamed to tell you!"

"Do tell me!"

"That the Grahams have done more harm by their example of 'philanthropic thrift,' than good by their benevolences."

"That, of course, is pure nonsense!"

"I hate this scientific philanthropy. A tremendous fund of money in the hands of a self-perpetuating body of trustees can't but be a menace to the community. Such a fund is bound unconsciously but no less certainly to make for the upholding of capitalism." He gave her a look in which surprise contended with admiration. The thought was entirely new to him. "Do you realize that in the city of New York alone there are so-called 'foundations' with a combined endowment of over five hundred and twenty-five million dollars?"

"It's a lot of money," he admitted.

"I hate it! How I hate it!" she cried.

"Blood money—most of it."

"That's a harsh judgment, Rhoda! Surely there must be some great fortunes that aren't founded on blood money!"

She stood up and faced him. "I doubt it. Not with justice to the workers. The possession of ten million dollars—or one million—must involve an injustice somewhere."

He caught her by the shoulders. "There may be something in what you say, Rhoda. But I don't have to agree with you to have you love me, do I?"

She made a feeble attempt to free herself. "I couldn't marry a rich man, John. It would be wrong for me to do so, feeling as I do, unless he shared my views." The defiance in her voice was the protest against the magnetic current that was drawing her to him.

"Suppose he was too stupid to have any?" he begged pathetically. "Couldn't you have

pity on a poor ignoramus who only knew that he loved you and thought of nothing else?"

Her eyes softened. "You're such a dear boy, John!" He slipped to his feet and took her in his arms again. "Don't!" she begged. "It isn't fair. When you know—I love you."

But he only clasped her the more closely. "Marry me, Rhoda! I love you! That's the only thing that matters." Her head dropped to his shoulder and his lips swept the tiny tendrils on her neck. "Sweetheart! Promise to marry me!"

For a heavenly two minutes undershot with agony he continued to press her to him.

"It's no use. It can't be," she said in a choked voice. "Kiss me just once—good-by."

"Rhoda, don't send me away! I'll do anything you ask—anything I can rightly do."

She drew down his head and kissed him on the lips with closed eyes.

"I've got to be true to myself," she said as if speaking not to him, but to someone neither of them could see—"and to them—to those millions that have died and are yet to live."

She would not yield. He could see that. It was a matter of religion with her. His love was touched with reverence.

"Rhoda, you're an angel!" he whispered.

"Don't—please—John!"

"But, Rhoda, I can't—let—you—go—like this!" he cried in desperation. "We love each other. You don't know how much I love you."

"I think I know, John. But right comes first, doesn't it? It's honor! We're on different sides. I can't betray my cause even for love."

A brilliant thought came to him. "Rhoda," he said treacherously, "you're quite sure you're doing right?"

"I've thought it all out—over and over again—ever since I first met you." His heart sank. "My mind is perfectly clear on the subject."

John relinquished her and stepped back a pace or two. "Ah!" he exclaimed severely. "So the rule only works one way!"

"What rule?" She looked a little frightened.

"The 'heart-head' rule you were just talking about when you were discussing giving."

"But that's utterly different."

"I don't see how. You say you ought to give even foolishly when your heart tells you to, but that you ought not to love when your reason tells you not to."

"I didn't say—I ought not to love." But there was a puzzled note in her voice.

"Yes, you did," he insisted. "And you are utterly inconsistent. I say, 'I'd like to give lavishly, only I don't think I ought to'; and you say, 'I'd like to love lavishly, only I don't think I ought to.' Apparently there is sauce for the goose isn't sauce for the poor old gander. If you're going to follow the dictates of your reason rather than those of your heart, why not let me do the same?"

She shook her head. "If I should marry you I should be deserting my colors."

"But," he expostulated, "don't you see how inconsistent you are?"

"No!" she replied, and even in her obstinacy he adored her. "It's a question of principle with each of us. You believe one thing and I believe another. We must go our own ways."

"But I don't know what I believe," he sighed. "Give me time and opportunity, and very likely I'll believe exactly as you do. Don't prejudice me."

"No," she said. "I can see that you will not change. You are the product of your heredity and environment, just as I am."

"It's like the fairy story," he laughed bitterly. "Where the Water King's son wanted to marry the Fire King's daughter, and they couldn't because either she would dry him up or he would extinguish her."

Their eyes met and what he read in hers only filled him the more with baffled rage at a world where love and reason could be such enemies. What was it all about? What did it all amount to, anyway? Yet he knew that she was right. He could no more play false than she.

"Then it's really good-by?" She inclined her head slowly without answering. "Rhoda—darling!" He stepped forward and she yielded



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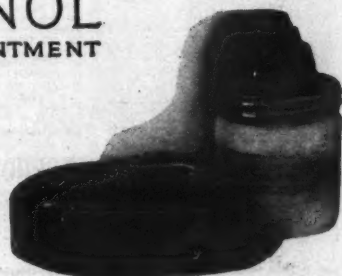
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herself to his embrace limply. "I'll never give you up—never!" he cried as he gathered her to him, "you're all I care for in the whole world! I love you—I love you!"

John felt her arms creep about his neck—her lips seek his. They stood there overpowered by the sweet fragrance of love's incense while the seconds uncoiled themselves into hours.

The key rattled in the studio door and Miss Coutant came in. "Well, children!" she called, "I've brought a little new environment for you. See what effect it may have on your characters."

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The Enchanted Hill

(Continued from page 29)

fields." Lee Purdy stood on the station platform and watched the Limited wind swiftly away and lose itself among some low hills. Then he looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock," he soliloquized. "Guess I'll wash up and get out of here. I'm as bloody as a butcher." He went over into the corral and washed himself at the watering trough, combed his hair with his fingers and caught up Bud Shannon's horse. He fastened a long horsehair leading rope around the animal's neck and tethered the horse to the rear of his automobile.

Footsteps crossing the station platform caused him to whirl and leap behind the automobile; on the instant he drew the gun he had taken from Bud Shannon. Upon his word, San Onofre was coming to life today.

He crouched behind the automobile, fully conscious of the fact that while the tonneau was no protection from bullets, at least it furnished fair camouflage. A minute passed; and then a very pleasant, cool voice addressed him.

"You may put up your pistol, Mr. Purdy, and come out from behind your automobile. I give you my word of honor I am unarmed, and if I were I wouldn't dream of shooting you."

"Anybody with you?" Purdy demanded.

"No."

"I hope you're telling the truth. I'm coming out, but if anybody shoots at me it would be well to get me through the head with the first shot. I'll come a-fogging and I'll certainly get you, even if you are a woman."

"Wait! I'll come to you. You're much too suspicious for comfort."

"Fair enough. I'll wait."

Footsteps crunched the sand; presently before Lee Purdy stood a girl. He stared at her amazed for about five seconds; then thrust his pistol down between his shirt and the waist-band of his trousers. He bowed a Castilian bow—sweeping in its completeness.

"I'm sorry," he said. "This happens to be an off day for me. I suppose, however, one may be permitted at least a day a year to indulge himself in suspicion."

"You are a bit jumpy," the stranger assured him soberly. "However, I dare say your reasons are sound and sufficient."

He nodded. "You addressed me by name. May I remind you that I am desolated at my ignorance of your identity?"

"I am Miss Gail Ormsby. Mr. Todd was to meet me here."

"Oh, so you dropped off the Limited here? I didn't see you alight."

"You were otherwise engaged."

"And that engine crew abused me for flagging the train, when all the time the rascals knew it was going to stop at San Onofre anyhow. So you were expecting Mr. Ira Todd to call for you here?" The girl nodded. "Well,



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Miss Ormsby, he isn't going to keep his engagement. He drove in from his ranch to Arguello last night. I saw him there this morning and shortly after that he was taken ill."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! What seemed to be the matter with him?"

Lee Purdy hung his head and slowly scuffed a hole in the dirt with his boot toe. He admitted finally: "A worthy citizen of Arguello found it necessary to bend an iron bar over Mr. Ira Todd's head, Miss Ormsby. The last I saw of Ira Todd the pupils of his eyes had contracted to mere pin-points, and it is my personal although unprofessional opinion that Ira Todd has concussion of the brain."

"How perfectly dreadful!" Miss Ormsby's fine eyes and finer features puckered with horror. "What has been done to his assailant whom you refer to as a worthy citizen?"

"He has been congratulated by a number of solid citizens and cursed and threatened by other citizens not quite so solid."

"I do believe you are Ira Todd's assailant."

"Hot, hot, red hot!" he replied lightly.

"You're on my trail, Miss Ormsby. However, you're just a *trifle* wrong. Ira Todd was my assailant. He went into a restaurant in Arguello and there in a loud voice made statements derogatory to my honor. I was breakfasting there at the time. Unfortunately for him, the restaurant happens to be owned and operated by a very good friend of mine, a Chinaman who drifted down into this country about five years ago suffering from tuberculosis. I found the poor devil hungry and broke in Arguello and without a friend, so I had him come out to my ranch and stick around until he got well. Then I loaned him five hundred dollars to get into business in Arguello. He has repaid the money but still feels indebted to me, so when the unfortunate Ira spoke out of his turn in Chan's restaurant, Chan just naturally busted him with a short iron slice-bar he uses to poke up the charcoal under his steak broiler. What makes you think I discommoded you by ruining Ira?"

"Because you're quite gory now and I saw you help put a wounded man aboard the train. Somebody said he had been shot and was dying."

"Maybe so," murmured Lee Purdy. "I fear the best but hope for the worst."

"You told the conductor he had been shot accidentally. Who shot you accidentally?"

And she tapped her shoulder significantly. Purdy laughed softly. "This is the most accidental country I ever knew, Miss Ormsby. However, I haven't been shot. Almost, but not quite. Where are you bound?"

"For the Box K Ranch."

"Oh! I never would have guessed it."

The gentle irony in his soft voice was not lost on the girl. She stared at him haughtily. "This your first visit to our country, Miss Ormsby?"

"Yes."

"Did I understand you to say you were from Los Angeles?" The girl nodded, without abating her cool scrutiny of him. "I suppose," he resumed presently, "I'll have to be Ira Todd's attorney-in-fact and do for him and in his name, place and stead all of those things which he would or could do if personally present. That car of mine is sound and seaworthy, although it looks like original sin; there's room for you in the front seat and for all of your baggage in the tonneau. I'm a safe, sane driver, and I am at your service."

"I'm not so certain that I ought to accept your invitation, Mr. Purdy, although I thank you for it. I think you're a cool sort of desperado. I'm quite certain you and that wounded man have been shooting at each other because—because—well, when I saw that you hadn't noticed me sitting quietly on that bench yonder, I started toward you. And at the sound of my first footfall on this platform you turned like a flash and reached for that pistol in your waistband and hid behind this car."

"The witness declines to answer any accusations upon the ground that he may incriminate himself." He glanced at his watch. "Ten



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minutes after five and all members of the desperadoes' union knock off at five. Better take a chance and ride with me."

"Somebody else may call for me."

"Scarcely probable, unless Ira issued instructions to that effect before my friend Chan stretched him. And even if somebody should call for you I wouldn't think of permitting you to go with him; no, that was a stupid way to express it—I mean I wouldn't think of permitting him to—ah—serve you. However, I'm certain no such contingency will arise."

"You are much too certain of yourself, Mr. Purdy. I shall not accompany you—at least, not willingly."

He appeared to accept her decision as final. "Then may I have the pleasure of freighting your baggage for you? Whoever calls here for you will arrive in a flivver, and flivvers and that wardrobe trunk of yours were never meant to be coupled in the betting. Still, if you think I might steal your trunk, you have my word that it will be quite safe if left on the platform. Very few white men are around here lately."

She repressed with difficulty a desire to laugh. "In that case it is scarcely kind to trouble you with my baggage."

"A lady's slightest whim is, to me, a command. I am bound for Arguello. If I do not meet anybody on the road coming to fetch you I'll engage somebody in Arguello with a car to do it. However, I have to proceed slowly, because I am going to lead this horse behind my car. I imagine it will be about three, perhaps four, hours before anybody comes for you, and San Onofre is a very lonely place after dark. The altitude is about two thousand feet here and after the sun sets the nights are bitterly cold. 'Coyotes howl in the sage and once in a while a lobo wolf drops around to see if anybody has left a sick steer. However, since you cannot trust me, of course—"

"Pick up the marbles, Mr. Purdy. You win," Miss Ormsby, of Los Angeles, interrupted, bravely enough but with a suspicious eagerness. Lee Purdy bowed acknowledgment of her surrender.

CHAPTER III

THAT was a long and memorable drive to Arguello. The horse did not take kindly to being led behind an automobile; once, in his terror and bewilderment, he half turned and did a devil's tattoo with his heels on the tonneau. "It's an awful thing to have been born cursed with an obliging disposition," Lee Purdy mourned. "Here you observe the spectacle of another man's horse kicking holes in my automobile."

"If he succeeds in kicking any paint off your automobile I'll send him a sack of oats," Miss Ormsby answered crisply. "Another dent or two cannot possibly make any difference."

Purdy nodded. "I do not yearn for new and shiny automobiles as I used to," he admitted. "This one has a good motor; it gets me where I want to go."

"Whose horse is this, Mr. Purdy?"

"It belongs to the wounded man you saw me put aboard the train."

"Who was that man?"

"I don't know. Never met him before."

"I had an idea he was a friend of yours. I heard you instruct the conductor to tell the station agent at Arguello to send the man to the hospital and you would guarantee the bill."

Purdy had no answer to that.

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"I'm bursting with curiosity. Why did you guarantee the hospital bill of a total stranger and then take charge of his horse?"

"I didn't know what else to do. The man has a chance to recover and I couldn't very well leave him to die all alone out in the sage, could I? Besides, this horse looks good to me. Good saddle and bridle, too. If that man dies and nobody calls for his horse and outfit I suppose I may with entire propriety keep it. Moreover, I'm entitled to security for that hospital bill, am I not?"

Cosmopolitan for June, 1924

"I preferred to think you had done all this because you are magnanimous—or sorry you shot that man."

"How do you know I shot him?"

"While you were fussing with that horse a little while ago I pulled your rifle half-way out of the scabbard and looked in the breech. There is an empty shell in it."

He turned toward her and favored her with a frank, appreciative smile, but made no verbal comment on her perspicacity. "How do you know you were looking at my rifle?" he parried.

"Because his is in the tonneau! His belt is there also, and I noticed two vacancies. So I suspect he shot at you twice. I suspect too that you took that pistol away from him, otherwise you would have a holster for it. It must be inconvenient to wear it inside the band of your trousers, like a professional killer."

"What do you know about professional killers?"

"They're all over Hollywood. You can't fool me on Wild West stuff. I have been raised too close to motion pictures."

"I think I approve of you—quite."

"I think I might be induced to approve of you if you were more communicative. Why did Ira Todd speak ill of you?"

"Well, you see, Ira doesn't like me."

"What did you do to cause him to dislike you?"

"I wear these riding breeches and boots and a wrist watch and a necktie and I use a handkerchief. I suppose Ira Todd could put up with these weaknesses of mine, but I strain his good nature by brushing my teeth and bathing frequently. So Ira thinks I'm a dude and tells everybody I am."

The girl laughed, and her silvery cackling tinkled pleasantly on ears long since attuned to the less refined laughter of the local belles. "I wonder what you think of Ira Todd?" she ventured. But Lee Purdy was silent, and she told herself she liked him for that.

However, like the majority of her sex, Gail Ormsby was curious. "Why did the owner of this horse shoot at you, Mr. Purdy?"

"I forgot to ask him the exact amount, Miss Ormsby, but I surmise he did it for a sum in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars. The market price for removing objectionable persons, according to the last quotation I had, is two hundred dollars."

"And the man was not your enemy? He tried to kill you to earn a fee?" Horror and incredulity were expressed in her face and voice.

"I have his word for it, Miss Ormsby; I know of no reason why he should lie about it. His admission was quite voluntary."

"How perfectly atrocious! Why, I thought the Wild West survived only in Hollywood!"

"There is no Wild West, and I doubt very much if the West was ever much wilder than the East. I can engage a gangster in New York or Chicago to remove an objectionable person for a sum as low as fifty dollars. Out here, however, our professional killers have some professional pride. They will not work for scab wages. I honor them for it."

She glanced at him quickly, but his face was solemn to the point of sadness. "You appear to regard this attempt upon your life as a very trifling affair, Mr. Purdy," she pursued.

He nodded. "Life is a very trifling affair, Miss Ormsby. Some years back I learned how not to take it seriously. My life is quite heavily insured, and I'm much more valuable dressed than on the hoof."

"Are you a fatalist?"

"Oh, no, indeed! A fatalist is one who believes that what will happen will happen, whereas I know from experience that what will happen may be indefinitely delayed if one exercises a little horse-sense."

"You must have an implacable enemy in this country, Mr. Purdy."

"Your Mr. Ira Todd is the only man here who evinces an active dislike for me. However, Todd didn't hire that killer."

"I'm sure he didn't. Really, he wouldn't."

"Of course he wouldn't!" Purdy's voice carried a razor edge of sarcasm.

"I'm glad to hear you say so positively that he did not hire that loathsome reptile. Do you know who did?"

"I do not, Miss Ormsby."

"Why does Ira Todd dislike you, Mr. Purdy? Please tell me the real reason."

Lee Purdy's grave face lighted with a grim smile. "Oh," he answered lightly, "Ira doesn't dislike me half so much as he does my idea of dress, and the fact that while I am of this country, nevertheless I am an alien. Remember what old What's-his-name said: 'We hate people because we do not know them, and we do not know them because we hate them.'"

"Do you dislike Ira Todd?"

"Certainly. I dislike him exceedingly. Do you like him, Miss Ormsby?"

"I have never met Ira Todd," she answered.

"Well, when you do you'll like him. Todd is a fairly presentable chap. He's a good cowman and a good ranch manager of the old school; he has a host of friends in this county, and once he served a term as sheriff, cleaned up the office and ran some twenty undesirable characters off to greener pastures. He is good-looking and courageous."

"Then why do you dislike him exceedingly?"

"Must I answer that question?" he rebuked her gently.

"Sorry! I didn't mean to be nosey."

"Todd's is not a negative character," he went on, ignoring her apology. "I told you he had a host of friends. It is to his credit that he has also a host of enemies."

The girl smiled. She mistrusted this man exceedingly, for all his apparent good breeding. He was too cool, quite too sure of himself, too commanding. Nevertheless, he had a way with him—a way of facing facts and issues.

"I think," she said, "that eventually you and Mr. Todd will grow to be good friends."

"I'm glad you're beginning to like me," he replied gratefully.

She bit her lip. She could have pinched him for that speech. She cast about in her mind for something to say that would put him in his place; but before she could utter him the golden moment had passed. Perhaps, too, it would be just as well to ignore him.

At a distance there came to the girl the faint hum of an airplane motor. Simultaneously she and Purdy glanced skyward.

"Mail plane or army?" she queried.

"Neither. It's mine. I recognize the purr of my own bus."

He stopped the car, got out and stood in the trail, waving a white handkerchief. The plane circled lower and lower until it was not more than five hundred yards overhead, when apparently the aviator recognized Purdy, for at once he commenced opening and closing his muffler in a most inexplicable manner. Purdy stood with bent head listening until the aviator ceased his peculiar actions; then the girl saw her strange host wave both arms skyward in a gesture that even she knew meant "Very well, I understand."

Immediately the airplane zoomed upward and disappeared into the northeast. Purdy climbed back into his car and resumed their journey. He drove in silence for ten miles, then, suddenly aware of his lack of companionableness, he turned to Gail Ormsby.

"That was my mechanic. He had a message for me, so he flew over and gave it to me in the international code—opening and closing his muffler. Just dots and dashes, Miss Ormsby, and if nobody is hurrying one, one can make them with a motor or a telegraph instrument."

"We are not very far from the Mexican Border, are we, Mr. Purdy?"

"About an hour by airplane."

"I know now what you are," she challenged. "You're a bootlegger—operating with automobile and airplane, and running contraband liquor across the Border."

"Well, it will not be necessary to tell the world about it, Miss Ormsby."

"I'll not. Nevertheless, Mr. Purdy, it does seem a great pity that a man of your obvious good breeding and education should stoop to

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that illicit traffic, with its shootings and killings, its dodging and hiding, its bribery and corruption. There are so many other ways for an intelligent man to make money."

He laughed softly. "It's so many long years since I've been lectured about my morals," he declared. "Please go on. I like it."

She flushed at his railery. "Do you fly airplanes, too? You said that was your own bus."

"Oh, yes, I fly them!"

"I dare say you learned in the army during the late war."

"Right you are."

"Were you an enlisted man or an officer?"

"I was an officer. In fact, I am an officer still. I'm a major of aviation in the Officers' Reserve Corps."

"You are presumed to be a gentleman, too, aren't you, Major Purdy?"

"Please do not be too hard on me."

"I cannot understand the character of a man who will risk his life to serve his country in war but who in time of peace risks his life with equal carelessness to break his country's laws and make a few dirty dollars in poisonous whisky."

"I can understand such fellows very well."

"Do you mean to tell me you defend your actions?"

"Indeed I do. You see, I'm not a bootlegger."

"Then why didn't you say so in the first place? You led me to believe—"

"I didn't do anything of the sort. Nobody has to lead you to believe anything. You are very observant and logical for a woman—so you jump to conclusions."

"But you permitted me to lecture you—"

"I liked it. If you hadn't been interested in me you wouldn't have lectured me."

She flushed and her eyes sparkled dangerously. She disliked being drawn into traps and having fun poked at her by total strangers.

"Well, what is your business?" she demanded.

"I'm a cattleman, Miss Ormsby."

"You are the first cattleman I have ever seen who wore park riding boots, English riding breeches and tailor-made shirts. Do you herd your cows from an airplane?"

"Please do not be provoked, Miss Ormsby. I'm an alien in this country and I fly around it in an airplane a great deal for the reason that I like to keep in practise, it saves me much valuable time, I avoid traveling rough, uncared for roads and I like to give the natives of the country something to talk about. They expect to see me crash and perish one day, and when that happens they'll say: 'Serves the damned fool right. Why didn't he stick to horses?'"

The girl sighed. "I think you're a most unusual person," she admitted reluctantly.

"And you're glad I'm not a bootlegger?"

"I would be glad to be certain nobody is a bootlegger."

"I would have preferred a more definite reply, but never mind."

"Have you ever crashed?"

"A couple of times."

"Get hurt?"

"Roughed up a little once."

"But you must find it quite expensive maintaining and repairing an airplane."

"Not at all. I have half a dozen ships. When one is out of business, I fly another."

"Indeed?"

"They were supposed to be fighting planes in nineteen seventeen, but they were demoted in nineteen nineteen, so I bought six of them from the government for two hundred and fifty dollars each. I have six spare four-cylinder motors that cost me a hundred and fifty dollars each, so I expect to fly for quite a few years. A hundred miles an hour is fast enough when nobody is pursuing one. I attract considerable attention and criticism flying around this country. It is said that I frighten the cows and their milk turns sour."

"Do you ever fly over the Box K Ranch?"

"Very frequently. There is an alfalfa field just below the ranch-house. It is excellent landing ground and my plane doesn't hurt the alfalfa but Ira Todd thinks it does, so I cannot land

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there any more and that is an inconvenience. You see, I am the volunteer aerial patrol over the Cuyamaca National Forest."

"Why, I thought our national forests were patrolled by the air forces of the United States Army, Major."

"They used to be, but this year the United States Army Air Force is short of gasoline and lubricating oil. Congress is in a parsimonious mood except in the matter of the purchase of votes. The last stand of public timber in our country may risk loss by fire in order that we may save a few thousand dollars' worth of gasoline. Our so-called economy has so crippled the air forces that we haven't flyers enough to go around. They are needed at flying fields to act as instructors. Consequently, I've taken over the Cuyamaca patrol myself."

"You amazing man! Who pays for your oil and gasoline?"

"Oh, I pay for it myself when I have to! Last year the cattlemen who have grazing permits in the forest reserve donated about two thousand dollars to the cause, but this year the cattlemen are in a bad, bad way financially, so I'm not asking them for a donation."

"Do you make a daily patrol?"

"Good gracious, no! I am much too busy a man. I do try very hard, however, to get around three times a week. The forest ranger service is always on the job, it is tremendously efficient and tremendously loyal, and between them and me we've been pretty lucky. Haven't had a sizable fire in three years, although we would have had eight if I hadn't discovered them in embryo while on patrol and given the rangers prompt warning."

"How do you warn them?"

"I circle low over the ranger station and honk my horn until I attract the attention of the ranger; then I drop him a message. He warns the other stations by telephone. It's a heap of fun."

"I think it's a heap of work—hard, expensive, dangerous work."

"Well, you don't mind that after you get interested in the forest ranger service, Miss Ormsby. It's a hard and lonely life and only a certain type of man will stand it. It is, however, the only life such men can live happily. Soldiers die in battle. So do forest rangers, and when they do they die harder and more dreadful deaths than soldiers."

"And you enjoy playing the game with the forest ranger service even to the extent of paying a high price to participate?"

"Oh, I'm not exactly a philanthropist, Miss Ormsby! I hold a distinctly worth-while grazing permit in the Cuyamaca. It is my summer range for five thousand cattle. My winter range, farther down, contains a hundred thousand acres of fair grazing land. Seven thousand acres of it lies in the upper end of the valley of the main Rio Hondo, and that's where I cut my wild hay. Of course a fire in the Cuyamaca reserve can spread to my winter range and burn up all the hay I cut and stack during the summer to tide me over a hard winter. I hate to have a starving cow ask me for hay and be told to help herself to sage-brush—all because the hay has been burned in a fire started by some ignorant, careless, lazy hunter or camper who neglects to put out his camp-fire."

"The Box K Ranch runs cattle in the Cuyamaca," the girl informed him.

"A few hundred head," he replied indifferently.

They topped a long high hill; afar the cluster of lights that marked Arguello shone through the darkness. "We leave El Valle de los Ojos Negros here," Purdy announced.

"What does that mean?"

"It means the valley of the black eyes."

"How queer. What is the name symbolic of?"

"There are half a dozen little shallow lakes in the upper end of that valley. They are invaluable as drinking places for cattle. Viewed from the hills late in the day two of these lakes look like two dark eyes set in a vast and ugly human face. Then, too, many men have



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quarreled over that water and black eyes have frequently resulted. So the Mexicans hereabouts have coined for the valley the title of El Valle de los Ojos Negros." He leaned toward her anxiously. "I hope you're not afraid to make this journey with me, Miss Ormsby."

"No, I'm not afraid of you, Major Purdy. I made up my mind to that back at San Onofre. I had to trust you then, so I decided to trust you all the way."

"Thank you. You will not have reason to regret that decision, I'm sure. Well, here we are at the thriving metropolis of Arguello."

They crossed a long wooden bridge over an arroyo and were in the main street. Purdy drew in at the sidewalk before a false-fronted frame building, dimly visible in the light from a pool hall across the street.

"Chan has closed up early," he remarked as he looked into the unlighted windows. "Hello, the door is open. Dare say he's just put out the lights. Well, I'll rout him out and he'll fix us a snack in a pig's whisper."

He alighted from the car and stepped into the dark and deserted little restaurant. "Chan Hock!" he called repeatedly, but receiving no reply he came back to his car, procured an electric torch and returned to the restaurant. After a few minutes spent in a more thorough investigation Gail Ormsby saw him emerge again and cross the street to the pool hall. In a few minutes he returned and climbed in back of the wheel again.

"Ira Todd's friends have wrecked Chan's restaurant and put him out of business," he announced. "The place is a riot of broken crockery, chairs, tables and kitchen utensils, but a Mexican swamper over in the pool hall informs me that the Chink made his escape."

He glided off down the street, but before he had proceeded half a block he jammed down his brakes. In the light of his headlights the girl saw, standing at the curb, a battered, weather-beaten light farm wagon, with two mules attached.

"That's my chuck wagon!" Purdy exclaimed. "The attack on the restaurant took place about five o'clock this afternoon. My cook, driving the chuck wagon, should have reached Arguello about that hour, en route home. I told him to stop at Chan's restaurant for supper. Now, he had two led horses when he started. Where are they?"

"Why spend your time wondering? Didn't you guess where I came from?" Gail Ormsby suggested pointedly.

"Right you are. Pardon me while I go into a small trance and consult my ectoplasm." He closed his eyes, gritted his teeth and howled softly, like a hungry, lonely dog, the while his long brown hands fanned the night air in a manner akin to the manual protestations of a pawn-broker.

"I see a light," he murmured. "It grows brighter. I see a hungry Mexican cook sitting in a restaurant presided over by a temperamental Chinaman. The Mexican and the Chinaman are friends. Suddenly a mob composed of friends of Ira Todd's and the usual number of men who delight to be present at an outrage provided harder spirits attend to the dirty work, starts across the street from yonder pool hall. The leader is carrying a rope. The Mexican promptly leaves the restaurant, and the Chinaman, realizing that discretion is the better part of valor, harkens to the words of wisdom which the Mexican tosses over his shoulder as he departs."

"Hastily locking the front door, the Chinaman departs via the back door and runs around the block, where he is met by the Mexican, who is mounted on one of the best, fastest and toughest cow-horses in New Mexico, and leading another. With a prayer of gratitude to his heathen gods, the Chinaman mounts and the friends go away from there in a very great hurry. While nobody in Arguello is desirous of lynching the Mexican, nevertheless the said Mexican realizes that he is going to be decidedly unpopular if he remains in Arguello to face the disappointed mob. He realizes too

that he is but a lowly Mexican ranch cook whom nobody loves, but the Chinaman is a friend of his boss, and therefore it is up to him to do exactly what his boss would do under the same circumstances.

"Why, then, remain in Arguello to defend his actions against superior numbers? There exists but one reason. This chuck wagon and equipment, these mules were all entrusted to his keeping. But, no, señor! Coramba, no! Señor Purdy will pass within the hour. He will stop at the restaurant for his supper. He will observe the outfit standing at the side of Main Street, and he will institute an investigation and discover things. Forthwith he will engage some worthy citizen to take up the uncompleted labors of his servant, Joaquín José Ramon Orefia y Sanchez, and see to it that the outfit reaches the ranch safely. And, having wotted the which, Joaquín José Ramon and his friend from China faded away into the hills."

Purdy ceased flapping his hands and sat up with a little cry of fright and surprise. "Have I been talking wildly, Miss Ormsby? I think I've been in a trance or something."

"The reputations of the seers of this world are safe in your hands, Mr. Purdy. In our own quaint American patois, you said a mouthful. Now, when and where do we eat?"

"I do not know," Purdy answered cheerfully, "but the ravens fed Elijah, and inasmuch as I think I have more brains than a raven, you just hold the thought that I'll feed you." He swung his car in back of the chuck wagon and got out. The girl saw him rummaging around in the bed of the wagon. Presently he returned to her carrying a gunny sack half full of something and deposited it in the tonneau.

"I suspected that Joaquín José Ramon Orefia y Sanchez might have some grub left in the chuck box, and sure enough he had," he announced. "If you will sit here quietly until I can find a Mexican who will engage to drive this outfit home, I'll be your debtor. I'll not be gone long."

He returned in about fifteen minutes with a Mexican, who tethered Bud Shannon's horse to the tail of the chuck wagon, climbed on the seat and drove away. "And now," said Lee Purdy cheerfully as he started his motor, "we will *vamos por La Cuesta Encantada*."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that, it being no longer necessary to set our pace to conform to that of my unfortunate friend's horse, we will make tracks for the Enchanted Hill."

"And what may the Enchanted Hill be?"

"That is the seat of the Purdy family, Miss Ormsby. I'm the only Purdy who has ever sat on it. All the other Purdys but one think it is the most gosh-awful seat in the world, but it's beautiful to me and I love it; and that, I dare say, is sufficient excuse for the streak of sentiment which prompted me to call it the Enchanted Hill."

"How poetic you are, Mr. Purdy."

"Not at all. My little sister coined that name for our ranch home. She lives with me at La Cuesta Encantada."

"Indeed!"

"Quite so. And just as a sop to your natural feminine curiosity I will admit now that there is not, nor has there ever been, any Mrs. Lee Purdy."

Gail Ormsby chuckled at his astuteness and joyous frankness. "So your sister keeps house for you? How delightful!"

"Yes, she's queen of the castle. She isn't very well."

"Oh, I'm sorry!"

"Tuberculosis," he explained. "She's just twenty years old and she's been ill two years. But she's getting better on the Enchanted Hill. I'm going to make a hand out of Hallie yet, if she doesn't die of loneliness."

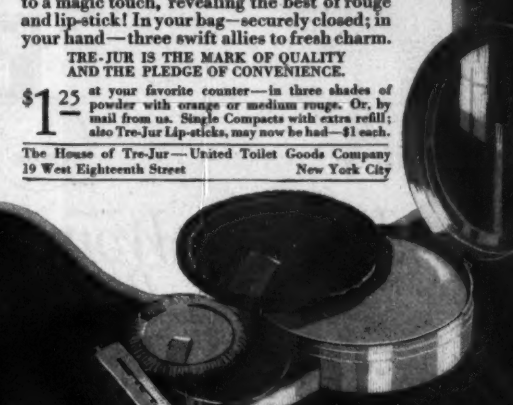
"And you are taking me to the Enchanted Hill tonight, Mr. Purdy?"

"Such is my pious intention, Miss Ormsby."

"But what will your sister think when you bring home to her a strange girl you've picked up on the road?"

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He snapped his fingers petulantly. "Confound it, I forgot all about that, Miss Ormsby! Well, you can stay with us a couple of days, can you not? I'd be obliged to you if you could see your way clear to do that. Hallie will enjoy you so—and so will I. By the way, here's the railroad hospital. Shall we drop in and see if we have enough corpses for a mess? Mr. Ira Todd was headed this way the last I saw of him."

"Let's," she agreed, and they paused before a white-painted, two-story frame building. The nurse on duty met them in the hall and was presented to Gail Ormsby. "Well, watchman," Lee Purdy queried, "what of the night?"

"Eight o'clock and all's well, Mr. Purdy." "Is a perverse fate still withholding Ira Todd from his natural habitat, yon grass-grown cemetery?"

"Mr. Todd will recover in a day or two, we think. He sustained a slight fracture of the skull, but fortunately it is not a basal fracture."

"Lucky Mr. Todd! By the way, I sent another patient here—one Bud Shannon. How fares that punctured *hombre*?"

"Unless traumatic pneumonia should develop he has a fighting chance for recovery."

"Thank you," said Lee Purdy, and turned disconsolately toward his traveling companion. "There are days," he complained, "when a fellow cannot win a single bet." Then to the night nurse, "Good night." He drenched her with his bright and whimsical smile and departed with his unwilling guest.

About two miles out of Arguello Lee Purdy ran his car down on a sandy bar of the Rio Hondo and stopped. "Here's where we eat," he explained, and in a few minutes he had a camp-fire crackling between two flat rocks. He used another rock for a kitchen table and cut two large steaks from a sirloin roast purloined from Joaquin José Ramon's grub box. From a canteen he poured water for coffee and set his coffee-pot on the coals. Next he set out two tin cups, a salt and pepper shaker, a loaf of bread and a paper bag of brown sugar.

"You might slice the bread while I barbecue these steaks," he suggested, and while the girl obeyed he cut and stripped of its bark a green willow fork. He sharpened the ends of the fork and hardened and dried them for a few minutes over the fire, after which he hung the steaks between them, dusted them liberally with salt and pepper and held them over a bed of glowing coals. By the time the steaks had been barbecued the coffee was at the boil; and with a huge beefsteak sandwich in one hand and a tin cup of excellent coffee in the other the pair sat on the running board of Lee Purdy's car and supped.

"Did the ravens furnish Elijah with paper napkins?" she ventured to inquire demurely as the last of the meal disappeared between her gravy-stained lips.

"No, indeed. Elijah was a practical prophet and licked his chops and fingers. However, I think we may avoid that." He handed her a roll of clean white waste, a supply of which he kept in one of the seat pockets for wiping his hands after working on the motor.

The girl sighed with contentment and pleasure, and in the glow of the headlights he warned to the bright and friendly face she raised to him. "I do so enjoy picnics," she declared, "and this one was thoroughly enjoyable."

They proceeded on their journey. About ten o'clock the car climbed a long grade and came to a halt under a porte-cochère before a low white adobe house that gleamed in the starlight. A noisy pack of foxhounds and field dogs, with a few Airedale terriers and two comical little Scotties, leaped up on the running board to welcome their master to the seat of the Purdy family; a beamish Mexican woman opened the door and stood there, silhouetted in the light that streamed from within. Purdy

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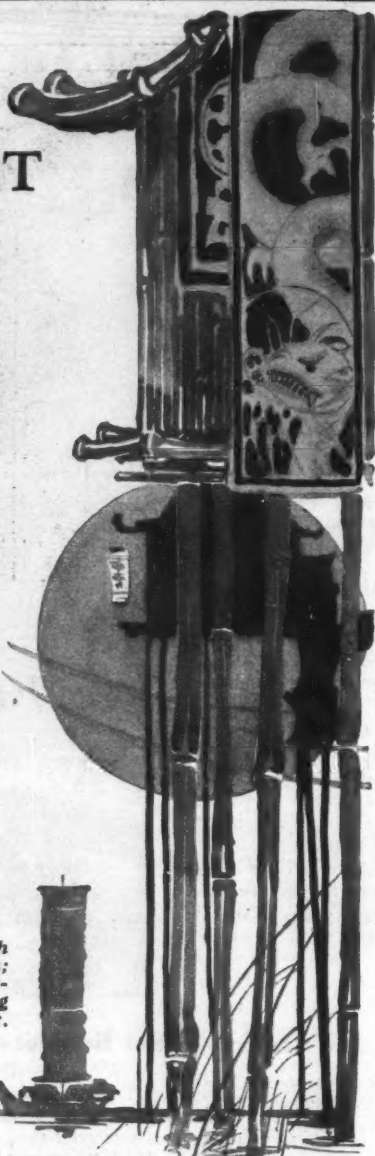
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flung her a quick, anxious query in Spanish and received one brief and casual in reply. He nodded with satisfaction and turned to assist Gail Ormsby from the car.

"We'll leave your trunk right here in the car for tonight," he explained. "Conchita will bring your hand-bag to your room." He bowed to her. "You are welcome to La Cuesta Encantada, Miss Ormsby. As my Gaelic Highland ancestors would have it, *Caid mille fal'tha*—ten thousand welcomes."

"I think you're quite the nicest desperado I have ever met." The girl beamed upon him with frank, ingenuous approval. "My lot has now fallen in a very pleasant place indeed."

From the veranda she stepped into a large living room. The adobe walls had been plastered and calcimined, then painted in old ivory. The furniture was old Spanish and large bright Navajo rugs covered the floor, with a tremendous brown Kadiak bearskin rug in front of an open fireplace large enough to roast a yearling caif. A log fire crackled and threw shadows into the subdued light cast by a reading lamp; on the mantel were numerous pieces of Pueblo Indian pottery; half a dozen well done landscapes challenged the bareness of the walls and in one corner Gail Ormsby observed a baby grand piano.

"You must be chilled after that long night ride," Purdy suggested. "I am." He took possession of her coat and hat and laid them on a chair. "Now, while you're enjoying that fire I'll go get Hallie."

"Not necessary, Lee. Here I am," a languid voice spoke from the doorway. "I was just about to retire when I heard you come in."

Gail Ormsby turned to face a frail girl whose white face almost gleamed in the dim light. She was gazing at Gail, surprised, with a welcome and a query combined in the glance.

Purdy stepped to her side, placed his arm around her waist and half drew her, half led her to Gail. "This is my little sister, Miss Hallie Purdy," he said. "Hallie, this is Miss Gail Ormsby, of Los Angeles."

Hallie offered a thin little hand and a glad smile. "I found Miss Ormsby at San Onofre," her brother explained. "She got off the Overland there, en route to the Box K Ranch. For some reason nobody met her there, so I brought her home with me."

"And you did exactly right—as usual," said Hallie and presented her cheek as her brother stooped to kiss it. Her large dark eyes, very bright, beamed upon him a profound affection. "I've been very, very well since you left, darling," she replied to an unspoken query. "Please sit on the divan before the fire, Miss Ormsby. Lee, what has happened to you? There is blood on your shoulder and a hole in your coat."

"Got pecked by a cow," he fibbed readily. "Reached for me over the edge of the loading chute and scraped me a trifle. Any news?"

"None except over the radio, dear. Did you call for the mail at Arguello?"

Her brother slapped his thigh in huge disgust. "Forgot all about it, Hallie. Don't know what's the matter with me lately. I think I have an Edam cheese for a head."

Hallie patted his hand forgivingly and turned to their guest. "We would be quite lonely here were it not for the radio," she explained. "Before we got the radio we had to depend entirely upon wireless. Lee became an expert operator during the war, so he installed a receiving set here, and after dinner he used to listen in. Sometimes we caught interesting world news."

"You appear to have exercised considerable discrimination in your selection of a brother," Gail Ormsby replied.

"Most people appreciate Lee. Don't they, darling?"

"Don't make me blush, Hallie."

Gail sat between them on the divan while she and Purdy basked gratefully in the glow of the burning logs. The conversation turned to a discussion of the country, the life of the Purdys, cattle conditions. Purdy realized,

however, that his guest was very weary, so in about ten minutes he said:

"Hallie, I think we might show Miss Ormsby to her room and then go to bed ourselves. You're up extraordinarily late, and you know that's against orders. If you're warm, Miss Ormsby, let's go."

He picked Hallie up in his arms and carried her out of the room, down a hall and out to a rear veranda, which opened on a patio enclosed on two sides by an angle formed by two wings of the house and on the other two sides by an adobe wall. The still night was heavy with the fragrance of flowers, and Gail could hear a fountain splashing softly out in the midst of that fragrance. Along the veranda they proceeded; at the door of a guest chamber Purdy set his sister on her feet and turned to Gail Ormsby, who followed.

"Here is your room, Miss Ormsby. Hallie's nurse lives on your right and Hallie lives on your left, while I hole up across the patio. Good night. Hallie, after you've said good night to Miss Ormsby see that you go straight to bed." He kissed her and disappeared down the shadow of the veranda.

CHAPTER IV

THE first shafts of dawn light, escaping over the mountains to the east, descended into Lee Purdy's patio and thence into Gail Ormsby's room, awakening her. For several minutes she lay in that pleasant state of mental and physical detachment which succeeds a night of perfect rest and precedes the direful necessity of arising to face another day of existence. Presently she was aware of stealthy footsteps passing along the veranda; then she heard a soft rap, three times repeated, on a door, and a voice said guardedly:

"Señor!"

Purdy's voice answered sharply in Spanish: "¿Quién es?"

"Ramon, señor."

"Entrada, Ramon." A silence, save for the closing of a door. Then: "Hello, Chan, you crazy Chinaman. I've been expecting you two. I found your place in Arguello looking like a mad elephant had been through it. And I found the chuck wagon intact, Ramon. Jesus Ortega is driving it back to the ranch. Sit down, Chan, and tell me all about it. Speak softly," he added, lowering his own voice.

Thereafter for a few minutes Gail could barely hear the subdued murmur of their talk, then Lee Purdy's voice rose clear and commanding:

"They will, will they? Ramon, tell Tommy to come here immediately. Then you and Chan arm yourselves. Don't worry, Chan. There's only one man on La Cuesta Encantada who owns the lynching concession, and that's Lee Purdy. They've treed the wrong varmint." There was a harsh note of anger, of impatience in his tones, but he conquered his displeasure and again his voice died away to an indistinguishable murmur, followed by footsteps that padded swiftly along the veranda and apparently out through a gate in the rear wall.

Gail Ormsby dressed hurriedly, then she too crept quietly out along the veranda, through the hall and out onto the porte-cochère. On the front veranda her host stood with a pair of field-glasses to his eyes, gazing down into a world that seemed to swim far below them in an amethyst haze.

And now the girl realized why the Purdys had named their home La Cuesta Encantada. It was perched on the crest of a hill perhaps two thousand feet above the surrounding country. To the southeast and sweeping in a great arc to the northwest lay a vast plain, a semi-desert, in which the night shadows still lingered; from this rapidly lifting shadow a white streak that was the road to Arguello came out of the foreground, while far across the plain the dawn light was painting with crimson and gold the crests of the mountains that hemmed in El Valle de los Ojos Negros and were first to receive the caress of the new day. Gail



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Ormsby had seen El Valle de los Ojos Negros in mid-afternoon and knew it for a harsh, unlovely and lonely land, but now it had been touched by a magical beauty. The lingering night shadows and the dawn mist mercifully hid the crass reality of it; it seemed unreal, phantasmagoric, beautiful with a frail and gossamer beauty.

To the north and northeast the hills were blurred with timber, back of which rose three jagged peaks, snow-covered, crimson as blood with the upflung rays of a sun that was not yet in sight. Up from the lowlands, that magnificent empire, came the aroma of dawn, the incense released when dewdrops disappear in vapor and flowers and scented shrubs awaken and inhale the light of life. From afar on the Enchanted Hill cock quails called their families forth to their faring; a coyote saluted the sun with a final shrill cheer and a Shamo Indian thrush, the Caruso of birds, stirred in his cage under the porte-cochère and burred and trilled his joyous matin. Seemingly he too realized, with Gail Ormsby, that here indeed was the Enchanted Hill.

Lee Purdy lowered his glasses and for the first time observed his guest. "Good morning, Miss Ormsby," he saluted her. "I'm glad you are up in time to catch the motif that inspired Hallie to name our home La Cuesta Encantada." He swept his arm in a wide circle. "You'll travel far before your heart will thrill again to beauty such as that. And I own it! I own everything to the tops of those mountains yonder and up to the forest reserve. I'm land poor and financially harassed, but—I own that, and I love it and I'm happy. Let others thumb their greasy ledgers and clip their coupons and inhale the fumes of gasoline in cramped towns, but I will none of it. I like fresh air and beauty. I like to rise in the morning and look at my empire."

"I understand, Mr. Purdy. But do you usually look at it through field-glasses? I find my poor eyes quite sufficient for the assimilation of this beauty."

He glanced at her suspiciously. "Your conference with Ramon and the Chinaman awakened me," she explained. "Is a mob from Arguello coming to lynch Chan?"

He nodded. "They're down in the valley now—six automobiles loaded with some human beings who think they're men. But they're not going to lynch Chan."

"How do you know they are not?"

The little whimsical smile she had observed the day before and liked so much went questing over his lean, tanned face. "This is my castle and I'm king of it," he replied. "And I know how to be king of a castle."

Lee Purdy thoughtfully replaced his field-glasses in their leather case; with the buckling down of the lid one would have thought that the drama that impended was already a closed incident. With an encompassing wave of his hand toward the horizon, he said: "Well, that is New Mexico."

"One should never weary of that view, Mr. Purdy."

"I know one who does not. That scene below always soothes me when I am not particularly happy."

"You are not of the Southwest," Gail challenged suddenly.

"No, I am not."

A silence. Why did he not tell her the name of the land he had been reared in? "Your choice of words and the manner of their pronunciation are slightly foreign—"

"I am not an English remittance man," he interrupted.

"I didn't say you were."

"You thought it, which is quite as uncomplimentary. I came out here to please myself, not my family, and I pay as I go—with my own money. I'm a Yankee."

"Oh! Boston!"

"Yes—complicated with Worcester, Massachusetts, and the inherited linguistic and literary traditions of the Purdy tribe—Longfellow, Emerson, William Dean Howells and the Boston Transcript."

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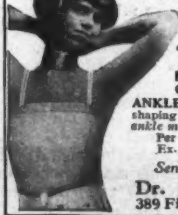
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Her silvery laugh tinkled pleasantly upon his ears once more. "And with six automobiles approaching loaded with men intent upon lynching a Chinaman who is at once a friend and a guest of yours, you haven't found sufficient provocation to swear! Aren't you going to take some measures to make good on your statement of a few moments ago that there isn't going to be any lynching?"

"I'm not worried about those boys, Miss Ormsby. I wouldn't spoil this frolic for anything. I'm going to enjoy it."

"But a mob is a very dangerous thing, Mr. Purdy."

"Or only for people who persist in believing that myth, Miss Ormsby. A mob without capable leadership is like an army that attacks without a purposeful plan. Let us not disturb ourselves over the gentlemen from Arguello. When they arrive they will be taken care of nicely. Meanwhile we're up unusually early and it will be an hour before breakfast is ready in the house, although the ranch cook will be serving a few hands in about ten minutes. Would you care to walk up to the mess hall and have a cup of coffee now?"

"Thanks, no. I'm much too nervous to think of drinking coffee now."

"I'm not."

"Where is your Chinese friend?"

"In his natural element—the ranch kitchen—chattering pleasantly with Joaquin, my cook. I suggest that the best place to see this show is the place where the principal performer is to be found. We have nothing but scenery here."

"Very well, I'll go," the girl answered tremulously. "Do you think there'll be any blood shed?"

"I don't know. I hope not. If there should be, it will not be any of ours. I view the shedding of my blood with the same horror that you would view the shedding of your hair."

They walked around the house and along a path lined with ragged robins, winding through a grove of scattered oaks. Under one of these trees, two hundred yards from the ranch, stood a low frame building—a combination of a kitchen and mess hall. At a little distance from the bunk-house. A small Chinaman about thirty years of age stood at the screen door and opened to admit Purdy and the girl. His features were solemn and anxious, but he said nothing. Gail glanced down the long table and saw places set for twenty-five.

"I had no idea you employed so many men," she said.

"Not ten men is my limit, even in the season. Those places are set for our guests so shortly to arrive."

Ormsby stared at her host, amazed. "You mean to tell me you are going to give me breakfast?"

"Certainly. It's the custom in this country. Everybody arriving at meal-time, and questioning his age, color, creed or condition of servitude. Are you quite sure you'll not have a cup of coffee?"

"No, thank you. I'll not have a cup of coffee," she said, hooking her head, so Purdy accepted a cup of coffee which Chan brought at his request.

He sipped it with evident enjoyment and was about to order another when Joaquin called from the kitchen that the guests had arrived. Instantly Purdy rose and opened a door which led into another room at the side of the hall.

"This is the commissary," he explained. "You can hear every word spoken in the mess hall and if your curiosity gets the better of you, here is a small knot-hole in the door. It affords an unobstructed view of our guests."

He thrust her gently within and closed the door. The girl found a seat on a sack of potatoes and nervously awaited the next move of the extraordinary transplanted New Englander.

Peter B. Kyne's novel grows more exciting with each issue. If you want to take no chances on missing a line of it this summer, you will take advantage of our special three-month subscription offer on page 186



No Day Like Another

in this summer-land of strange sights and rare fun

DO you know a vacation land where the days bring endless variety—where no day's activities are like those of the next?

Here is such a section. In Southern California each hour, if you choose, will provide new sights and new activities. Not a moment of monotony. Complete change—that's what makes a real vacation.

And the days are made for sport, the nights for sleep. Note the average mean temperatures for forty-seven years as recorded by the U. S. Weather Bureau in a central city of this district:

47 June.....66 deg.	47 August....71 deg.
47 July.....70 deg.	47 September..69 deg.

It's rainless, too, in summer. You spend your waking hours in outdoor sports, the finest you have ever known. Fish for hundred pound fighters of the sea or for game trout in mountain brooks. Sun yourself for hours on a sandy beach with frequent swims in the white topped breakers.

Play golf on sporty courses. Tennis courts are everywhere. Bridle paths lead up the mountain sides, into canyons or through the rolling meadows. Hike where you will. Camp in a wilderness. Sail before a fresh sea breeze. Or just loaf.

4,000 miles of paved boulevards lead to a thousand wonders in this land. Strange sights, rare beauties like those you've heard

about in foreign lands. There's a crescent beach, encircled by mountains, at Santa Barbara. There's a desert like Sahara.

Great groves of oranges, walnuts and olives are strange and interesting. Giant trees, vast wildernesses, lofty peaks, snow-clad in June—each holds untold charm.

There are palm-lined drives with palatial homes, deep set in velvet lawns. Gardens are filled with gorgeous blossoms from many lands. Mile high mountain lakes are like jewels in green forest settings. Spanish missions join our day with those of heroic padres who first brought civilization to this land.

Everything is new and unusual. This summer-land is unlike any place you've ever known. Come now and see it. You'll find your greatest vacation in this section. And its cost will be just what you choose to make it.

Special summer round trip railroad rates, from May to October, offer an extra inducement for you can make the complete journey for little more than one way usually costs.

So you can come. You can realize the ambition you have always had to see this land. Plan now for your finest summer.

Ask your railroad ticket agent or send the coupon for additional information. Then spend two weeks or two months in this wonderland and return with new vigor, new energy, rested and eager for another year's activities.

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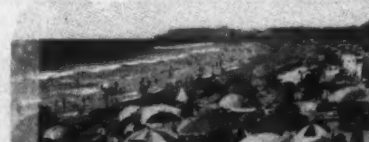


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or Shadow?

Lid girls—graduating this month! I am lucky because God gave them fathers and mothers who have the love, the courage and the financial ability to see that their children are properly educated.

I believe that any father would care so much about the future of his children that he would let them give up school and go to work too soon if he could possibly prevent it.

And yet, right here in the United States where children are supposed to be better cared for than anywhere else in the world, there are more than 1,000,000 children between the ages of 10 and 16 at work—many of them laboring at health-wrecking and mind-dwarfing drudgery in factories, mines, shops and mills, on farms and in cities!

* * * *

All of the experts on health and education agree that children should be kept in school until they are at least 14. Every right-minded man and woman will agree on that point. Whether or not some children between 14 and 16 should drop all study and go to work is a grave question. But no one will deny that all of these youngsters need hours for play while they are growing—for the right play helps to build strong, healthy bodies.

Now what are the facts? Here they are, furnished by the United States Census Bureau:

378,063 children between the ages of 10 and 14 are at work.

682,795 children between the ages of 14 and 16 are at work.



Comparison of State and Federal Child Labor Standards for Work in Factories
Taken from the report of the Children's Bureau, U. S. Dept. of Labor

This map gives a graphic picture of the extent of child labor in this country. The black states—30 of them—do not adequately protect their children under 14. Only 18 states—the white states—have laws under which children may really be protected.

But while some states are shown as black actual working conditions should be shown in gray, some light gray and some dark gray. And even in the white

states, the actual conditions are not always pure white.

Generally speaking—the states that give their children no protection or next to none have the greatest number of illiterates. They pay the price of their exploitation. Child labor in the United States has grown to alarming figures and will continue to grow until public opinion and humanity order it stopped. And apparently the only thing that can

Remember, the Census figures show only those children reported by fathers and mothers. Investigators know that there are thousands of children from 4 to 10 years old whose work at home is hidden from the Census takers. No one can know the exact number.

All through these bright sunshiny days when the beautiful green world is calling boys and girls to come and play—they drudge—perhaps a half million of them—mere children. You will see them in textile mills, in sweat shops, in food canneries, in beet fields, in coal mines.

* * * *

Poor little souls, many of them doomed to live in the shadow of poverty and ignorance all their lives—what chance have they?

The number of children who are injured at work is appalling but not surprising. Children must play and when denied their rightful opportunities, they will play at their work and get hurt.

Most of us like to look on the sunny side of life—and so we should. But while we are planning for the happiness and welfare of our own boys and

girls, can't we give just a few minutes' thought to the little toilers condemned to misery unless we help? Thousands of them can be developed into splendid men and women—if they are rescued now. Bring them out of the shadow and into the sunshine.

stop it everywhere and at once is the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

The time is coming when every state will be called upon to ratify the Amendment. Be ready to do your part to have it passed by the Legislature of your state. It is a measure that should have your heartiest support.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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